The Creole Jazz Band

Fake Book Version 2.4

𝄞 Eb Treble



This Fake Book has been assembled with tunes that have been written prior to 1923 which makes them out of copyright in the USA. This Fakebook has been produced in the following versions:

C Treble

B♭ Treble

E♭ Treble

Bass Clef

F Horn

If you want versions in other keys or want more tunes added, feel free to contact me.

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The Creole Jazz Band wordmark was created by Madeline Koeberling. Thanks to Madeline's patience with us, her incredibly thorough analysis of our needs, her research, and of course her creativity, she was able to develop this outstanding logo. Madeline can be contacted through her website at:www.madelinekoeberling.ca

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MORE TO COME!

E♭ TREBLE

12TH STREET RAG

EUDAY L. BOWMAN - 1914



12th Street Rag

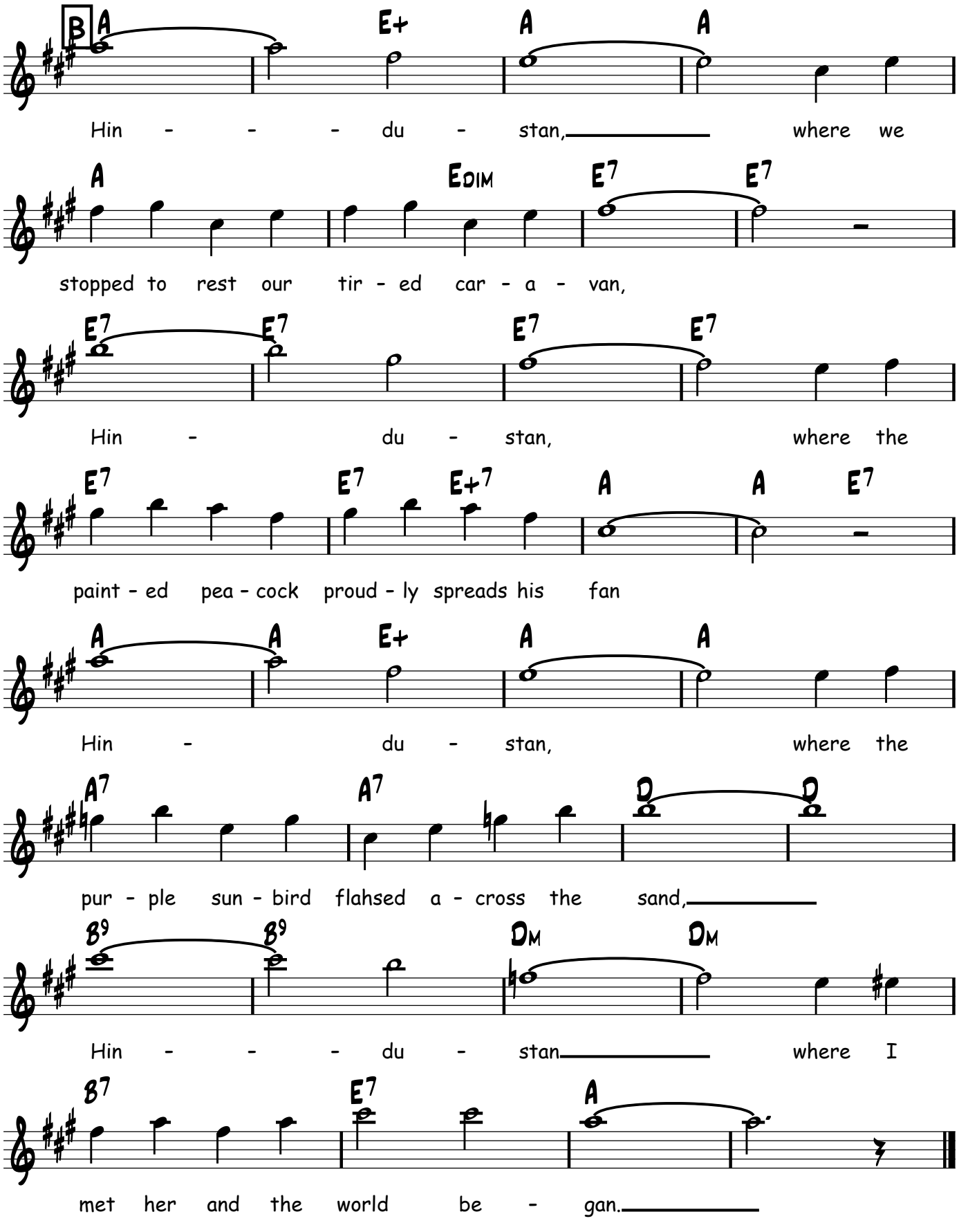
Euday L. Bowman - 1914



hindustan

Oliver Wallace & Harold Weeks 1918




B
A E+ A A
Hin - - - du - stan, where we
A EDIM E7 E7
stopped to rest our tir - ed car - a - van,
E7 E7 E7 E7
Hin - du - stan, where the
E7 E7 E+7 A A E7
paint - ed pea - cock proud - ly spreads his fan
A A E+ A A
Hin - du - stan, where the
A7 A7 D D
pur - ple sun - bird flahsed a - cross the sand,
B9 B9 DM DM
Hin - - - du - stan where I
B7 E7 A
met her and the world be - gan.

Indiana

♩ = 200

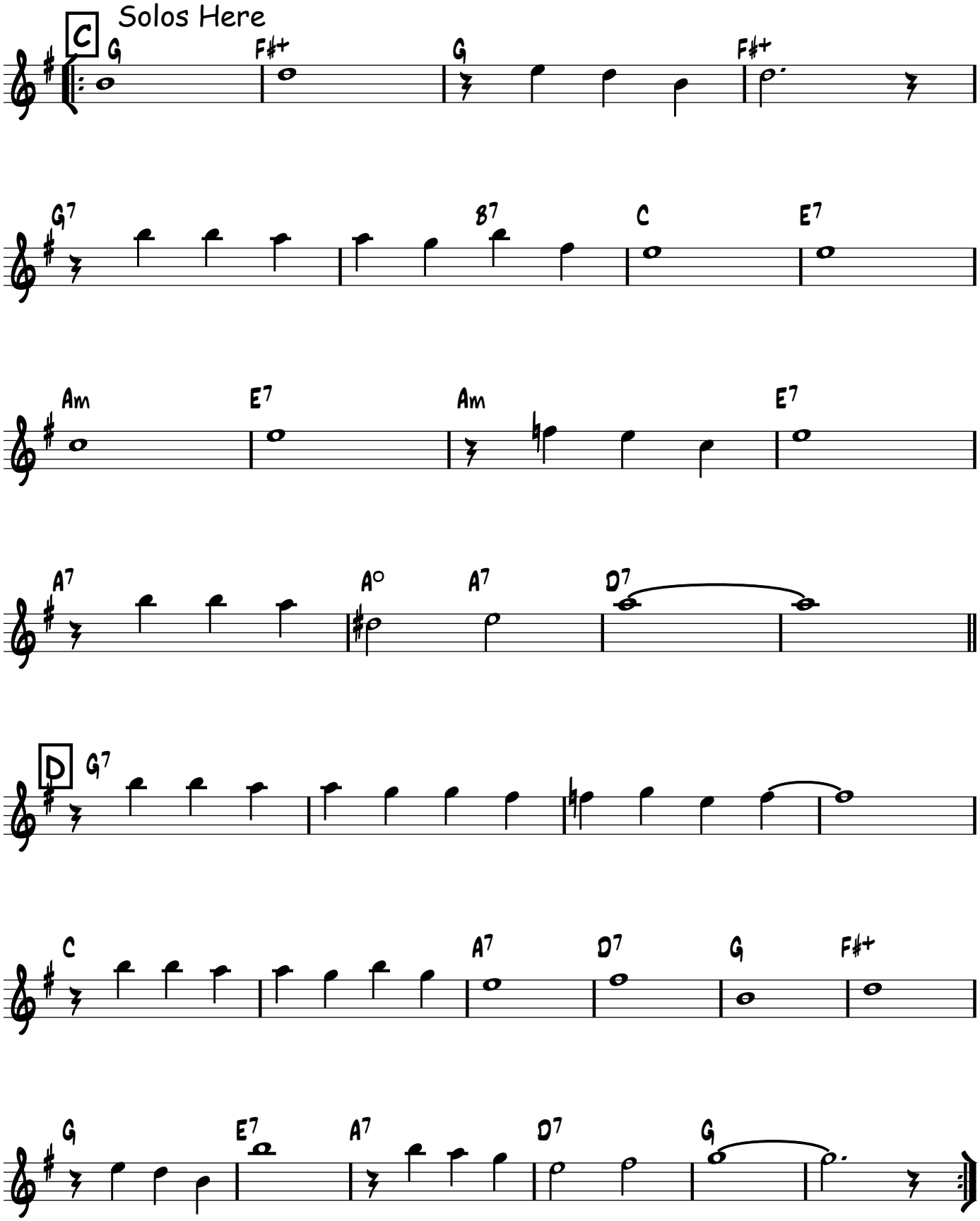

A
D G D D7
I have al - ways been a wand - 'rer
G GM D D
O - ver land and sea
D G D D
Yet a moon-beam on the wa - ter
E7 E7 GM6 A7
Casts a spell o'er me A
EM D#o EM A7
vis - ion fair I see A -
D Do EM7 A7
gain I seem to be, Back home a -


B
D C♯7 C7 B7
E7 E7
gain in in - di - a - na And it
A7 A7 D D7 G G
seems that I can see the gleam-ing can-dle light still
D B7 E7 E7 A7 A7
shin-ing bright thru the syc-a - mores for me. The new-mown
C
D C♯7 C7 B7
E7 E7
hay sends all its fra - grance From the
F♯7 F♯7 BM BM D F♯7
fields I used to roam. When I dream a-bout the moon-light on the
BM7 BO7 D A7 D (A7)
Wa - bash, then I long for my In - di - an - a home.

Suez

Ferdie Grofe/Peter DeRose - 1922


Em C Em B7 B7
Rhythm Vamp 4 bars
Em C Em B7
A
Em B7 Em Am
Em B7 Em Rhythm Vamp
Em B7 Em Am
Em B7 Em B7 Em
B
Em B7 Em Am
Em B7 Em Rhythm Vamp:
Em B7 Em E E B7 E D7


Solos Here
C
G
F#+
G
F#+
G7
B7
C
E7
Am
E7
Am
E7
A7
A°
A7
D7
D
G7
C
A7
D7
G
F#+
G
E7
A7
D7
G

Afghanistan

William Wilander & Harry Donelly - 1920


A
Dm D° Gm/D Dm
In the land of Af- ghan- is- tan, There's a Hin- du maid and a man.
D7 Gm Dm Break A7 Break
She swore by the stars up a - bove her that he was the one to love her.
Dm D° Gm/D Dm
But there came an- oth- er one day, stole his Hin- du maid- en a- way.
D7 Gm A7/C# A7 Dm C7
Hin- du man is lone- ly and blue. In his dreams he's call- ing to her.
B
C7 Cmaj7 C7 F F/A Fm/A
In Af- ghan- is- tan, There's a car- a- van
Gm Gm7 C7 F G#° Break - Unison 1 bar
by the fair o- a- sis, Wait- ing for you, And for you on- ly.
C7 Cmaj7 C7 F E7/G#
'Cross the des- ert sand, we will find a tem- ple,
Gm A7/C# Dm G7 C7 F
There will be a bri- dal day for you, my i- dol, in Af- ghan- is- tan.

Whispering

Schonberger - Coburn,
V. Rose - 1920


A
C G7 C G7 C G7
Hon-ey I have some-thing to tell you And it's worth-while list-en-ing
C Em7 B7 Em
to. Put your lit - tle head on my shoul -
Em G E7 Am7 D7 G7 Dm7 G7
der, So that I can whis-per to you.
B C B7 C
Whis- per-ing while you cud-dle near me, Whis - per-ing so no one can
A+7 A7 D7 G7
hear me, Each lit- tle whis- per seems to cheer
G7 C G7 G+7
me, I know it's true, there's no one dear, but you, You're
C C B7 C
whis- per- ing why you'll nev- er leave me, Whis- per- ing
C A+7 A7 D7
why you'll nev- er grieve me, Whis- per and say that you be-
G7 Dm7 Fm C
lieve me, Whis-per- ing that I love you.

Eccentric

J. Russell Robinson - 1921




Solos Begin Here first time
C
G
A7
D7
G
D7
G
G
A7
D7
G
D7
G
G
D7
G
D7
G
After last solo play "C" as written then on to "D"
D
G
G°
G
A7
D7
G
G
G°
G
A7
D7
B7
B7
G
G°
G
A7
D7
Tag
G
G
G°
G
A7
D7
G
pp
f

Margie

Con Conrad & J. Russel Robinson

♩ = 160


A D A G D A7 D Em7 A7
You can talk a - bout your love af - fairs,
D A G D A7 D D°
Here's one I must tell to you;
Em B7 Em C7 B7
All night long they sit up - on the stairs,
E7 A D A7
He holds her close and starts to coo: My lit - tle


B
D
D7
D+7
Mar - gie, I'm al - ways think - ing of you
G
Mar - gie, I'll tell the world I love you,
D
C♯7
C7
B7
Don't for - get your prom - ise to me,
E7
E°
E7
A7
break
I have bought a home and ring and ev - 'ry - thing, For
C
D
D7
D+7
Mar - gie, You've been my in - spir - a - tion,
G
F♯7
Days are nev - er blue. Af - ter
D
D7
C♯7
C7
B7
all is said and done, There is real - ly on - ly one, Oh!
Em7
A7
D
A7
Mar - gie, Mar - gie it's you." "My lit - tle

Mandy

Irving Berlin - 1918


A
G C G E° D7 G
I was stroll-ing out one even - ing 'neath the silv'-ry moon. I could
G C G Em A7 D D7
hear some bo - dy sing - ing a fa-mil-iar tune. So I stopped a while to
G D7 G G C
lis - ten, Not a word I want-ed to miss. It was just some-bod - y
G Em A7 D7
ser - e - na - ding some - thing like this. Oh now
B C G E7
Man - dy, there's a min-is-ter han - dy, and it sure would be
A7 D7 G G7 C
han - dy, If we'd let him make a fee. So don't you ling - er
C G E7 A7
here's the ring for your fing - er is-n't it a hum - ding - er?
D7 G E° G E° A7 D7 G
Come a-long and let the wed-ding chimes bring hap-py times far Man-dy and me.

Oh!

Byron Gay/Arnold Johnson - 1919



Panama

William H Tyres - 1913




Am
E7
Am
C7
D
F
C7
C7
C7
F
C7
F
F7
Bb
B°
F
C7
F
E
F
C7
pp
ff
F
F
F7
Bb
1
C♯7
F
C7
F
F
2.
C♯7
F
C7
F
C7
F
C7
F

The Pearls

Jelly Roll Morton - 1919




C
Tuba Only
All
E7
Amaj7
C♯m7
F♯m
C♯m
C°
Bm7
E7
Bm7
E7
A
Bm
C♯7
F♯7
Bm7
E G♯7 C♯m Bm
A B C♯ E7
D
Tuba only
All
Amaj7
Em7
A
D
F♯7
Bm
D
Dm
A
F♯7
Bm7
E7
A
E°
E7
Tuba Only
E7
A9

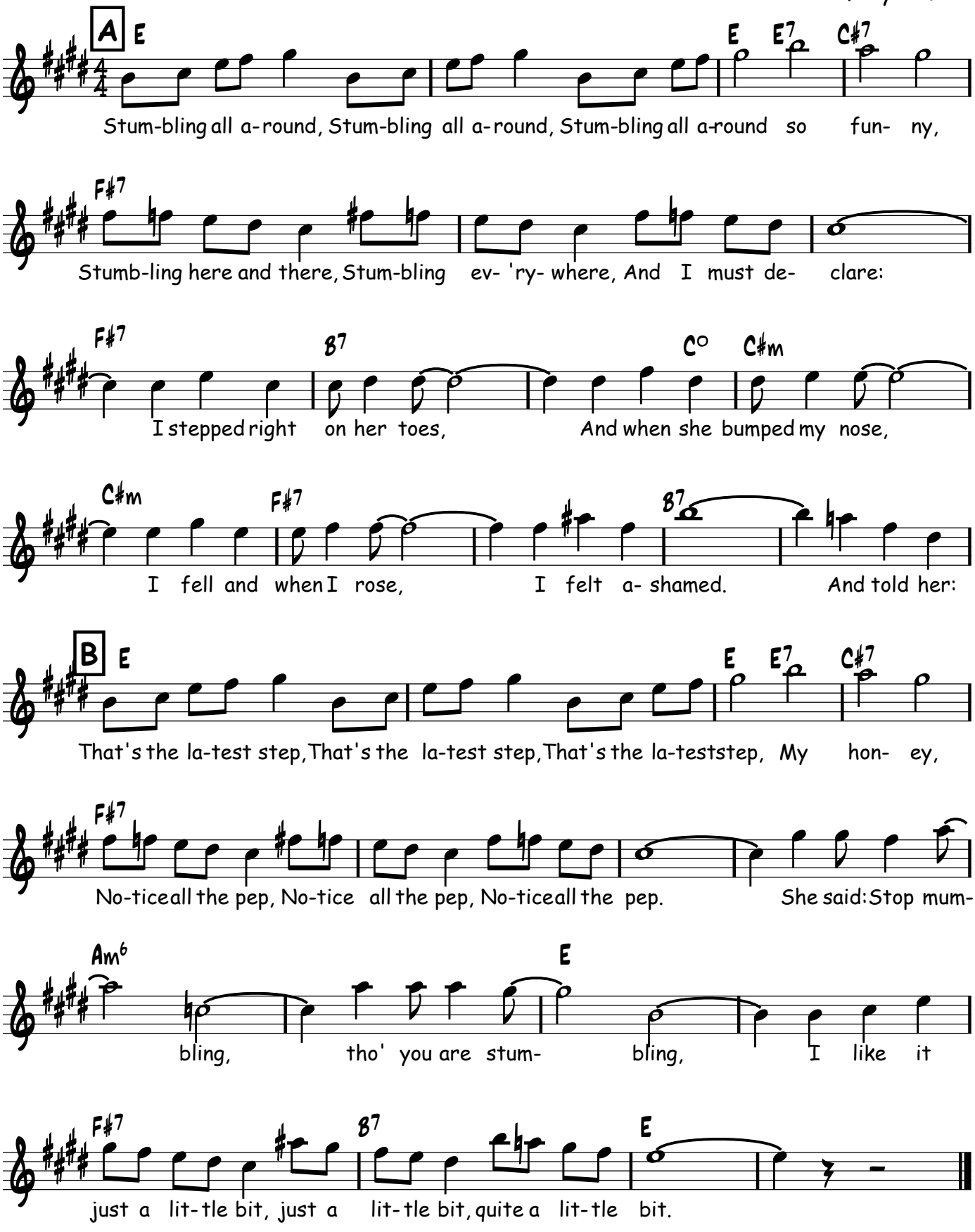
Swanee

Gorge Gershwin - 1919


A
D D+ G Em7 A7
Swan - ee How I love you How I love you My dear old
D A#7 A9 A7
Swan-ee. I'd give the world to be a-mong the
A7 D A7 D D+
folks in D - i - x - i - e-ven know my Mam - my's Wait- in' for me
D+ G Em7 A7 D A#7
Pray- in' for me Down by the Swan-ee. The folks up north will
G G# G#7 A7 D
see me no more, When I get to that Swan-ee shore.
B A7 D A7
Swan-ee, Swan-ee, I am com ing back to
D A7 D
Swan - ee. Swan - ee, Swan - ee,
D E7 A7 D Bb7 A7 D
I love the old folks at home.

Stumbling

Zez Confrey - 1922

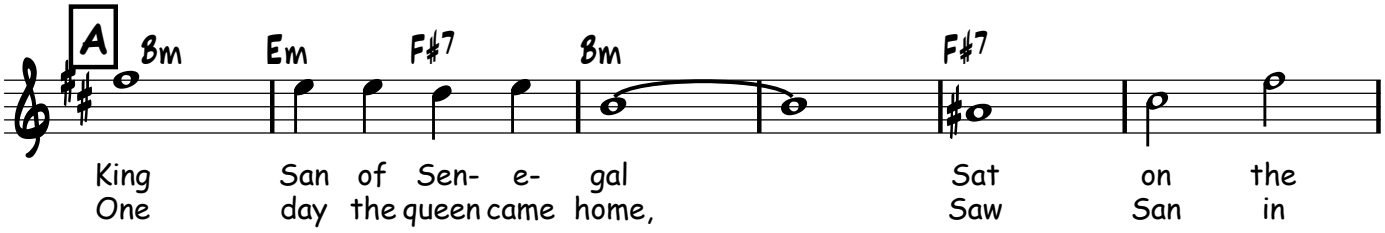


San

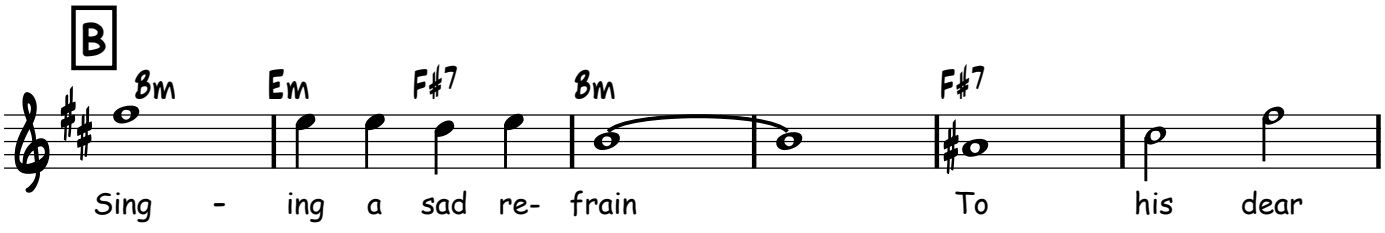
McPhail/Michels - 1920

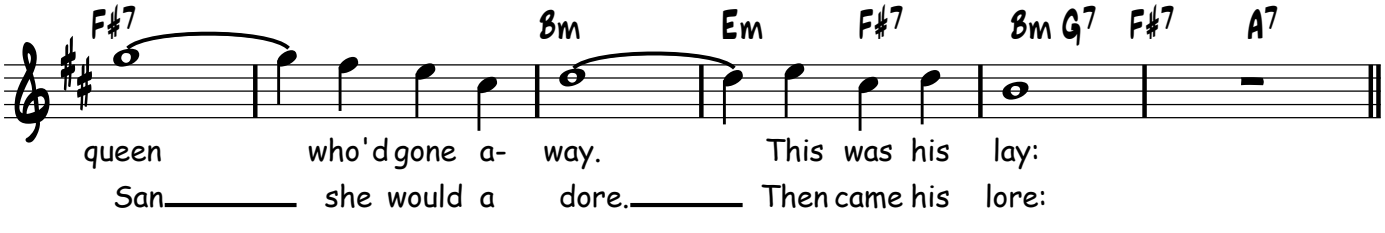
Bass Intro

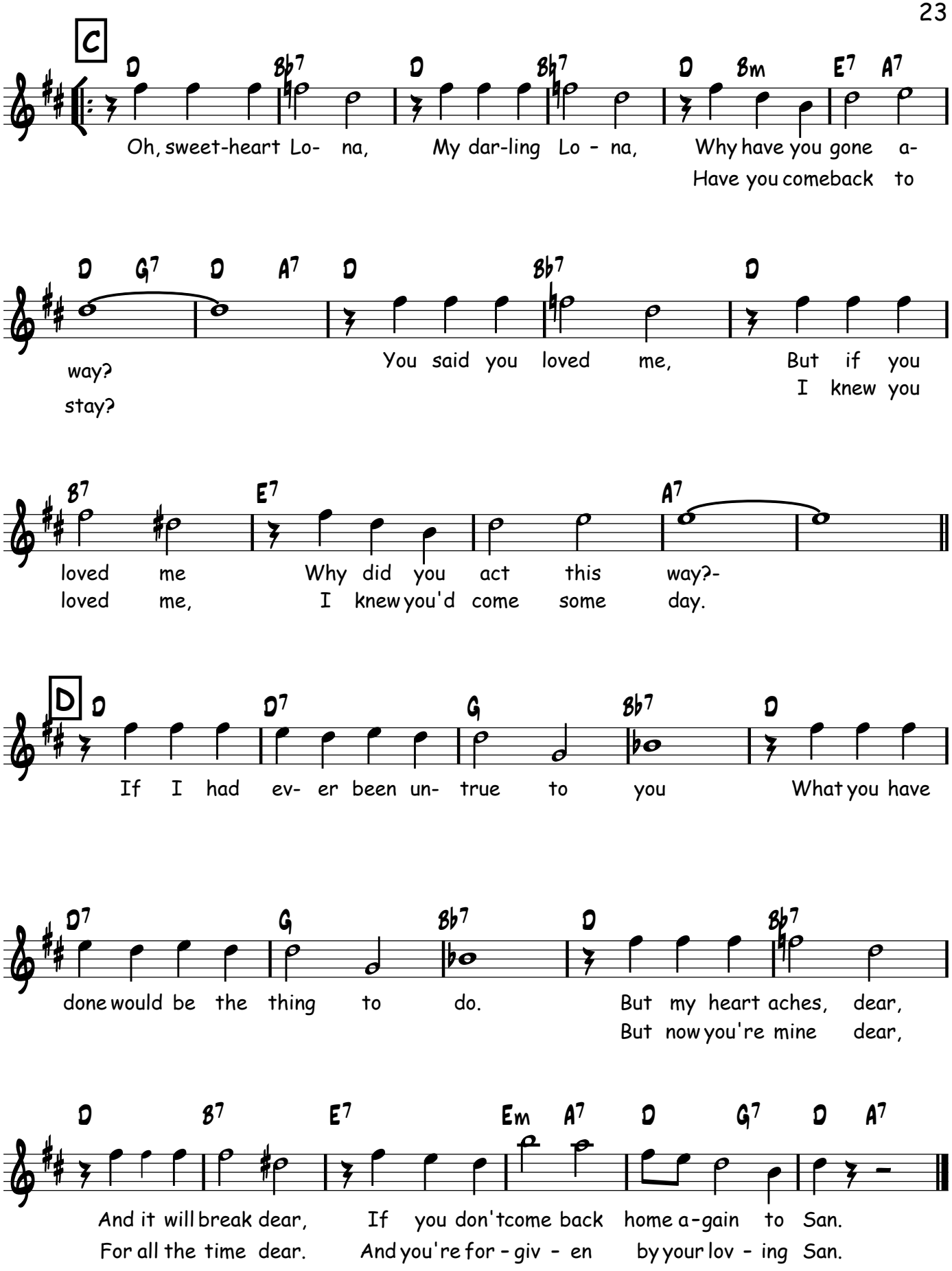











C
D Bb7 D Bb7 D Bm E7 A7
Oh, sweet-heart Lo- na, My dar-ling Lo - na, Why have you gone a-
Have you comeback to
D G7 D A7 D Bb7 D
way? You said you loved me, But if you
stay? I knew you
B7 E7 A7
loved me Why did you act this way?-
loved me, I knew you'd come some day.
D
D D7 G Bb7 D
If I had ev- er been un- true to you What you have
D7 G Bb7 D Bb7
done would be the thing to do. But my heart aches, dear,
But now you're mine dear,
D B7 E7 Em A7 D G7 D A7
And it will break dear, If you don'tcome back home a-gain to San.
For all the time dear. And you're for - giv - en by your lov - ing San.

Sensation

♩ = 180

1917



At a Georgia Camp Meeting



Back to "B" for solos, after last solo play "A" once

Rock a Bye Your Baby

Jean Schwartz - 1918


A A A#° E7/B E7 A
Mam-my mine, Your lit- tle roll- in'stone that rolled a- way,
A E+7 C C#° G7 G#7
strolled a- way. Mam-my mine, Your roll- in'stone is roll- in'
C E7 A C° E7/B E7 A C°
home to-day, there to stay. Just to see your smil- in' face, Smile a wel-come
E7 C C° G7 E B7 E7
sign. When I'm in your fond em-brace, Lis-ten Mam-my mine:


B
A
A°
E7
E7
Rock-A-Bye Your Ba-by With a Dix-ie Mel-o- dy, when you croon,
E7
A
B7
E7
E7
croon a tune from the heart of Dix- ie. Just hang my cra-dle,
E7
A
F#7
B7
Mam-my mine, Right on that Mas-on- Dix-on Line, And swing it
B7
E7
from Vir- gin- ia, To Ten-nes-see with all the love that's in ya'
C
A
A°
E7
Bm
E7
Weep no more my la-dy, sing that song a-gain for me, And Old Black Joe,
Bm
E7
D7
C#7
F#7
just as though you had me on your knee. A million ba-by kiss-es I'll de-liv- er,
B7
C°
A
The min-ute that you sing the Swan-ee Riv- er, Rock- a- bye your
A
F#m7
B7
E7
A
rock- a- bye ba- by with a Dix- ie mel- o- dy.

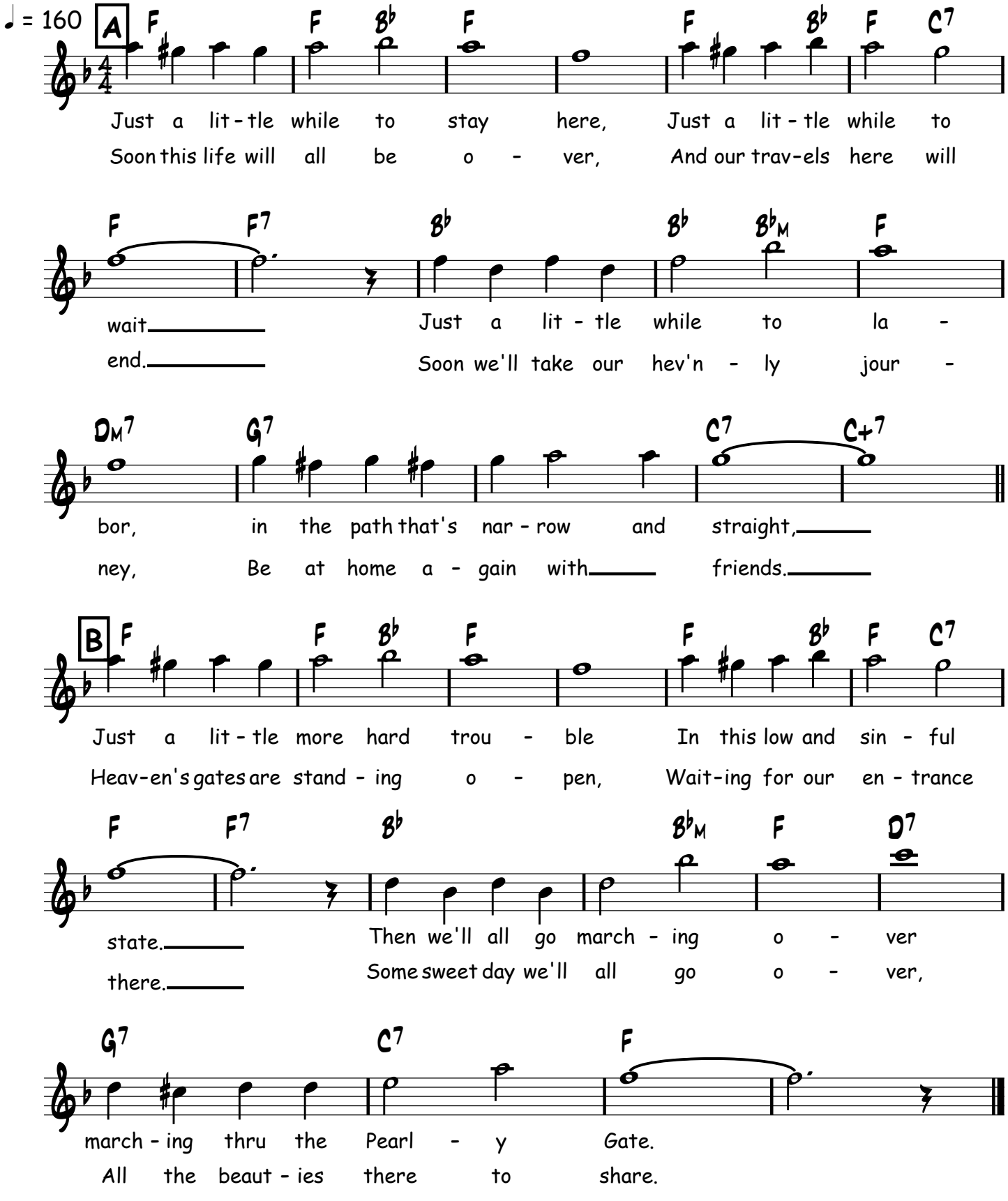
That's A 'Plenty

Lew Pollack / Ray Gilbert 1914




D
G
F♯7 F7
E7
A7
D7
G
G°
Ami7
D7
G
F♯7 F7
E7
E7
A7
D7
G
cornet,clarinet
E
B
trombone, bass
D
D7
F
G solo here
F♯7 F7
E7
A7
D7
G
G°
Ami
D7
G
G
F♯7 F7
E7
A7
D7
G
C7
G
D7
B
continue after last solo
FINE
D
D7
H
G
E7
A7
D7
G
Ami7
D7

Just a Little While to Stay Here


♩ = 160
A
F F B♭ F F B♭ F C7
Just a lit - tle while to stay here, Just a lit - tle while to
Soon this life will all be o - ver, And our trav-els here will
F F7 B♭ B♭ B♭M F
wait Just a lit - tle while to la -
end. Soon we'll take our hev'n - ly jour -
DM7 G7 C7 C+7
bor, in the path that's nar - row and straight,
ney, Be at home a - gain with friends.
B
F F B♭ F F B♭ F C7
Just a lit - tle more hard trou - ble In this low and sin - ful
Heav-en's gates are stand - ing o - pen, Wait-ing for our en - trance
F F7 B♭ B♭M F D7
state. Then we'll all go march - ing o - ver
there. Some sweet day we'll all go o - ver,
G7 C7 F
march - ing thru the Pearl - y Gate.
All the beaut - ies there to share.

Flee As A Bird

Mary S.B. Dana - 1857


A
Bm F♯7 Bm Em7 G7 F♯7
Flee as a bird to your moun- tain, Thou who art wea- ry of sin.
He will pro-tect thee for- ev- er, Wipe ev-'ry fall- ing tear.
Bm F♯7 Bm F♯7 Bm
Go to the clear flow-ing foun- tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will for-sake thee oh nev- er. Shel-tered so ten- der- ly there.
B
D A7 D Em6 Bm F♯7
Fly for the aven-ger is near thee, Call and the Sav- iour will hear thee.
Haste then, The hours are fly- ing, Spend not the mo- ment in sigh- ing.
C
Bm F♯7 Bm F♯7 Bm Em
He on his bos-om will bear thee, Thou who art wea-ry of sin. Oh
Cease from your sor-row and cry- ing, The Sav- iour will wipe ev-'ry tear, The
Bm F♯7 Bm F♯7 Bm F♯7 Bm F♯7 Bm
thou who art wea- ry- of sin.
Sav-iour will wipe- ev-'ry tear.

I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of My Jelly Roll

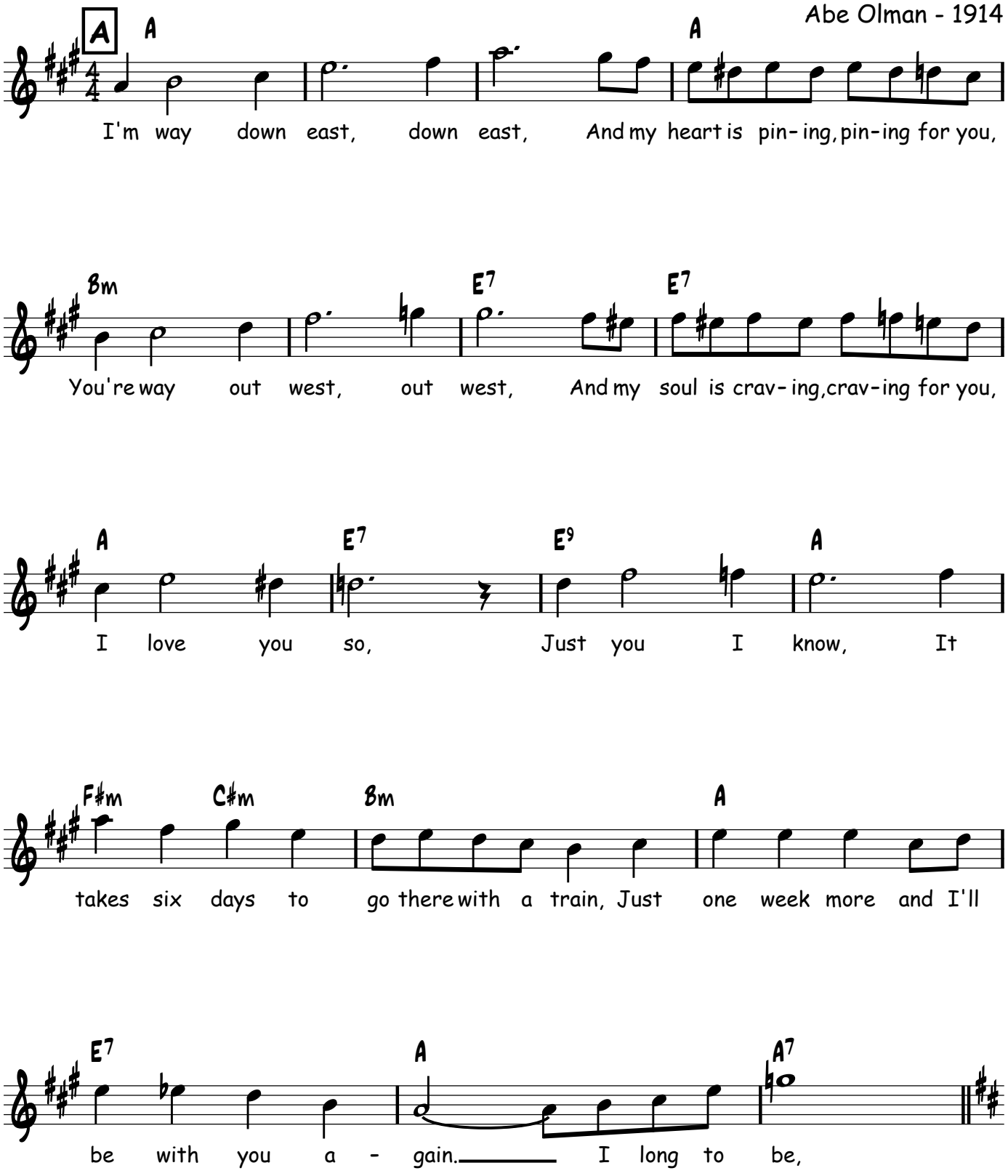
Clarence Williams & Spencer Williams - 1919


A
G A#° D7 G D7 G
Lit tle Wil ly Green from New Or leans, a greed y boy was he.
His sister Til ly Green was real ly mean, and ver-y stin gy, too.
D Bm C° A7 D
He al-ways want ed lots of kids just to keep him com pan-y. One
She al-ways want ed some of what you had but gave she noth-ing to you.
D7 G A#° D7
day his mom bought him a Toot sie Roll, the best can-dy that was made.
When her mom bought her a jel ly roll, to hide it she would try.
G D Bm D#° A7/E Am7(b5)/D# D7
When the kids be gan to hang a round, lit tle Wil ly said: I
When the kids would ask her for a bite, you'd hear Til ly cry: I
B G E7 A7
ain't gon na'give no bod y none of my Toot sie Roll, (Toot sic Roll) I
ain't gon na'give no bod y none of my jel ly roll. (jel ly roll) I
D7 G
would-n't give you a piece of my sweet, not to save your soul! (save your soul!)


E7
A7
Dad dy told me to day, Just be fore he went a way, If I'd
Mom ma told me to day, Just be fore she went a way;
A7
D7
Two Bar Break
be a good boy, He'd bring me a toy; And I'm my Dad-dy's pride
If I'd be a good lit tle girl, She might put my hair
and joy! You know there ain't no need in your just hang-in' a-round,
in curls! You
G
E7
A7
A7
D7
B7
(hang- -in'- a- round) I know you want it, but I'm- a gon- na'turn you down.
B7
C
C#o
G
E7
My Toot sic Roll is sweet! And you know it can't be beat! I
jel ly roll is sweet!
C
C#o
G/D
E7
A7
D7
G
Back To "A"
know you want it, but you can't have it! I ain't a gon-na' give you none!
Interlude to Second Verse
G
Bbo
Am7
D7
G
Bbo
Am7
D7

Down Among The Sheltering Palms

Abe Olman - 1914




B
D
B7
E7
Down a-mong the shel- ter-ing palms, Oh hon-ey wait for me; Oh hon-ey
E7
A7
wait for me; Meet me down by the old Gold- en Gate,
D
E9
A7
Out where the sun goes down a- bout eight.
C
D7
G
B7
How my love is burn- ing, burn- ing, burn- ing, How my heart is
E7
A7
D
yearn- ing, yearn- ing, yearn- ing to be Down A - mong the
D
B7
E9
A9
D
Shel- ter- ing Palms, Oh hon- ey wait for me.

Washington and Lee Swing

T. Allen and M. Sheafe - 1910



E♭ TREBLE

Joe Avery Blues
(Second Line)

Joe Avery



Pretty Baby

Egbert Van Alstyne & Gus Kahn - 1916

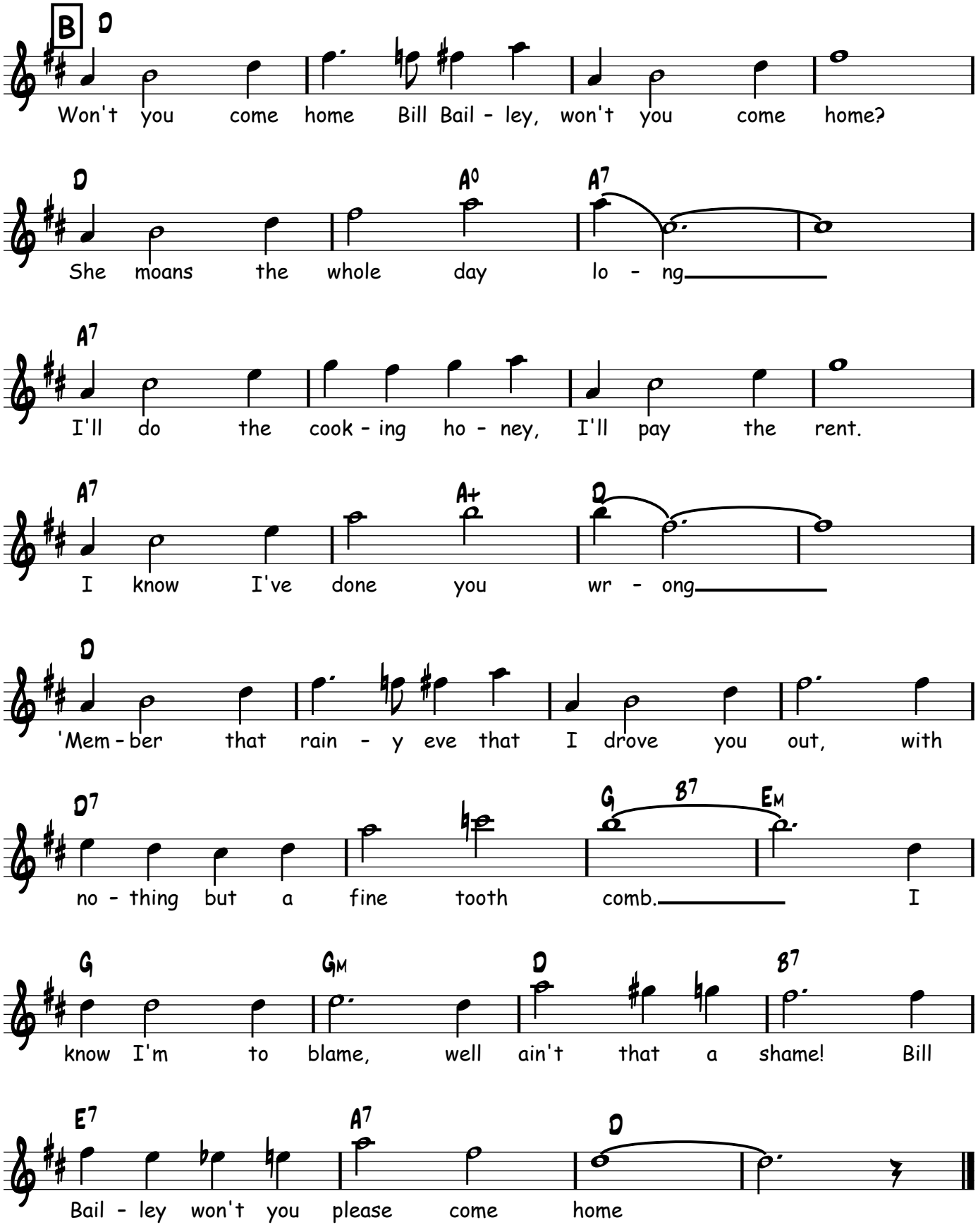

A
C G7 C C7 F
You ask me why I'm al-ways teas-ing you, You hate to have me call you
C G7 C G7 C
Pret - ty Ba - by; I real-ly thought that I was pleas-ing you, for you're
G D7 G C#o7 Dm G7
just a ba - by to me. Your cun-ning lit - tle dim-ples and your
C C#o Dm G7 C
ba - by stare, Your ba - by talk and ba - by walk and cur - ly hair, Your
D7 G Em A7 D7 G G7
ba - by smile makes life worth - while, You're just as sweet as you can be. Ev' ry


B
G7
C
G+
C
bod y loves a ba by that's why I'm in love with you Pret ty Ba by, Pret ty Ba by. And I'd
G7
like to be your sis ter, broth er, dad and moth - er too, Pret ty
C
G7
C
C7
Ba by, Pret ty Ba by. Won't you come and let rne rock you in my
F
B♭7
A7
D7
G7
G7
cra dle of love, And we'll cud dle all the time. Oh! I want a lov in' ba by and it
G7
D7
G7
C
might as well be you, Pret ty Ba by of mine.

Hughie Cannon, 1902

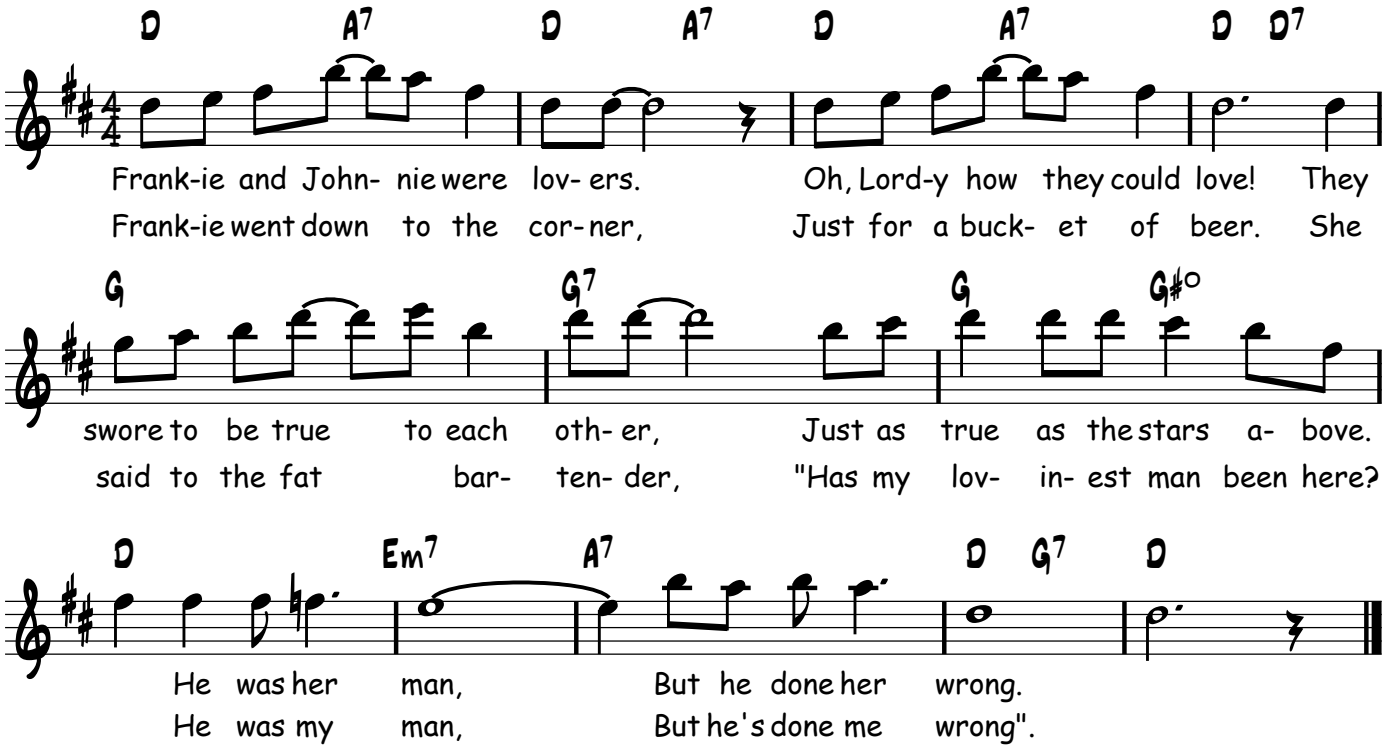
Bill Bailey


A
Bm
On one sum - mer morn - ing the sun was shin - ing fine. The
D
F#7
Bm
A0
la - dy ho-ney of old Bill Bail-ey she hung clothes on the line in her back
A7
D
F#7
ya - rd, and weep - in' ha - rd. She
Bm
married a B &O brake - man that took and throwed her down. Bell -
D
F#7
er - in' like an old prune - fed calf and with a big gang hang - in'
Bm
A0
A7
D
D
A7
round. And to that cro - wd She cried out lou - d,


B
D
Won't you come home Bill Bail - ley, won't you come home?
D
A0
A7
She moans the whole day lo - ng
A7
I'll do the cook - ing ho - ney, I'll pay the rent.
A7
A+
D
I know I've done you wr - ong
D
'Mem - ber that rain - y eve that I drove you out, with
D7
G
B7
Em
no - thing but a fine tooth comb. I
G
Gm
D
B7
know I'm to blame, well ain't that a shame! Bill
E7
A7
D
Bail - ley won't you please come home

Frankie And Johnnie

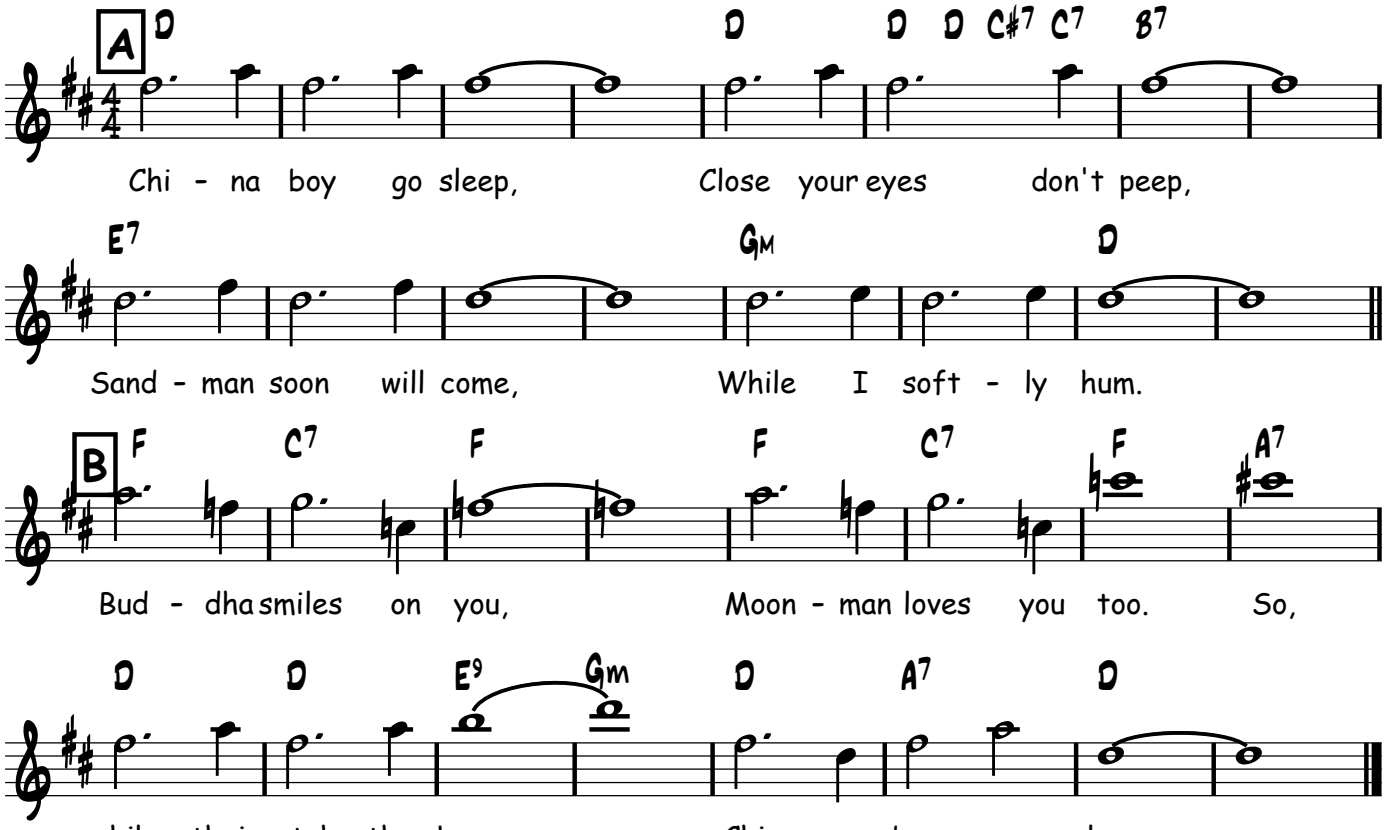
Traditional


D A7 D A7 D A7 D D7
Frank-ie and John- nie were lov- ers. Oh, Lord-y how they could love! They
Frank-ie went down to the cor-ner, Just for a buck- et of beer. She
G G7 G G#o
swore to be true to each oth- er, Just as true as the stars a- bove.
said to the fat bar- ten- der, "Has my lov- in- est man been here?
D Em7 A7 D G7 D
He was her man, But he done her wrong.
He was my man, But he's done me wrong".

♩ = 160

China Boy

Winfree/Boutelje - 1922


A D D D D C#7 C7 B7
Chi - na boy go sleep, Close your eyes don't peep,
E7 Gm D
Sand - man soon will come, While I soft - ly hum.
B F C7 F F C7 F A7
Bud - dha smiles on you, Moon - man loves you too. So,
D D E9 Gm D A7 D
while their watch they keep, Chi - na boy go sleep.

Alice Blue Gown

Harry Tierney & Joseph McCarthy
1919



Jazz Baby

M.K. Jerome & Blanche Merrill - 1918


A
A A° E7 A A°
My dad-dy was a rag-time trom-bone play-er, My mam-my was a rag-time
E7 A C#7 C#° F#m
cab- a- ret- er. They met one day at a tan- go tea, There was a
B7 E7 A7
syn- co- pa- ted wed-ding and then came me. Folks think the way I
D D7 B7 E7
walk is a fad, But it's a birth-day pres-ent from my mam-my and dad. I'm a
B A A E7 A A°
Jazz Ba-by, I want to be jazz- ing all the time. There's some-thing
E7 A B7 E7 E+
in the tone of a sax- o- phone, that makes me do a lit-tle wig-gle all my own. Cause I'm a
C A A7 D D
Jazz Ba-by, Full of jazz-bo har- mo- ny. That "Walk the Dog" and "Ball the Jack" that
D Bm7 A A° A E7 E+
caused all the talk, is just a cop- y of the way I nat-'ral- ly walk! 'Cause I'm a


A B7 E7 A
Jazz Ba- by, Lit- tle Jazz Ba- by that's me!
D D D#° A
Rocked to sleep while the cra- dle went to and fro, To and fro to the
A F#7 B7 E7
tune of the "Tic- kle Toe". Ev- er since I start- ed in to grow, I'd
A A° B7 D
love to hear the mu- sic play- in', See my dear old mam- my sway- in'. Jazz, jazz, jazz, that's
D D#° A F#7
all I ev- er knew, All day long I nev- er would get thru.
B7 E7 A A° E7 A E7 E+
Jazz, jazz, jazz, That's all I want to do, Play me a lit- tle jazz! 'Cause I'm a
after last solo play C to end
E A A7 D
Jazz Ba- by, Full of jazz- bo har- mo- ny. That
D Bm7 A A°
"Walk the Dog" and "Ball the Jack" that caused all the talk, is just a cop- y of the way I
A E7 E+ A B7 E7 A
nat- 'ral- ly walk! 'Cause I'm a Jazz Ba- by, Lit- tle Jazz Ba- by that's me!
Solos at D

Willie The Weeper


A
Dm A7 Dm Am E7
Have you heard the sto ry folks of Will-ie the weep er? Will-ie's oc-cu-pa-tion was a
A7 Dm A7
chim - ney sweep_ er He had a dream - in' ha - bit and he
Dm Gm6 Dm A7 Dm
had it bad,_ List-en let me tell you 'bout the dream he had.
B
Dm A7 Dm Am E7
At the north pole some-one shout-ed Will - ie turned a - round saw a
A7 Dm A7
light that knocked him sil - ly.___ Right be - fore him
Dm Gm6 Dm A7 Dm
in the ze - ro breeze, a cut-ie lit-tle ho-ney in her B - V - D's


C
C7
F
GM G7 C7
He walked a - round his feet were free - zin', some-one said, hey cut - ie
C7
F
GM G7 D7
Bet-ter list-en to rea - son says I want my coff - ee
D7
G
want it good and strong I want to have
C
F
bis - cuits eight-een inch-es long. now
D
C7
F
GM G7 C7
tell me what would you do? if you could have all
C7
F
F GM G7 D7
your dreams come true? there's some-thing tells me that
D7
G
you'd lock the door like will - ie the
C
F
weep - er and cry for more.

The World Is Waiting For the Sunrise

Eugene Lockhart & Ernest Seity - 1919


D+ A G D+ G
Dear one, the world is wait- ing for the
B7 C G Dm
sun- rise, Ev 'ry rose
E7 A7 D7 D+
is heav- y with dew. The
B G D+ G B7
thrush on high, His sleep - y mate is call- ing,
C G Dm E7 Cm6 D7 G
And my heart is call - ing you.

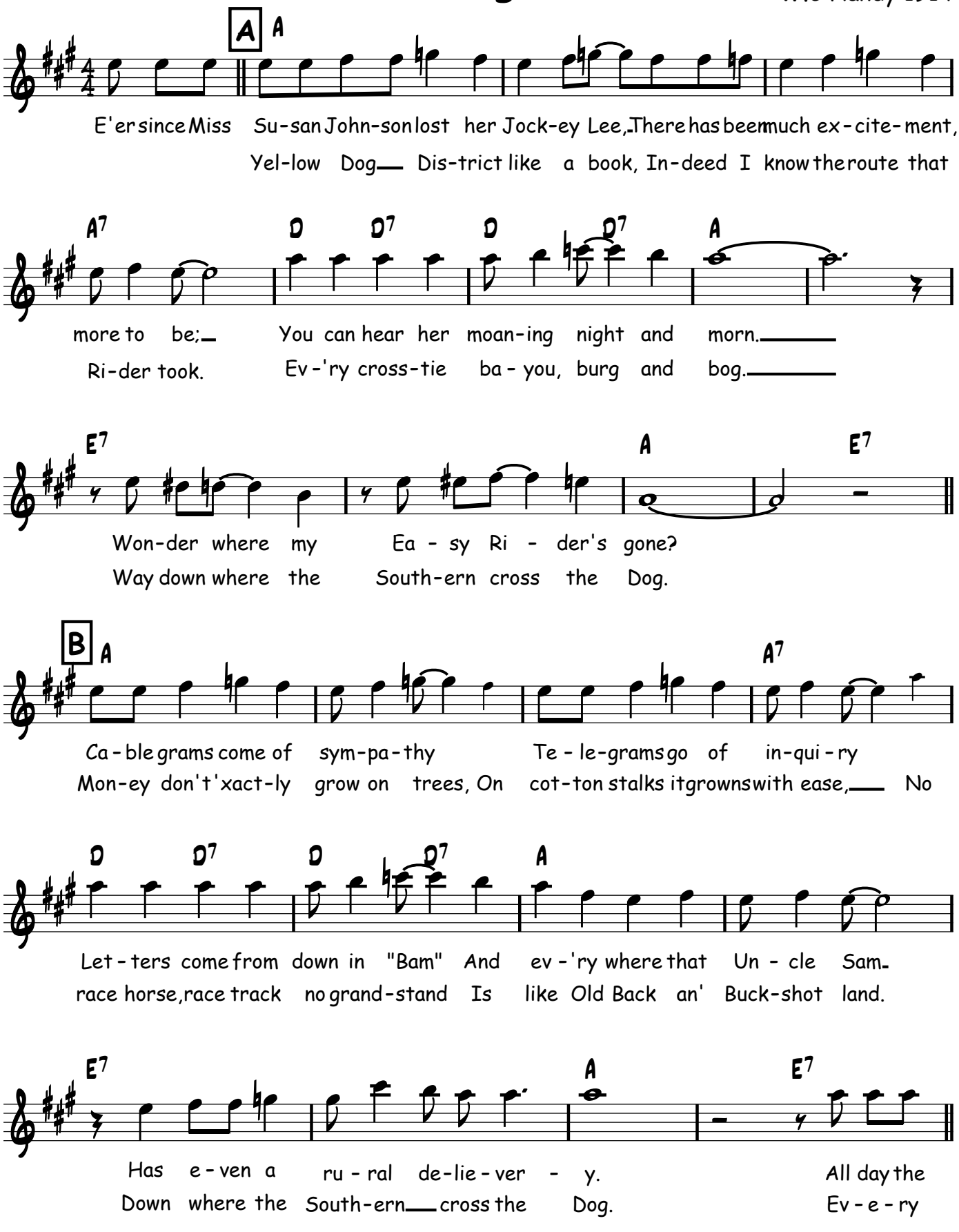
The Yama Yama Man

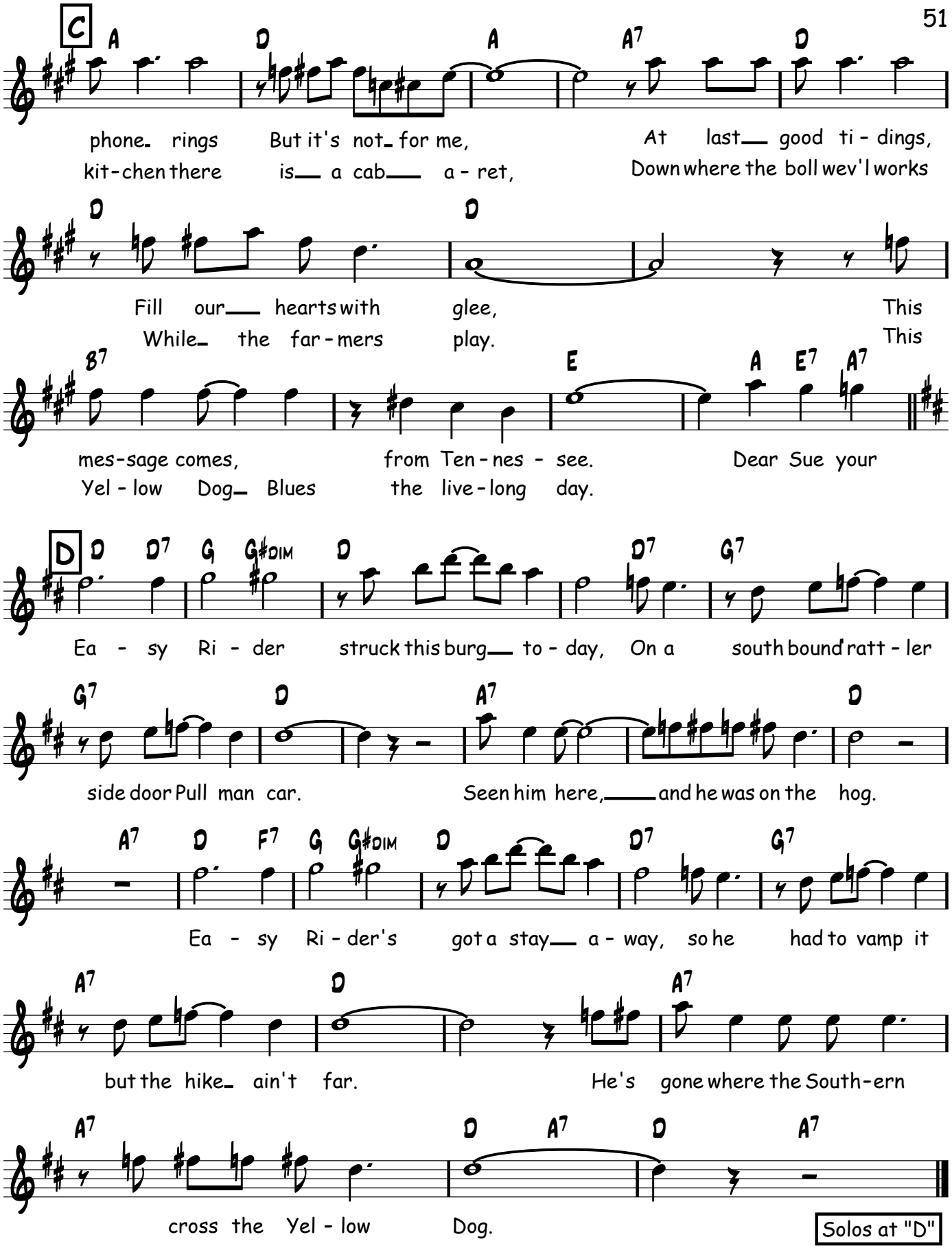
Collin Davis & Karl Hoschna - 1908


A
Gm F/A Gm/Bb D7 Gm D7 Gm
Ev 'ry lit tle tot at night is a fraid of the dark, you know.
Great big sca ry eyes you see so you cov er up up your head,
Gm F/A Gm/Bb Dm A7 D7
Some big Ya rna man they see, when off to bed they go.
But that Ya ma man is there, stand-ing right be side your bed!
B
G D7 D7 G G7
Ya- ma, Ya- ma, the Ya- ma man, Ter- ri-ble eyes and a long bo-ney hand.
C Cm G Em7 A7 D7
If you don't wateh out he'll get you with-out- a doubt, If he can!
G D7 D7 G G7
May-be-he's hid- in' be-hind the chair, Read-y to spring out at you un- a-ware!
C G Em7 A7 D7 G D7
Run to your Ma- ma cuz' herecomes the Ya- ma Ya- ma man!

Yellow Dog Blues

W.C Handy 1914


A A
E'er since Miss Su-san John-son lost her Jock-ey Lee, There has been much ex-cite-ment,
Yel-low Dog Dis-trict like a book, In-deed I know the route that
A7 D D7 D D7 A
more to be; You can hear her moan-ing night and morn.
Ri-der took. Ev-'ry cross-tie ba-you, burg and bog.
E7 A E7
Won-der where my Ea-sy Ri-der's gone?
Way down where the South-ern cross the Dog.
B A A7
Ca-ble grams come of sym-pa-thy Te-le-grams go of in-qui-ry
Mon-ey don't 'xact-ly grow on trees, On cot-ton stalks it grows with ease, No
D D7 D D7 A
Let-ters come from down in "Bam" And ev-'ry where that Un-cle Sam
race horse, race track no grand-stand Is like Old Back an' Buck-shot land.
E7 A E7
Has e-ven a ru-ral de-lie-ver-y. All day the
Down where the South-ern cross the Dog. Ev-e-ry


C
A D A A7 D
phone_ rings But it's not_ for me, At last__ good ti - dings,
kit-chen there is__ a cab__ a - ret, Down where the boll wev'l works
D D
Fill our__ hearts with glee, This
While_ the far - mers play. This
B7 E A E7 A7
mes-sage comes, from Ten - nes - see. Dear Sue your
Yel - low Dog_ Blues the live-long day.
D D D7 G G#DIM D D7 G7
Ea - sy Ri - der struck this burg__ to - day, On a south bound ratt - ler
G7 D A7 D
side door Pull man car. Seen him here,____ and he was on the hog.
A7 D F7 G G#DIM D D7 G7
Ea - sy Ri - der's got a stay__ a - way, so he had to vamp it
A7 D A7
but the hike_ ain't far. He's gone where the South-ern
A7 D A7 D A7
cross the Yel - low Dog.
Solos at "D"

You've Got To See Your Mamma Ev'ry Night

Billy Rose & Con Conrad - 1923

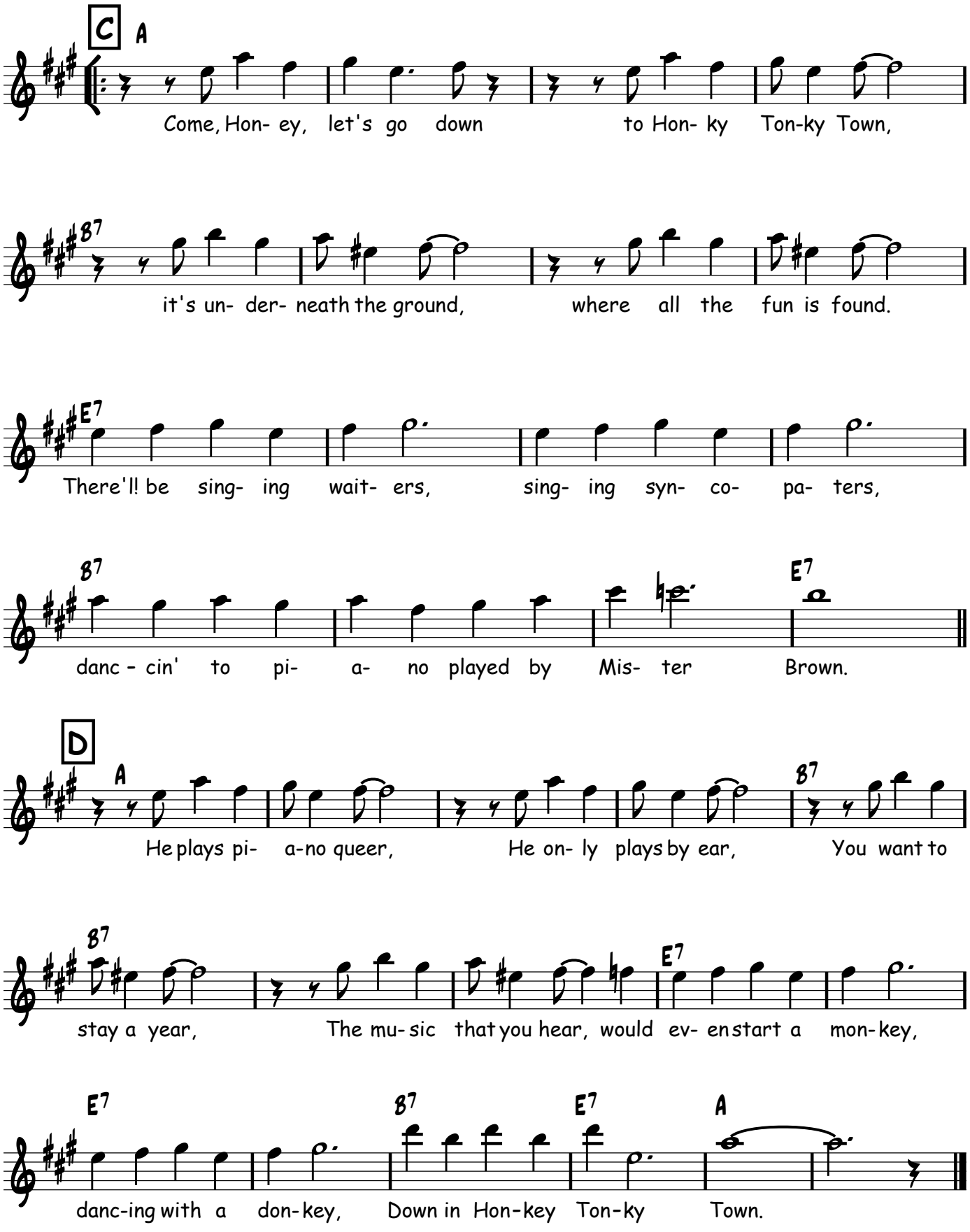

A
G
Gdim
G
Gdim
G
Dadd-y dear list - en here your mam-ma's feel- in' blue.
Dadd-y dear when you're near well ev' - ry-thing's o - kay
G
D7
Gdim
G
G
I don't see much of you, and that will ne ver do. Once a week
but when you stay a - way I mope a - round all day. I must know,
Gdim
G
Gdim
G
G#7
A7
Ma-ma's cheek Needs a kiss or two. I'm not show in'
where you go, and what makes you gay. I don't want to
D
G
A7
D
you the door but I must lay down the law. You've got to
share my love with a - noth - er tur - tle dove


B
G
D7
G
see your ma-ma ev-er-y night or you can't see your ma-ma at all You've go to
G
A
D7
Kiss your ma-ma and treat her right or she won't be at home when you call Now
Now
G
C
C7
if you want my com-pan-y well you can't fif-ty fif - ty me you've got to
I don't want the kind of man who gives his love on the in - stal-ment plan,
G
D7
G
see your ma-ma ev-er-y night or you can't see your ma-ma at all
C
G
D♯
D7
G
D♯
D7
Mon-day night I sat a - lone. Tues-day night you did not phone
G
Am7
D♯M7
D7
G
D7
G
Wednes-day night you did not call and Thurs-day night it was the same old stall
G
D♯
D7
G
D♯
D7
Fri-day night you dodged my path Sat-ur - day you took your bath
G
Am7
D♯M7
D7
G
D7
G
Sun-day night you called on me but you brought three girls for some com-pan-y you've got to

Down in Honky-Tonk Town

Chris Smith & Charles McCarron - 1915


A
C B7 C B7 C
Bill John-son said one day, To his E - li-za May, "We've been to
C B7 C B7 Em F E7 F
near-ly ev'- ry place in town. If you sug- gest to me, some oth-er
E7 F F E7 F E7 Am
nov- el- ty, We both will go and do the thing up brown!"
B
C B7 C B7 C
His sweet-tie said,"My Dear, there is this place I hear, I got it
C B7 C B7 Em Am
straight from Mose, who brings the clothes. It's Hon- ky Ton- ky Town,
Am B7 B7(♭5) E7
down where the gals are brown. That's where the mu- sic grows.


C
A
Come, Hon- ey, let's go down to Hon- ky Ton-ky Town,
B7
it's un- der- neath the ground, where all the fun is found.
E7
There'll be sing- ing wait- ers, sing- ing syn- co- pa- ters,
B7
danc - cin' to pi- a- no played by Mis- ter Brown.
E7
D
A
He plays pi- a-no queer, He on- ly plays by ear, You want to
B7
stay a year, The mu- sic that you hear, would ev- en start a mon-key,
E7
E7
danc-ing with a don-key, Down in Hon-key Ton-ky Town.
B7
E7
A

Down in Jungle Town

Edward Madden and
Theodore Morse - 1908

Verse



Chorus


B
G
A7
Down in jun - gle town, A hon - ey -
D7
G
G°
moon is com-ing soon. Then you'll hear a ser - en -
D7
G
G♯°
D7
ade, To a pret - ty mon-key maid,
C
G
A7
D7
When that chim-pan - zee up in the tree,
D7
AM7
B7
G
Sings that mel - o - dy. I'll be true to my
G
A7
D7
G
mon-key doo-dle - doo way Down In Jun - gle Town.

My Daddy Rocks Me

J. Berni Barbour - 1922

♩ = 100


A
Dm Gm Dm B° B♭6 Dm/C
I've got a Sweet - ie, no one could be so sweet to me.
F E7 Am F♯° F Am/E
He makes me hap - py. I'm glad to say he's al-ways gay. I've
G7 C G7 C
got a great big rock-ing chair, and ev - 'ry night you'll find us there. I'm
A7 Dm Am/F E7/B Gm/B♭ A Dm/A
on his knee, while he rocks me to a rock-y mel - o - dy. My ba-by


B
Dm Dm/C Dm/B♭ A Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm Dm Dm7/C
rocks me with one stead-y roll. My ba-by rocks me
B♭7 A7 Dm/A A7 Dm/C A7 Dm
with all his heart and soul.
We'll al-ways spoon while the
Wrap'd in a blank et of
Most ev'-ry eve - ning at
Talk a-bout row - boats and
Em7 A7 Dm Dm7/C B° Gm/B♭ A7 Em7/B A7/C♯ Dm Dm/C
lights are low.-
He hates to leave me when it's time to go. My ba-by rocks me
love and charms,
I'm sit-ting pret ty when I'm in his arms.
half-past nine,
We get to-geth er and the world is mine.
birch can-oes,
You need a chair to rock a-way your blues.
Dm/B♭ A7 Dm E° A7 Dm A7 Dm
with one stead-y roll.
roll.

There'll Be Some Changes Made

Higgins/Overstreet - 1921


A
G Em A7 D7 G Em
They say don't change the old for the new, But I've found outthat thiswill
A7 D7 B7 Em
nev - er do. When you grow old you don't last long;
A7 D7 D+ G Em
You're here to-dayand then to - mor-row you're gone. I loved a manfor ma-ny
A7 D7 G7 G+ C
years gone by, I thought his love for me would nev - er die.
A7 D F#7 B9 B7
He made some chang - es that would nev - er do, from now
Em E° A13 A7 D7 Cm6 D7
on I'm go - in'g to make some changes too. For there's a


B
E7
change in the weath er there's a change in the sea,
A7
B7
so from now on there'll be a change in me, My walkwill be dif 'rent, my talk
E7
A7
D7
and my name, Noth in' a bout me is goin' to be the same, I'm goin' to
E7
A7
change my way of liv- in', if that ain't e- nough, Then I'll change the way that I
A7
B7
E7
strut my stuff, 'cause no- bod- y wants you when you're old and gray,
A7
D7
G
E7
A7
D7
G
There'll Be Some Chan-ges Made to- day, There'll Be Some Chan-ges Made.

Creole Belles

1900





Solos at "C"; Out Chorus use Melody from "A."

Skeleton Jangle

Nick LaRocca - 1918

♩ = 182




C
A7
D7
G7
C7
F
Unison for 2 bars
A7
D7
D7
G7
C7
F
Unison 2 Bars
D
A7
D7
G7
C7
F
F#o
C7/G
A7
D7
G7
C7
F
C7
F
C7
F

Sobbin' Blues

Kassel and Berton - 1922

♩ = 164


D A+ D A+ D A+ D A+
mf pp mf pp
A D
mf
3
D7 G
G Gm D
G7 D D
D Am6 B7 E7 A7
Rhythm sec. plays straight 8ths as written, horms harmonize melody - 8 bars
B D A7 D
D A7 D D7
Swing
G G7 F#7 F7 E7 A7

Rhythm sec. plays straight 8ths as written, horms harmonize melody - 8 bars



Solos on "B" & "C" Section:
After last solo play to bottom.

Hesitating Blues

W.C. Handy - 1915


A
D° D D° D D° D
Hel - lo Cen-tral what's the mat-ter with this line? I want to talk to that
Sun-day night my beau pro-posed to me. Said she'd be hap py if his
If I was whis - key, and you were a cup I`d dive to the bot-tom and
D/A A#° Bm G D
High Brown mine. Tell me how long will I have to wait?
wif - ie I'd be Said he,"How long will I have to wait?
nev - er come up, Oh, How long do I have to wait?
D A7 E7 A7 D G7 D D7
Please give me 2 - 9 - 8 Why do you hes - i- tate?
Come be my wife my Kate, Why do you hes - i- tate?
Can I get it now, or do I have to hes i- tate?
B
G D G D G D
What you say can't talk to my Brown? A storm last night blowed the
I de - clined him just for a stall, He left that night on the
I had wo - man, She was tall. She make me think 'bout my
D/A A#° Bm G D
wires all down. Tell me how long will I have to wait? Oh, won't you
Can-non Ball. Hon-ey how long will I have to wait? Will he
par - a- sol. Oh, How long do I have to wait? Can I


A7 E7 A7 D G7 D D7
tell me now, Why do you hes- i - tate? Pro-cras-ti-
come back now, or will he hes - i - tate?
get it now, do I have to hes- i - tate?
C G G7 C
na - tion is the thief of time, So all the wise owls say, "one stitch in time
G
may save nine", To-mor-row's not to - day. And if you
D7 G D7
put off, Some-bod-y's bound to lose.
D G G7 C
I'd be his, He'd be mine, And I'd be feel-ing gay. Left a-lone
C G7
to grieve and pine, My best friend's gone a - way, He's gone and
D7 G C7 G
left me The Hes - i - ta-ting Blues.

Grizzly Bear Rag

George Botsford - 1910




G
G#°
D
A7
D
Fine
C
D
A7
D
D
A
B7
E7
A7
D
A7
D
D
B7
E7
A7
D
D
G
G7
E7
A7
D7
D°
D7
G
Break
G
G7
E7
Stop time as Marked
A7
C
Eb7
G
G
G
C
G
A7
D7
1.
G
D7
2.
G
Break
Back to "B" - Play to Fine

He May Be Your Man

(But He Comes To See Me Sometimes)

Lemuel Fowler - 1922


C D7 G7 C F7 C G7 C
Miss
Miss
A C A° C G#7 C C7 F
Min-nie Lee from Ten-nes-see was known to be quite rough. An - y - time and
Lu - dy Green was some l'il queen, and jeal-ous as could be. When her man went
C A7 D7 G7 C A°
an - y - where She would al-ways strut her stuff. Now Sa-die Snow, she
out at night They would al-ways dis - a - gree. Down at the ball, at
C G#7 C C7 D7
had a beau she loved him night and day. Un - til Min-nie
Moon-shine Hall, where ev - 'ry - bod- y'd go, Was Miss Min-nie,
G7 D7 G7 G7
shook a shim-my and stole his heart a - way. Poor Sa-die near - ly dies,
drink- in'plen - ty and hug- gin' Lu - dy's beau. Lu - dy was mad as well,
G7 G7 E° G7
but Min - nie on - ly sighed, then I heard her say: He
Min - nie said "I will tell you now so you'll know"


B
C D7 G7 C C7
may be your man but he comes to see me some - times.
F F7 G7 C F7 C
And when he's with you he's al-ways got me on his mind. I
E7 Am
ain't no vam-pire that is ture, But I can cert' nly take you man from you.
G7 C G7 C
My wick-ed smile, My wick-ed walk, I've got the kind of eyes that seem to talk, It's
C C D7 G7 C C7 F
no need of cry- in' and it's no use to weep and mourn. I love you man and I'm
F E7 A7
gon-na take him for my own, my own. I don't mean, to be so bold,
Ain't no need of get- tin' rough,
D7 G+
but I just want, to get you told, He
'cause I'm just right to do my stuff
C D7 G7 C F7 C G7
may be your man but he comes to see me some - times.

Satanic Blues

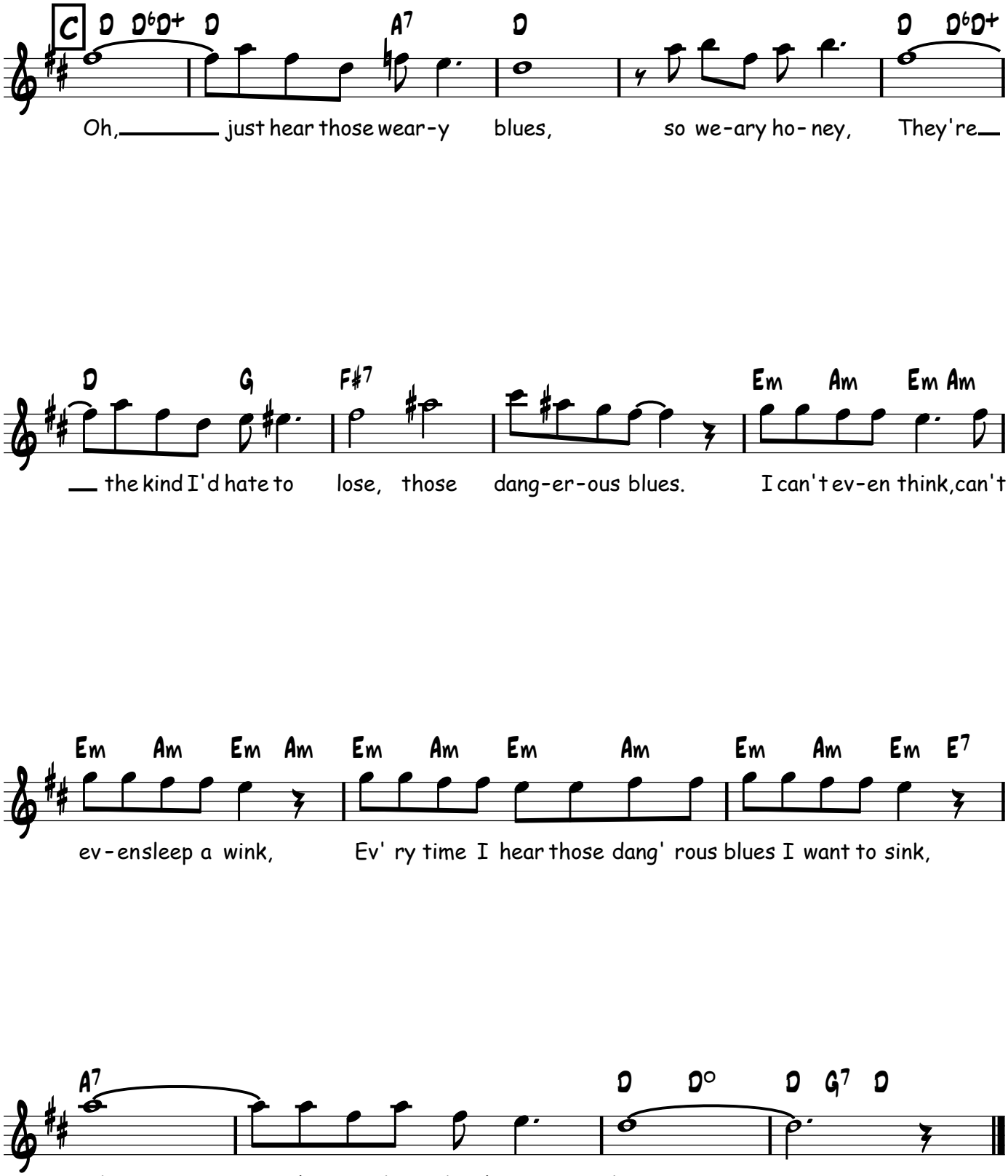



C
C
C
A7
D7
D7
G
C
E7
A7
G7
C
C
A7
D7
D7
Back to "A"
F
Cdim
C
Gm
A7
D7
G7
C C# D

Dangerous Blues

1921


A
D Dm D Dm D
Ta de da da de dum ta de da da de dum mel-o-dy is in the air, you
A7 D D Dm
hear them play it ev-'ry-where you go it seems. Ta de da da de dum
D Dm D
ta de da da de dum take a look at me and see just
A7 D D7 D° C7 D A7 D
what that ta da da de dum me means, just what it means.
B
D D6D+ D A7 D D D6D+
Oh, I've got those dang-'rous blues, so sweet and pret-ty Lord
D A7 F#° B7 C#° B7
I mean those dang-'rous blues. Can't you hear the mu-sic play-ing
F#° B7 Am/E Em E° Em Am/E Em
soft and sweet It's the kind that makes you wan-na shake your feet.
E7 A7/E E#° F#° A7/GA7
I think I'm slip- pin' I know I'm slip- pin' ta da da, ta da da, ta da de dum.


C D D⁶D+ D A7 D D D⁶D+
Oh, just hear those wear-y blues, so we-ary ho- ney, They're
D G F♯7 Em Am Em Am
the kind I'd hate to lose, those dang-er-ous blues. I can't ev-en think,can't
Em Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em Am Em E7
ev-ensleep a wink, Ev' ry time I hear those dang' rous blues I want to sink,
A7 D D° D G7 D
Oh, I've got those dang' rous blues.

Tishomingo Blues

Spencer Williams - 1917


♩ = 132
F C7 G7 C7 F
A
F C7 F7
Oh Mis - si - sip - pi, Oh Mis - si - sip - pi, My heart cries out for
To-night I'm Pray- in' To-night I'm say in' Oh Lord please bless the
B♭ B♭M F
you in sad-ness I want to be where, the win-try winds don't blow.
train that takes me, To Tish-o-min - go way down old Dix - ie way,
F♯o C7
Down where the South - ern
Where South - ern folks are
C7 G7 C7
moon swings low, That's where I want to go. I'm
al - ways gay, That's why you hear me say, I'm
B
F F7 B♭ F F7
goin' to Tish-o-min-go be-cause I'm sad to - day.


B♭7 C♯7 F F♯o
I wish to lin-ger, way down old Dix-ie way.
C7 F F♯o
Oh my wea-ry heart cries out in pain, Oh how I wish that I was back a - gain,
Opt. Break on Solos
C7 G7 C7 G7 C7
with a race, in a place, where they make you wel-come all the time. Way
C F F7 B♭ F F7
down in Mis-si-sip-pi, A-mong the cy-press trees.
B♭ A7
They get you dip-py, with their stange mel-o - dies. To re-
F A7 Dm C♯7 F
sist temp-ta - tion, I just can't re - fuse In Tish-o-min-go
C7 G7 C7 F
I wish to lin-ger, Where they play the wea-ry blues.

Memphis Blues

W.C Handy - 1912



Midnight in Moscow

♩ = 160


A
Am Dm E7 Am E7 Am C F G7
C Bm7 E7 Am Dm
Am E7 Am Bm7 E7 Am
Dm Am E7 Am Am
Stop time- first beat of bar only
B
Am Dm6 Am Am C
F C E7 Am Am
Time
Dm Dm Am E7 Am Bm7 E7
Am Dm Am E7 Am

The Storyville Blues

♩ = 132

Trad.




Time
C
F
F7
B♭
D♭M
F
F
D7
Drum Roll - Piano Roll - Sustained Bass
G7
C7
F
F7
B♭
B♭M
F
C7
F
C7
F
F7
B♭
B♭M
F
Back to "B" for Solos
Tag
F
B♭
F
F7
B♭
B♭M
F
rit.

Strut Miss Lizzie

Turner Layton & Henry Creamer - 1921


A
Em B7 Em Am Em B7 Em D+
G A7 D7 G C7 G G7
Won't you
B C Cm G E7
strut Miss Liz-zie Get bu-sy I want to see you walk, for the
A7 D7 G G° G G7
folks all state the way you syn-co-pate Is the whole town talk. When you
C Cm G B7
move so pret-ty, It's a pi-ty, The oth-er girl-ies frown. But the
Em B7 Em Am Em B7 Em D7 G
men you meet like the way you shake your feet, Oh, you knock'em diz-zy,
A7 D7 G G7 C Cm G
Vocal to "C"
Strut Miss Liz-zie Brown.(I'll bet you've got the cut-est lit-tle strut in town!) Go


C
G° G° G G A7 D7 G
down the street, By the school, Pat your feet you step- pin' fool.
G° G G° G G E7 A7 D7 G
Strut your stuff, use your "Kerch", Trot your toot-sies by the church.
G° G G° G G A7 D7
Thru the al- ley, Dodge the cans, Shake Miss Sal-ly's pots and pans.
G G7/F C/E E♭7 G A7 D7 G G7
Cool your dogs we're com- in' thru, Get set for Len-ox Av-en - ue. Won't you

Back to "B: for Solos

Tain't Nobody's Biz-ness If I Do

Porter Grainger & Everett Robbins - 1922


A
G B7 Em B7 E7
There ain't noth- in' I can do, nor noth- in' I can say, That folks don't
Aft- er all, the way to do is do just as you please, Re- gard- less
Bm7 E7 Am E7 E7 E7
crit- i cize me But I'm gon- na' do just as I
of their talk- in'. Of- ten times the ones that talk will
Am A A7 Eb7 D7
want to an- y- way, And don't care if they all de- spise me.
get down on their knees, And beg your par-don for theirsquawk- in'.
B G° G B7 Em G7 C C#°
If I should take a no-tion To jump in to the o-cean,
If I dis- like my lov-er And leave him for an -oth- er,
G G° D7 D+7 B7 E7 A D+7 G° G
'Tain't No- bod-y's Biz-ness If I Do. Rath- er than
If I go to


B7 Em G7 C C°
per- se- cute me, I choose that you would shoot me,
church on Sun -day, Then cab- a- ret on Mon- day,
G G#° D7 D+7 G Am7 A#° G/B
Tain't no - bod-y's biz-ness if I do.
C G° G B7 Em G7 C C#°
If I should get the feel- in' To dance up- on the ceil- in',
If my friend ain't got no mon-ey And I say "Take all mine,Hon -ey",
G G° D7 D+7 B7 E7 A7 D+7 G° G
'Tain't No- bod-y's Biz-ness If I Do. If I let my
If I give him
B7 Em G7 C C#°
best com- pan- ion Drive me right in- to the can -yon,
my last nick- el And it leaves me in a pick -le,
G G° D7 D+7 G G° Am7 D+7
'Tain't No- bod-y's Biz-ness If I Do.

T'aint Nothin Else But Jazz

Maceo Pinkard - 1921


A
C F7 C F7 C F7 A7 D7 G+7
I'm blue, Thru and thru, 'Cause they're gon- na take jazz a- way.
E7 F C Cm G D7 G
On my knees, I'm ask-ing you please, Just to pay at- ten-tion to me while I say:
G G7 Bb7 G7 G+7
Can't you see it's wrong to con-demn a song. Jazz has sim-ply got to stay, Now!
B
C D7
High-brow mu-sic real-ly is a treat, In an op-'ra house it can't be beat.
G7 C G#7/D# Dm7 G+7
But what makes you wan-na shake yo' feet? 'Tain't noth- in'else but jazz, Babe!
C C7 F F#o
In so- ci- e- ty of style and grace, Ev-'ry lit-tle move-ment has just a
C/G G+7 C G+7 C D#o
lit- tle bit of wob- blin', Lit- tle bit of tod- dlin'. Waltz-in'-round is might-y fine,
C/E D#o C/E C Am7
Gli-din' sure- ly is de- vine. Still what makes you shiv- er an- y time?
D7 G7 C A7 D7 G7 C
'Tain't noth- in'else but jazz, Babe! 'Tain't noth- in'else but jazz.

Maitland

Same Melody as "Take My Hand, Precious Lord"



Alcoholic Blues

Albert Von Tilzer 1919

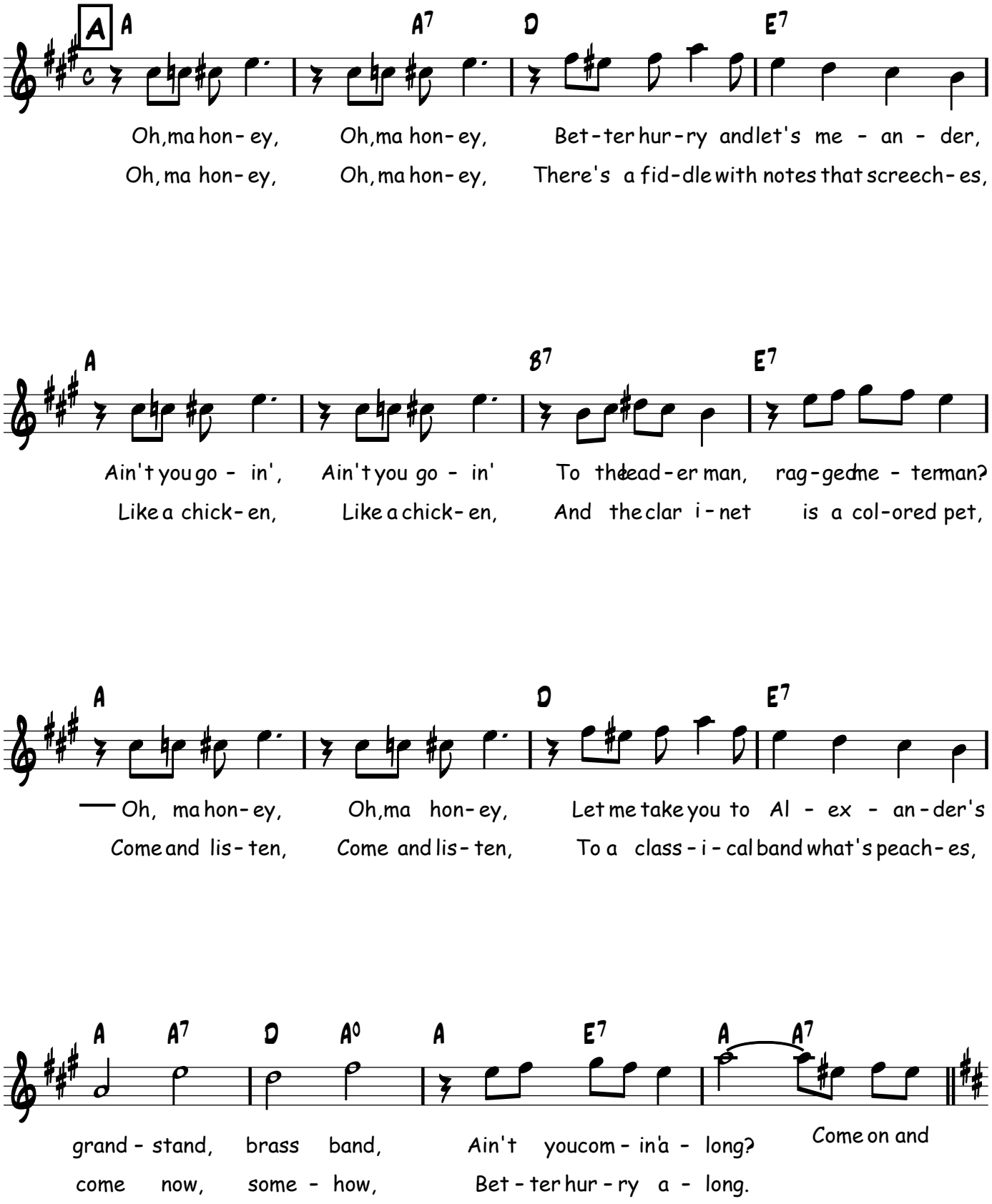



D
A7
D
A7
Mis-ter Hoo-ver said to cut my din ner down, I did-n't hes i-tate I did-n't frown.
E7
A
I cut my sug - ar I cut my coal,
E7
A7
but now they've cut deep in - side my soul. I've got the
D
D
D7
blues, I've got the Blues, I've got the al - co - hol - ic blues. There's
blues, I've got the Blues, since they am - pu - ta - ted booze.
G
GM
D
no more beer my heart to cheer, good-bye whis-key used to make me fris-ky.
Bars are closed and night clubs too, lord - y lord - y what to do,
Solos at "D"
A7
D
B♭7
A7
D
So long hi-ball, good-bye gin, tell me when you're com-in' back a-gain.
So long hi-ball, good-bye gin, tell me when you're com-in' back a-gain.

Alexander's Ragtime Band

Irving Berlin, 1911

VERSE


A
A A7 D E7
Oh, ma hon - ey, Oh, ma hon - ey, Bet - ter hur - ry and let's me - an - der,
Oh, ma hon - ey, Oh, ma hon - ey, There's a fid - dle with notes that screech - es,
A B7 E7
Ain't you go - in', Ain't you go - in' To the head - er man, rag - ged me - ter man?
Like a chick - en, Like a chick - en, And the clar i - net is a col - ored pet,
A D E7
Oh, ma hon - ey, Oh, ma hon - ey, Let me take you to Al - ex - an - der's
Come and lis - ten, Come and lis - ten, To a class - i - cal band what's peach - es,
A A7 D A0 A E7 A A7
grand - stand, brass band, Ain't you com - in' a - long? Come on and
come now, some - how, Bet - ter hur - ry a - long.

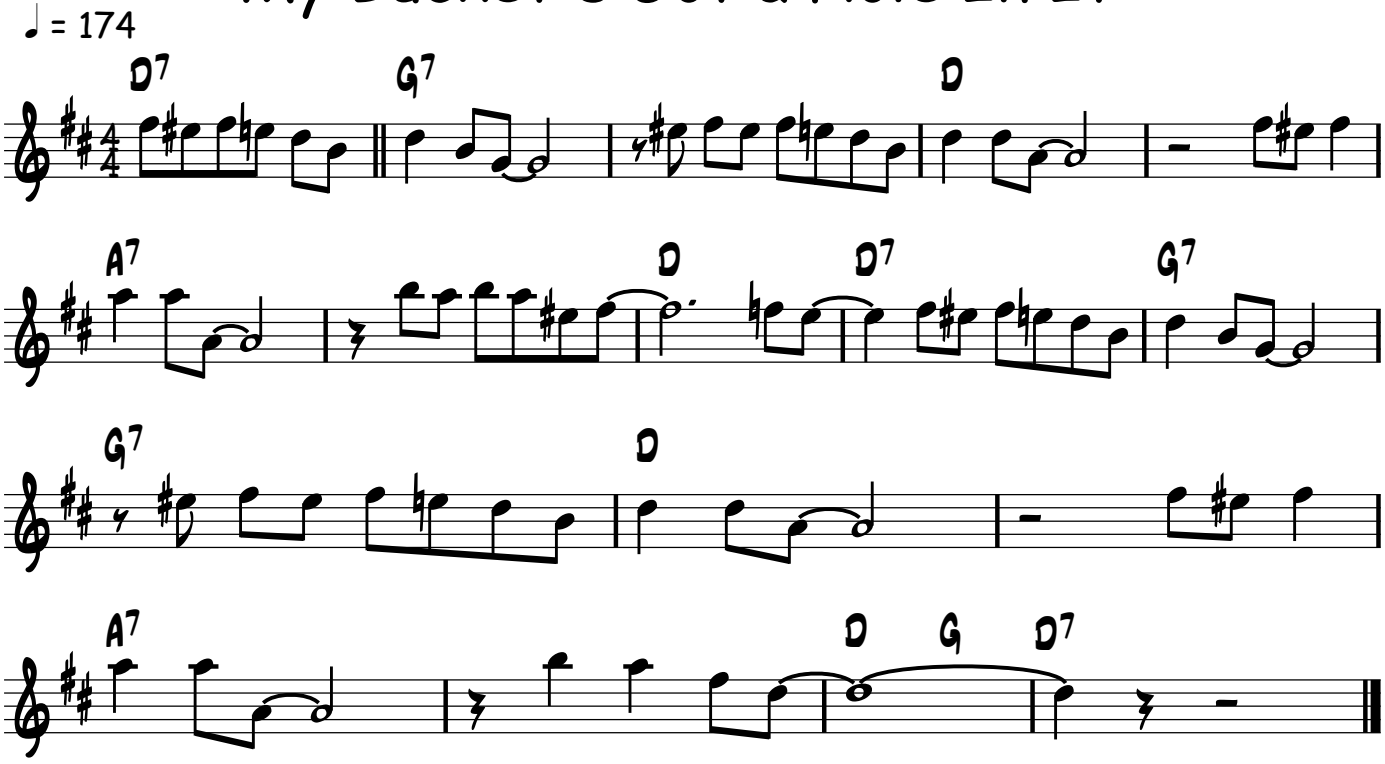

B
D D A7 D
hear, Come on and hear, Al ex an - der's Rag time Band. Come on and
G G G G D
hear, Come on and hear! It's the best band in the land. They can play a bugle call like you
D D D E
ne - ver heard be fore. So na - tur - al that you want to go to war. That's just the
E7 A A D D
best - est band what am, ho ney lamb. Come on a long. Come on a long. Let me
A7 D G G G
take you by the hand. Up to the man. Up to the man! Who's the lea - der of the
G D7 D7 G DDIM
band. And if you care to hear the Swa nee Ri - ver played in rag time. Come on and
D D A7 D
hear, Come on and hear, Al - ex an der's Rag-time Band,

Riverside Blues

Thomas A. Dorsey & Richard M. Jones


Am E7 Am E7 Am Dm C G+7
A
C F7 C C F7
F7 C 2 bar unison break G7
Dm7 G+7 C C7 C° Fm 1.C G7 2.C G7
everybody plays this figure behind clarinet lead
B
C G7 C E7
F Fm C 2 bar clarinet break
G7 Dm7 G7 C C7 C° Fm C G7
C
C F C C7 F
F C Play 2 bar unison on out-chorus
G Dm7 G7 C C7 C° Fm C Solos at "C"

My Bucket's Got a Hole In It



CHORUS
Yeah! My Bucket's Got A Hole In It
Yeah! My Bucket's Got A Hole In It
Yeah! My Bucket's Got A Hole In It
I can't buy no beer.

Well I'm standin' on a corner - With a bucket in my hand
I'm waitin' for a woman - That ain't got no man.

CHORUS

Well, I went upon the mountain - I looked down in the sea
I seen the crabs and the fishes - Doin' the be-bop- bee.

CHORUS

Well, there ain't no use - of me workin' so hard
When I got a woman - in the boss man's yard.

CHORUS

Well, me and my baby - we just bought a Ford
And now we sit together - on the running board.

CHORUS

I Can't Let 'Em Suffer

Henry Creamer & Turner Layton - 1918




B
G7
C
G7
can't let 'em suf-fer for the want of love. It's a shame to let 'em
C
G7
C
G7
plead. No I shan't let'em suf-fer for the want of love, When I know just what they
C
C7
C7
F
need. Now there's no use tryin' to stall, I just can't save them all! But when they
D7
G7
Dm/A
Bb7
G7/B
cry: "Oh, Come and kiss me, Sweet- ie", I'm bound to fall. Then I've
G7
C
G7
C
just got to take'em in my lov- in' arms, Got to keep'em out of harm. Then I've
C
Bb
C7
F
A7/E
just got to make'em be my tur-tle dove, My hon-ey love. Lov- in' kiss-es
Dm
Em/G
G7/F
C/E
Am7
I'll pro- vide, Un- til they're sat- is- fied. 'Cause I
D7
G7
C
can't let 'em suf-fer, For the want of love!

Oh By Jingo

Albert von Tizler
1919

♩ = 180

A

D A+7 D A+7 D E7 EDIM E7 EDIM

Oh, by Gee! by Gosh, by Gum By Juv, Oh! by Jin-go, won't you hear our

E7 A7 D B7

love? We will build for you a hut. You will be our fav'rite nut,

E7 A7

We'll have a lot of lit-tle Oh! by Gol-lies, Then we'll put them in the Fol lies,

B

D A+7 D A+7 D D7 G

Oh, by Jin-go said, by Gosh, by Gee. "By Jim-in-y, Please don't both-er

F♯7 G♯M F♯7/A♯ BM

me." So they all went a-way sing-ing Oh! By Gee, By Gosh by Gum, by

BM D D♯DIM A7/E A7 D G7 D

Juv, by Jin-go, By Gee, you're the on-ly girl for me.

Down By The Riverside


♩ = 180
A
D D D D
Gon-na lay down my sword and shield down by the riv-er-side,
A7 A7 D D
down by the riv-er side, Down by the riv-er side. Gon-na
D D D D
lay down my sword and shield down by the riv-er side
A7 A7 D D
down by the riv - er side. Ain't gon - na
B
G G D D
stu-dy war no more I ain't gon-na stu-dy war no more I ain't gon-na
A7 A7 D D G
stu-dy that war no more I ain't gon-na stu-dy war no more
G D D
I ain't gon - na stu - dy war no more you know I'll
A7 A7 D
stu - dy war no more.

Wabash Blues

♩ = 120



solos at B


B
G7 G7 C C Em F F# G7 G7 C
Oh, those Wa-bash Blues I know I got my dues.
C D#dim C7 F F C C G#7
A lone - some soul am I, I feel
G#7 G7 G7 G7 G7 C C Em F F#
that I could die. Can - dle light that gleams.
G7 G7 C C D#dim C7 F C
Haunts me in my dreams, I'll pack my walk- in'
C C G7 G7 C C
shoes To lose those Wa-bash Blues.
C
G B Em G D# B♭7
Thru the syc-a-more the can-dle light is shin-ing bright, Mem-'ry brings the scent of new-mown
D# B♭7 A7 D A7 D
hay to me each night, I am start-ing for that spot no need to ask me when,
G G7 C G
I'll be leav - ing hoof-prints t'ward the old home road a - gain.
Back to B

Lasses Candy

Nick LaRocca - 1919



Poor Butterfly

♩ = 120

Golden/Hubbel - 1916


F C♯7 GM7 A C9 FMAJ7 F
Poor But-ter - fly 'neath the blos-soms wait - ing Poor But-ter-
A+7 D9 D7
fly for she loved him so. The mo - ments
G7 C8 F DM
pass in - to hours, The hours pass in - to years, And as she
G7 C9 F C♯7 GM7
smiles thru her tears, She mur - murs low, The moon and
B C9 FMAJ7 F
I know that he be faith - ful, I'm sure he
A+7 A7 D9
come to me by and by. But if
GM7 B♭M6 F G♯DIM
he don't come back Then I nev - er sigh or cry, I just must
C9 F
die. Poor But - ter - fly.

King Chanticleer

Nat D Ayer & Seymour Brown, 1910




D
Trombone Solo - 16 Bars
Dm
Am
Am
Dm
B7
B7-5
E7
G7
E
C
CHORUS:
D7
G7
C
C
Em
G
D7
G7
F
C
D7
G7
C
C
C
C7
F
D7
G7
C
F7
C
Solos at "E":

Wild Cherries Rag

Ted Snyder - 1909




C
D
A/C♯
Bm
B♭7
A7
D
A7
D
A7
D
A/C♯
Bm
B♭7
B♭7
A7
D
A7
D
F♯7
D
Bm
F♯7
Bm
F♯7
Bm
F♯7
D
A7
D
A7
D
B♭7(♭5)
Bass Solo - Stop Time
A
B♭7
A
B♭7
A
A7
A7
D
D
E7
E7
A
E7
A7
D.S Back to "C" al Coda
Coda

Ory's Creole Trombone

Edward "Kid" Ory - 1921




C
G
A7
D7
G
A#o
Am
D7
G
A7
D7
G
D
B7
Trombone Solo
Em
A7
Trombone solo
A7
A7
D
D7
Solos
G
A7
D7
G
A#o
Am
D7
G
A7
D7
G
TAG
Trombone
After last solo play "D" to end and then tag
G
G
A7
D7
G

Ja Da

Bob Carlton - 1918

♩ = 132


D C♯7 C7 B7 E7 A7 D
Ja - da Ja - da Ja-da Ja-da Jing,Jing Jing.
D C♯7 C7 B7 E7
Ja - da Ja - da Ja-da Ja-da Jing, Jing, Jing.
D B° A7 D B°
That's a fun-ny lit-tle bit of mel-o - dy, It's so sooth-ing and ap-
A7 D C♯7 C7 B7 E7 A7
peal-ling to me, It goes Ja-da Ja-da Ja-da Ja-da Jing, Jing,
D B7 E7 A7 D
Jing, Oh yeah! Ja - da Ja - da Jing, Jing, Jing!

That Da Da Strain

♩ = 152

Smith and Medina - 1922



Lazy Daddy

ODJB, 1918




C
G
G
Clarinet Break - 2 Bars
C
G
Clarinet Break - 2 Bars
D7
G
G
E7
A7
D7
G
CM6
G
fine
D
C
C°
G7
C
C
C#°
G
G7
E
C
C
Trombone Break
C
C
Trombone Break
G7
C
D7
G7
C
C
Trombone Break
C
C
Trombone Break
F
F#°
C/G
A+
D7
G7
C
D7
Back to "B" al fine

Limehouse Blues

♩ = 184


A
D C D D C D
In Lime - house Where yel-low Chin-kies love to play,
Oh Dear Oh Dear, Right here in or - ange blos-som land,
F♯M C♯7 F♯M F♯M C♯7 F♯M A7
In Lime - house, Where you can hear those blues all day,
I'm wear - y 'Cause no one seems to un-der - stand.
B D7 G F♯7 BM B♭
And they seem all a - round, Like a long, long sigh.
And Those weird Chi-na blues, Nev - er go a - way.
D C D D C D GM7 C7 F7
Queer sob sound, Oh,Hon-ey lamb they seem to say:
Sad, mad blues, For all the while they seem to say:


C
B♭7
B♭7 A7 G♯7
Oh! Lime-house kid. Oh! Oh! Oh! Lime-house kid.
G7
F
Go-ing the way That the rest of them did Poor bro-ken blos - som and
A7 DM7 G7 C7 F7
no-bod-y's child, Haunt-ing and taunt - ing you're just kind o' wild. Oh! Oh!
D
B♭7
B♭7 A7 G♯7
Oh! Lime-house blues I've the real Lime-house blues,
G7
F D7
Learned from the chink - ies those sad Chin-a blues, Rings on your fin- gers and
GM D7 GM GM7(♭5) C7 F
A♭9 FOR REPEAT
tears for your crown, That is the sto - ry of old Chin-a town.

Livery Stable Blues (Vocal)


A
C° C C#° C G+7
Way down in Al- a- bam, It was in Bir- ming-ham, There was a
C C7 F
la- zy color-ed- fel-low named Lee,- In-stead of work-ing all day, up- on the
D7 G7 C A7
sta- ble brush he play, to the hor- ses he'd sing, and play up-
D7 G7 C F7 C
on one string, this sad and lone-some- mel- o- dy,


B
C
Oh hon-ey,-lis-ten- here, Oh hon-ey lis-ten here I've got those mean old liv-'ry
C7 F F#o
sta- ble blues. Oh how I miss your kiss, I was-n't born for this,
C A7 D7
hon- ey you know why I have got those blues, ba- by mine,
G7 C F7 C
I've got those liv- 'ry sta- ble blues.
C
C7 F Fm C G#7 G7 C C7 F
Oh, law-dy- me, I've lost my pep com-plete, I'se g'wine back to my
C Eb° C A7
Al- a- bam- a ba- by, she prom-ised that she'd mar-ry- me some- day,
A7 G7 G#7 G7 C G7 C
she'll drive a-way Those liv-'ry sta-ble blues they're the blu-est kinfd of blues!

Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go?

Verse

Young/Lewis/ Meyer - 1916




C
D
B7
E7
Where did Rob - in-son Cru-soe go With Fri-day on Sat - ur day night?
E7
A7
Ev-'ry Sat-ur-day night they would start in to roam,
E7
Em7
A7
Then on Sun-day morn-ing they'd come stag-ger-ing home. On this
D
B7
E7
is-land lived wild men in can-ni-bal trim - min' andwhere there are wild men there
Em7
A7
D
B7
must be wild wom - men, so Where did Rob - in-son Cru-soe go
B7
E7
A7
D
Solos at "B"
With Fri-day on Sat - ur-day night?

Oh, Didn't He Ramble

Traditional


A
G
D7
To Dixieland 2-beat swing feel
Drums
Well his
B
head was in the mar- ket, his feet were in the street. All the
girls came run- ning by said: "Look at that mar- ket meat!" Oh didn't he
C
ram - ble, Didn't he ram- ble? He ram-bled all a- round,
All a- round the town. Didn't he ram- ble, Didn't he ram-
ble? He ram-bled 'til the wo-men cut him down. Didn't he

Mama Don't Allow



That Dixie Jazz

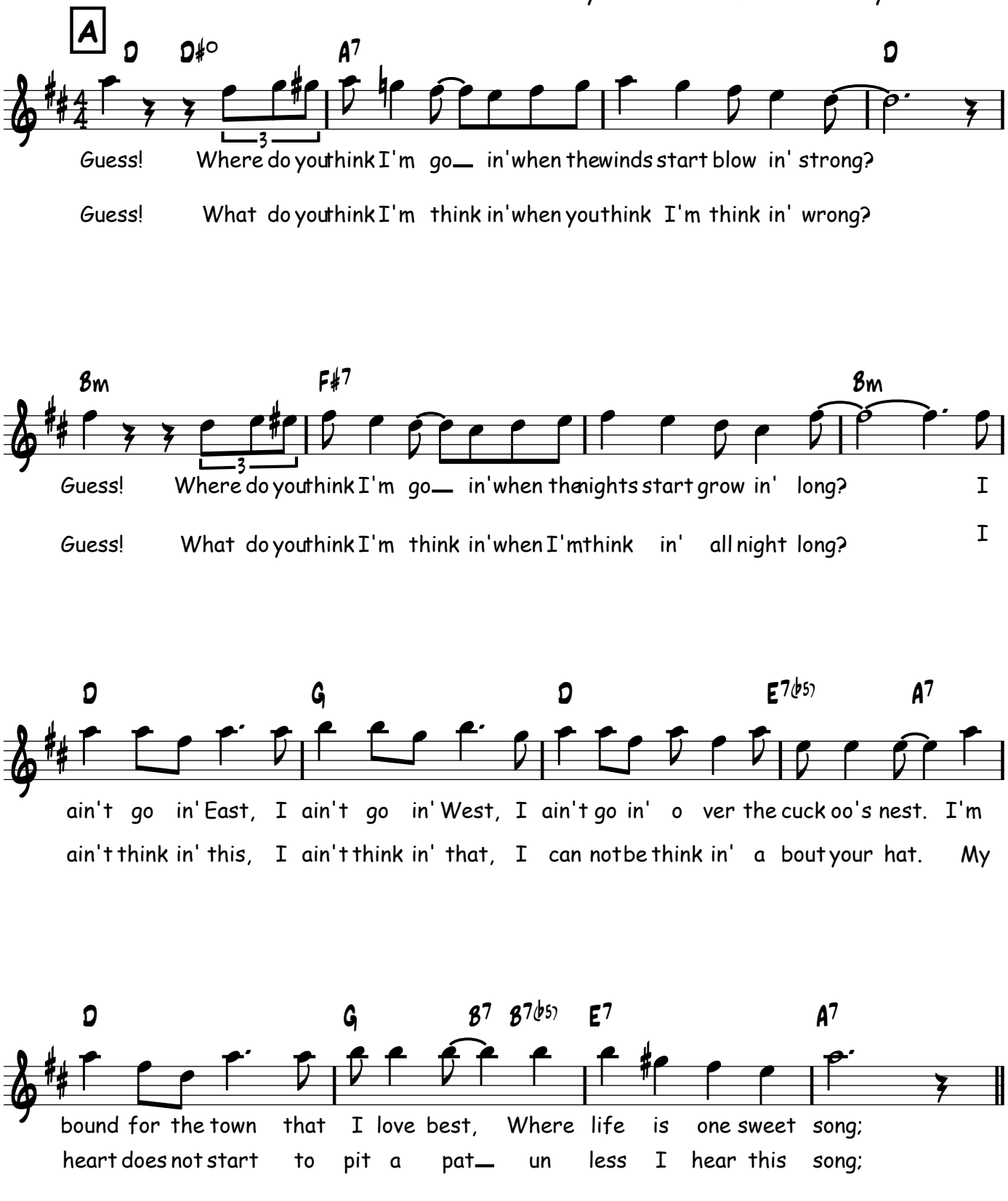
James P. Maguire & Warren DeWitt - 1919


A
C G♯7 C G7 C
Have you heard the la-test strain? It will lin-ger in your brain. For it's a
G7 C A7 D7 G7
rag-gy new mel- o- dy, So full of har- mo-ny, You'll want to hear it a- gain.
C G♯7 C G7 C
It's a brand new South-ern drag, It's a dan-dy Dix- ie rag.
G7 G+ C A7 D7 G7
Oh, babe, What do you say? Come let us hear the band play.


B
C
A7
D7
That Dix-ie jazz! That Dix-ie jazz! My how I love to hear that
G7
C
E7
A7
Dix-ie jazz! Oh, just see'em sway-ing when they're play- ing. From left to
A7
D7
D7
right, Hold to me tight. It makes me want to do the shuf-fle and the
D7
G
G°
G7
tick- le toe. Oh, Hon- ey! Come, let's go!
C
C7
F
Lis- ten can't you hear that man just coax a moan from his trom-bone.
D7
G7
Lis- ten to that syn- co- pa-tion It's the best I've ev- er known.
C
A7
That Dix- ie jazz! That Dix- ie jazz!
D7
G7
C
G7
C
My how I love to hear that dear old Dix- ie jazz. That Dix-ie Jazz!

Way Down Yonder in New Orleans

Henry Creamer & J. Turner Layton - 1922


A
D D♯° A7 D
Guess! Where do you think I'm go in' when the winds start blow in' strong?
Guess! What do you think I'm think in' when you think I'm think in' wrong?
Bm F♯7 Bm
Guess! Where do you think I'm go in' when the nights start grow in' long? I
Guess! What do you think I'm think in' when I'm think in' all night long? I
D G D E7(♭5) A7
ain't go in' East, I ain't go in' West, I ain't go in' o ver the cuck oo's nest. I'm
ain't think in' this, I ain't think in' that, I can not be think in' a bout your hat. My
D G B7 B7(♭5) E7 A7
bound for the town that I love best, Where life is one sweet song;
heart does not start to pit a pat un less I hear this song;


B
A7 Em7 A7 D+7
Way down you der in New Or - leans, in the land of dream-y scenes,
D A7 Em7 A+7 D D#o7 A7
there's a gar-den of E - den, that's what I mean. Cre-ole ba bies with
Em7 A7 D+7 D7(sus4) D7
flash-ing eyes, soft-ly whis-per with ten-der sighs, Stop! Oh won't you
D7 G6 D+7 G F#7 F7 E7
give your la-dy fair, a lit-tlesmile. Stop! you bet your life you'll lin-ger there,
A7(sus4) A7 D Bm
a lit-tle while. There is hea ven right here on earth,
They've got an gels right here on earth,
D Bb7 D D#o7 Em7 A7 D6
with those beau ti-ful queens, way down yon der in New Or - leans.
wear-ing lit - tle blue jeans,

When Ragtime Rosie Ragged The Rosary

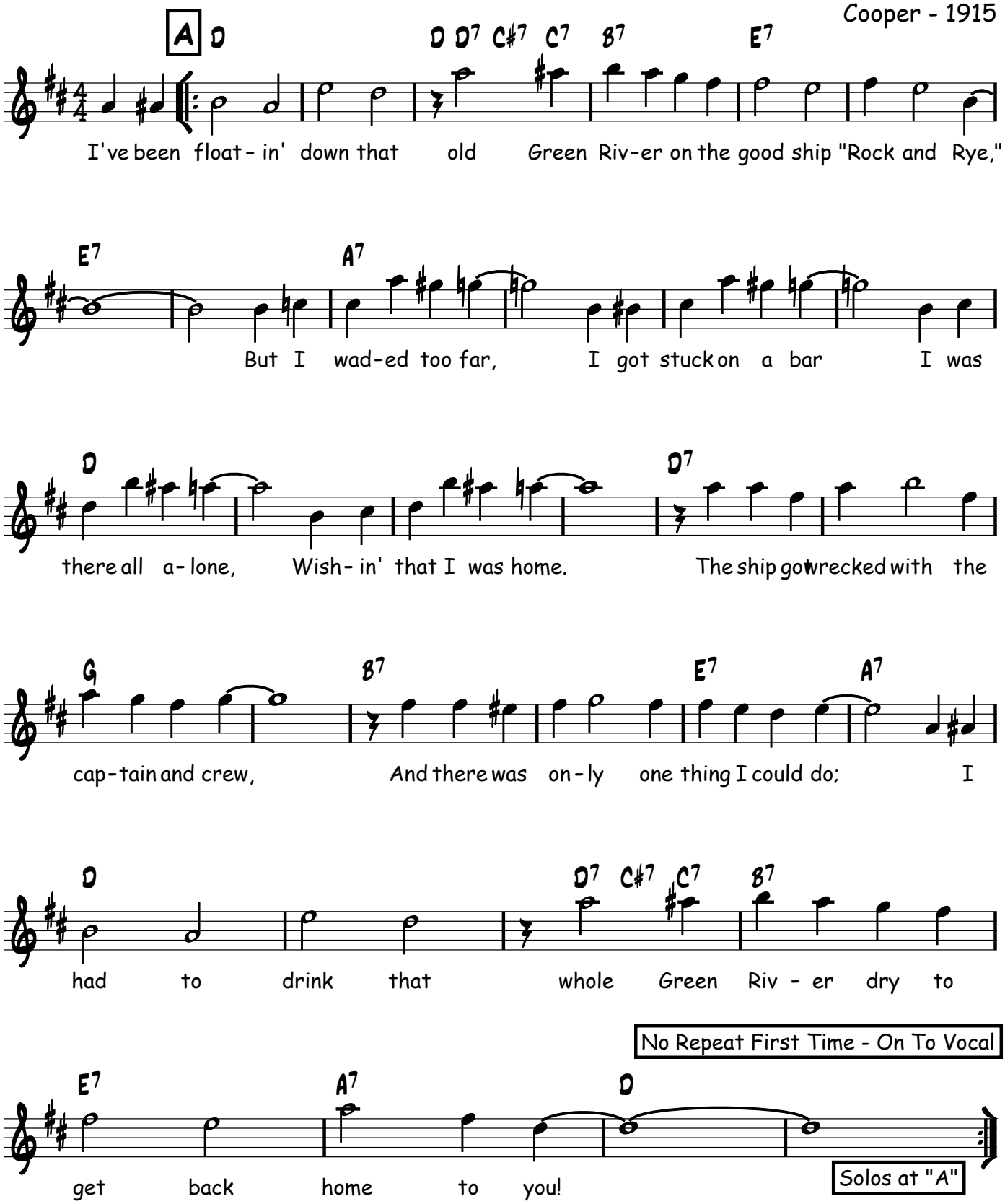
Lewis Muir & Edgar Leslie - 1911


D7 F#7 Am F7 D7 F7 Am F7 D7 D7
Verse:
A
G G7 C
Par-son Lee in Ten- nes-see in ac-cents loud and clear, said"Folks I'm aw- ful
C G D7
sor- ry but our or- gan man ain't here. Now I'd like some-one to stand
D7 G G
up and vol- un- teer to help us out". When a
B
G G7 C
gal named Rag-time Ro-sie stood up and said that she could play, The par-son seemed de-
C G D7
light- ed and he said"Just step this way", And the con- gre- ga- tion all
D7 G D7 G D+
sat down to pray, Then came a shout! When

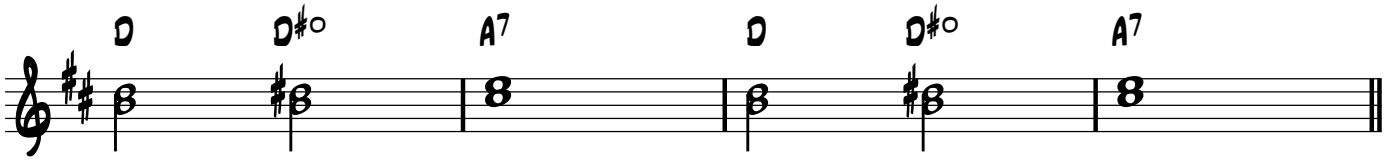

C
G
D7
Break for Spoken Vocal
Rag-time Ro- sie ragged the Ros- a- ry,
Deacon Alexander Started in to reprimand her
G
D7
Break for Spoken Vocal
Then he turned a- round on- ly to see:
That instead of prayin' Rosie got the folks to swayin'
G
G7
C
To that tune so sweet,
It was such a treat,
A7
D7
It charmed their feet and set'em danc- in' and pran- cin' to the
D
G
D7
Break for Spoken Vocal
Rag-time two-step 'til that Par-son Lee,
Why, he forgot the sermon and began to speak in German
G
G7
C
D7
D+
List- nin' to that low- down mel- o- dy.
Then he said "I
G
G7
C
C#o
want you folks to know
that this ain't no min- strel show"
When
G
A7
D7
G
C7
G
Rag- time Ro- sie ragged the ros- a- ry.

Floatin' Down That Old Green River

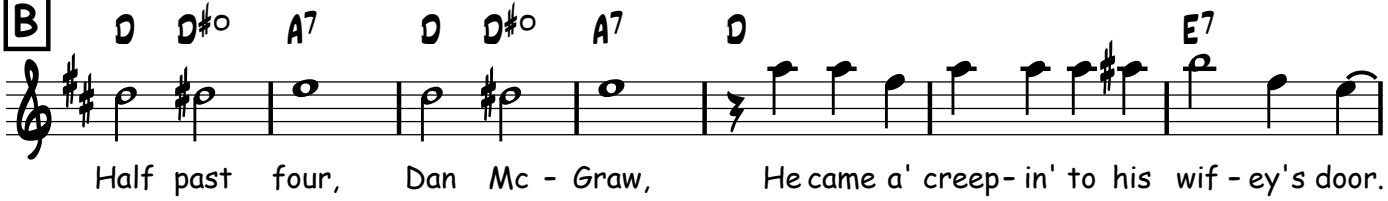
Cooper - 1915

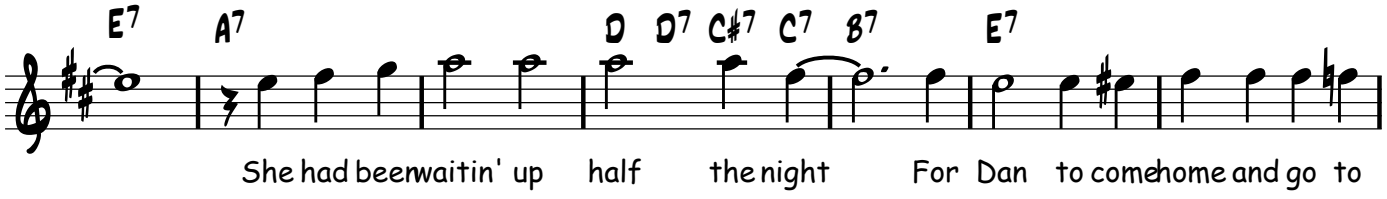

A
D
D D7 C#7 C7 B7 E7
I've been float - in' down that old Green Riv-er on the good ship "Rock and Rye,"
E7 A7
But I wad-ed too far, I got stuck on a bar I was
D D7
there all a- lone, Wish - in' that I was home. The ship got wrecked with the
G B7 E7 A7
cap-tain and crew, And there was on - ly one thing I could do; I
D D7 C#7 C7 B7
had to drink that whole Green Riv - er dry to
No Repeat First Time - On To Vocal
E7 A7 D
get back home to you!
Solos at "A"

Verse Interlude:



B Verse - Vocal:









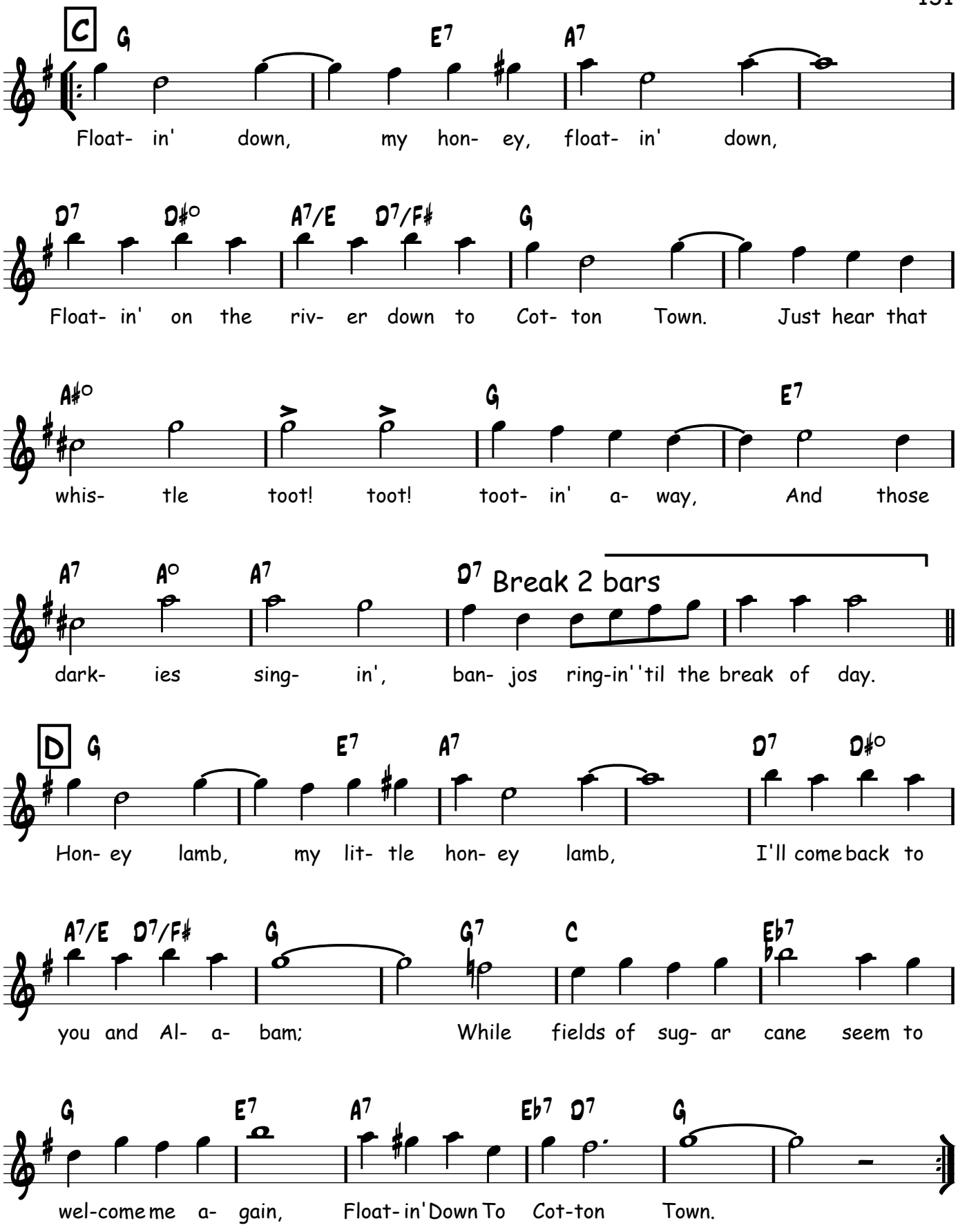


Back to "A" for Vocal and Solos

Floatin' Down To Cotton Town

F. Henri Klickman - 1919


A
G Bb° D7 Bb° D7 D+
I just dropped in to see you all and say, I leave to- day, I'm
G G Gm D
on my way. I'm go- in' back to sun- ny Dix- ie- land,
D D#° A7/E A7 D7 D+
That's why I came to shake you by the hand.
B
G Bb° D7 Bb° D7 D+
The min-ute when I cross that Dix-ie Line, No more I'll pine, won't
G Bb° D D#° A7
that be fine? Mis- ter Cap- tain, don't fail me, just
D A7 A7/E Aø7/Eb D7
hur- ry and sail me, To that gal of mine:


C
G
E7
A7
Float- in' down, my hon- ey, float- in' down,
D7
D#o
A7/E
D7/F#
G
Float- in' on the riv- er down to Cot- ton Town. Just hear that
A#o
G
E7
whis- tle toot! toot! toot- in' a- way, And those
A7
Ao
A7
D7
Break 2 bars
dark- ies sing- in', ban- jos ring-in''til the break of day.
D
G
E7
A7
D7
D#o
Hon- ey lamb, my lit- tle hon- ey lamb, I'll come back to
A7/E
D7/F#
G
G7
C
Eb7
you and Al- a- bam; While fields of sug- ar cane seem to
G
E7
A7
Eb7
D7
G
wel-come me a- gain, Float- in' Down To Cot-ton Town.

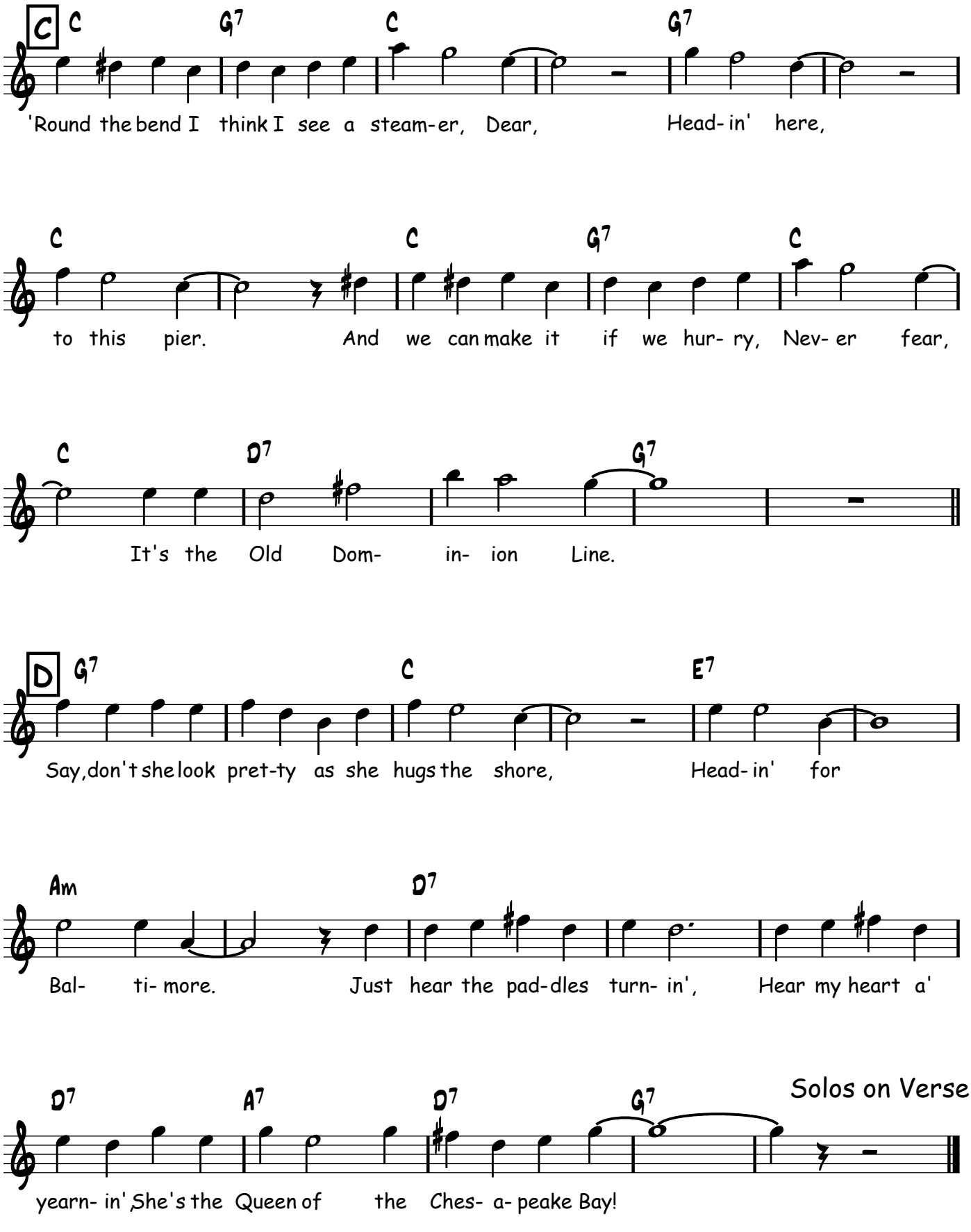
Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay

A Verse

Havez - Batsford - 1913


G7
Come on Nan- cy put your best dress on,
C
Come on Nan- cy 'fore the steam- boat's gone.
G7
Ev- 'ry- thing is love- ly on the Ches- a- peake Bay,
C
C
All a- board for Bal- ti- more, If we're late we'll all be sore.
B
G7
C
Come on Cap- 'n let us catch that boat, 'Cause we can't swim, Mis-ter,
C
C
Co
G7
we can't float. Ban- jos ring-in' a good old tune, Up on deck
G7
C
C
there's a place to spoon. Set-tle down close 'neath the sil- v'ry
C
G7
moon, A Sail- in' down Ches- a- peake, All a- board for
G7
G7
C
Ches- a- peake, Sail- in' down Ches- a- peake Bay.

No Repeat 1st time


C
C G7 C G7
'Round the bend I think I see a steam-er, Dear, Head-in' here,
C C G7 C
to this pier. And we can make it if we hur-ry, Nev-er fear,
C D7 G7
It's the Old Dom- in- ion Line.
D G7 C E7
Say, don't she look pret-ty as she hugs the shore, Head-in' for
Am D7
Bal- ti- more. Just hear the pad-dles turn-in', Hear my heart a'
D7 A7 D7 G7
yearn-in', She's the Queen of the Ches- a- peake Bay!
Solos on Verse

Easy Rider's Gone

Shelton Brooks

♩ = 120


G7
C7
I won-der where my Ea-sy Ri-der's gone to - day He ne-ver told me
C7
G
D7
B7
he was goin'a - way. If he was here he'd win the race If not first he'd get a
Em
D
A7
D7
place. Cash in our tick ets for a jol-ly joy ride right a - way I'm
G7
C7
los-ing all my mon-ey that is why I'm blue. To win a race he
C7
G
D7
knows just what to do. I'd put all my junk in pawn to bet on
B7
Emin
A7
an - y horse that Jock-ey's on, Oh I won - der where my
A7
D7
1. G
2. G
Ea - sy Ri-der's gone. I gone

Eh Las Bas

Traditional

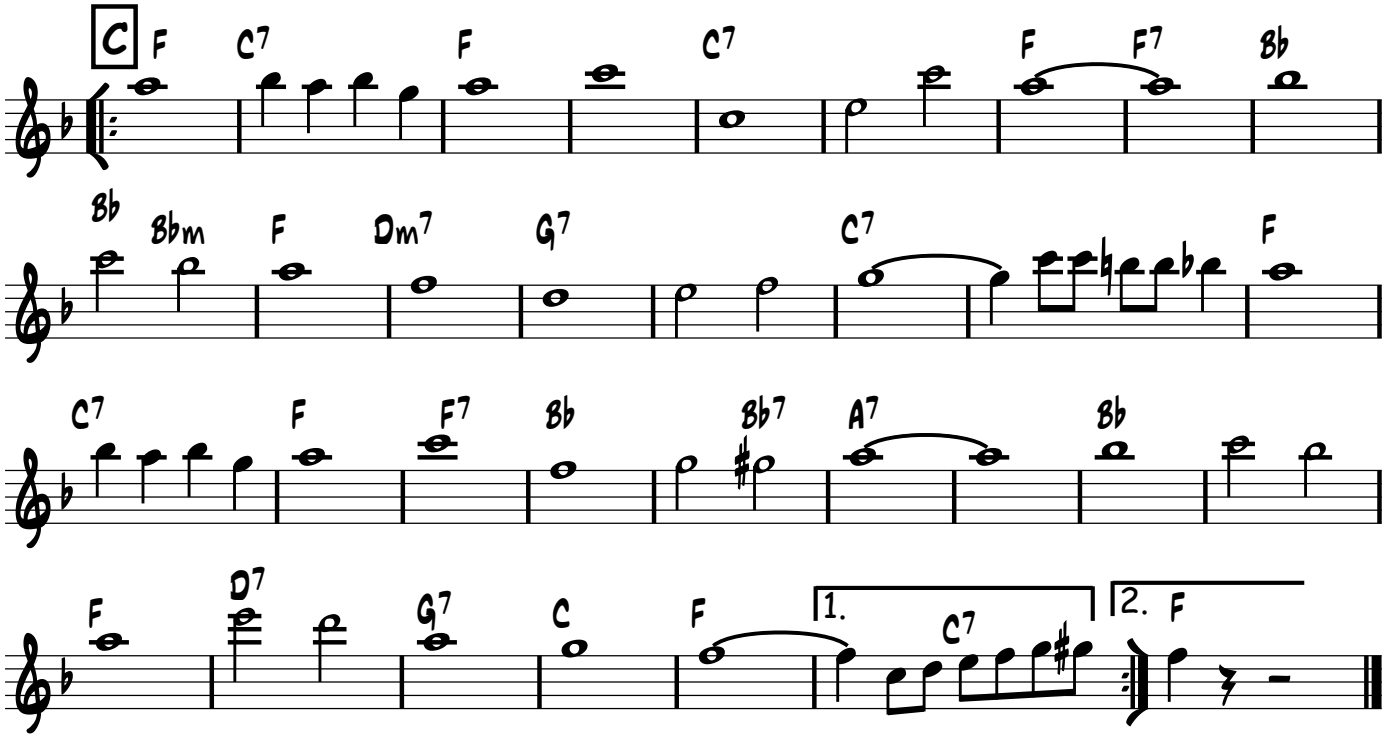

A
F
F♯o
C7
Eh la bas, (band sings echo) Eh la Bas, Eh la bas,
C7
F
F
Eh la bas, Tra la la Sis Boom Bah
F
F♯o
C7
F
Eh la bas, Eh la bas Well I
B
F
Solos here after Vocal
C7
can't speak French,not in a pinch so I don't know what it means. But it
Or - y sang that Ca-jun French in a fine ol' Cre ole way, but the
C7
F
sounds real good,like I knew it would, like down in New Or - leans, I
on - ly Ca - jun I can say is Lais - sez les bon temps rou- lez!. So
F
C7
love to hear that clari-net burn and hear them trombone gliss-es I'd
let the good times roll my friends, and let the mus - ic play, To
C7
F
like to sing French when Itake my turn but thatain't the kinda band that this is Eh la
mor-row may nev - er come to be, so let's love it up to - day Eh la

Vocal Back to Top

Fidgety Feet

The Original Dixieland Jazz Band - 1918




C
F C7 F C7 F F7 Bb
Bb Bbm F Dm7 G7 C7 F
C7 F F7 Bb Bb7 A7 Bb
F D7 G7 C F
1. C7
2. F

Waitin' For The Robert E Lee

Lewis F. Muir & L. Wolfe Gilbert - 1912

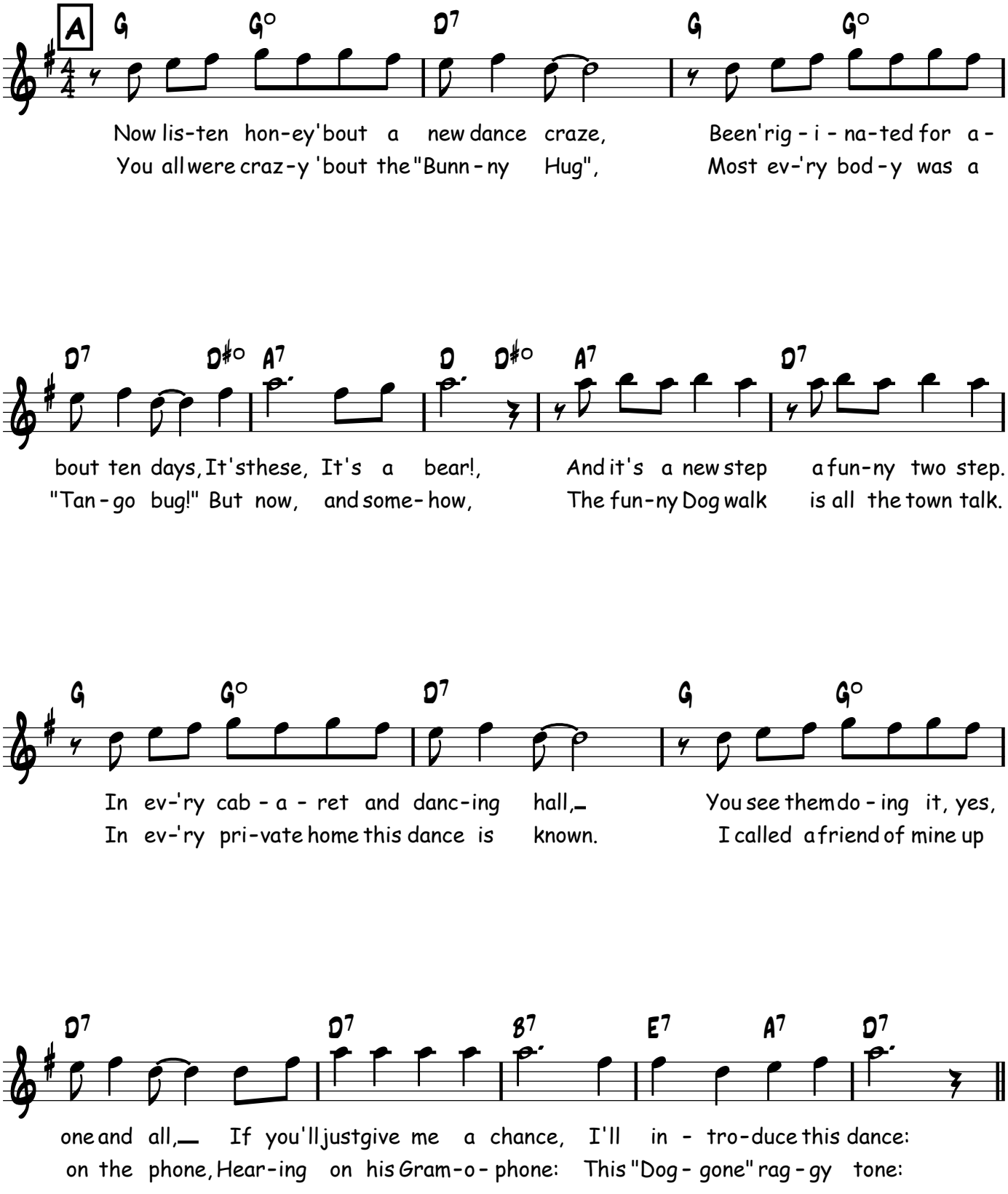

A
A E+ A A7
Way down on the lev- ee in old Al- a- bam- y, There's
The whis-tles are blow- in', the smoke-stacks are show- in', The
D A+ D A C♯7
Dad- dy and Mam- my, and Eph-riam and Sam- my, On a moon light
ropes they are throw- in', ex- cuse me, I'm go- in' to the place where
D A B7
night you can find them all, While they are wait-
all is har- mo- ni- ous, Ev- en the preach-
B7 E7
in' the ban- jos arc syn- co- pa- tin'.
er, He is the dance- ing teach- er.
B
A E+ A A7 D
What's that they're say- in'? What's that they're say- in'? While they keep play-
Have you been down there? Were you a- round there? If you ev- er go
D A+ D A C♯7 D7
in', hum- min' and sway- in', it's the good ship Rob- ert Lee
there you'll al- ways be found there, Why, dog- gone, Here comes my ba-
A B7 E7 A A E7/B A7/C♯
that's come to car- ry the cot-ton a- way.
by on the good old Rob-ert E. Lee.


C
D
A7
Watch them shuf- flin' a- long.
See them shuf- flin' a- long.
A7
A7
Go take your best gal real pal, Go
D
A+
D
A7
down to the lev- ee, I said to the lev- ee, And
D♭
A7
join that shuf- flin' throng.
Hear that mus- ic and song.
A7
A7
It's sim- ply great, mate, Wait- in' on the lev- ee,
A7
D
D♯7
E7 For Repeat:
Wait - in' for the Rob - ert E. Lee.

Walkin' the Dog

♩ = 164

Shelton Brooks - 1917


A
G G° D7 G G°
Now lis-ten hon-ey'bout a new dance craze, Been'rig - i - na-ted for a -
You all were craz-y 'bout the "Bunn - ny Hug", Most ev-'ry bod-y was a
D7 D#° A7 D D#° A7 D7
bout ten days, It'sthese, It's a bear!, And it's a new step a fun-ny two step.
"Tan - go bug!" But now, and some- how, The fun-ny Dog walk is all the town talk.
G G° D7 G G°
In ev-'ry cab - a - ret and danc-ing hall, You see them do - ing it, yes,
In ev-'ry pri-vate home this dance is known. I called a friend of mine up
D7 D7 B7 E7 A7 D7
one and all, If you'll just give me a chance, I'll in - tro-duce this dance:
on the phone, Hear-ing on his Gram-o - phone: This "Dog - gone" rag - gy tone:


B
G C G G° D7
Get'way back, and snap your fin-gers, Get o-ver Sal-ly, one and all,
G C A7 D7 G
Grab your gal, and don't you lin-ger Do that slow drag round the hall. Do that step,
C G D7
the"Tex-as Tom-my", Drop! Like you're sit-ting on a log, Rise
G G7 C C♯° G D7 G
slow, that will show, the dance called"Walk-in' the Dog".

Over The Waves

♩ = 120

A G

When you are in love It's the love-li-est night of the year. Stars

twin-kle a - bove And you al-most can touch them from here. Words

fall in - to ryhme an - y time you are hold-ing me near. When

you are in love, It's the love - li - est time of the year.

B C

Waltz - ing a - long in the blue like a breeze drift - ing

o - ver the sand Thrilled be the won - der of

you and the won - der - ful touch of your hand, and

C G

My heart starts to beat like a child when a birth-day is near.

So kiss me my sweet It's the lov - li - est night of the year.

Royal Garden Blues

Clarence & Spencer Williams - 1919



Long Gone

W.C. Handy & Chris Smith - 1920

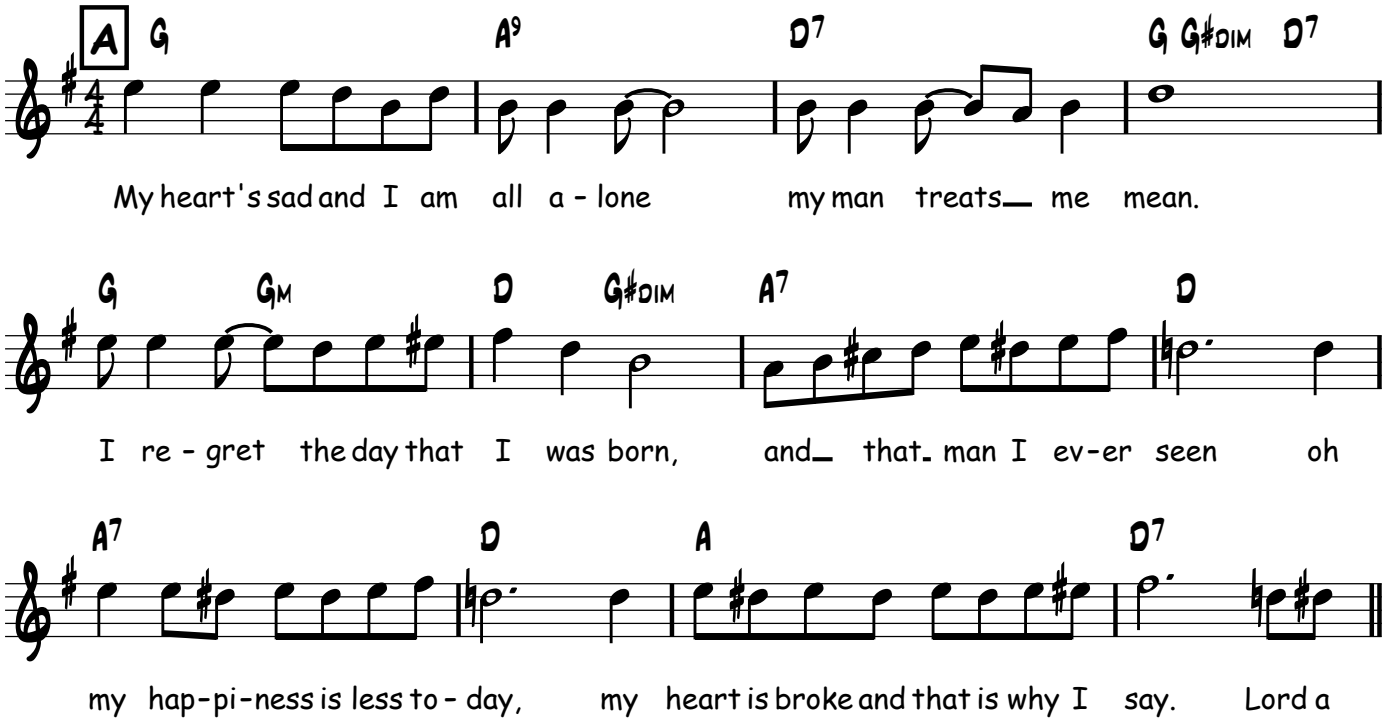

F F7/A Bb C#7/B F C7 F
Did you
A
F C7
ev-er hear the sto- ry of Long John Dean? A bold bank rob-ber from
Long John stood on the rail- road tie, Waitin' for freight train
F F F7/A Bb C#7/B
Bowl-ing Green, Was sent to the jail-house yes- ter- day,
to come by. Freight train came just puffin' and flyin',
F Dm7 G7 C7 F
Late last night he made his get- a- way. He was
Ought'a seen Long John grabbin' that blind.
B
F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7
Long Gone from Ken- tuck-y, Long Gone, ain't he luck- y?
F F7/A Bb C#7/B F C7 F
Long gone, and what I mean, Long Gone John from Bowl-ing Green.
Interlude
F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7
They
They


C F C7 F
of-fered a re-ward to bring him back, E-ven put blood-hounds on his track.
caught him in Fris-co,and to seal his fate, San Quen-tin jailed one ev-'ning late. But
F F7/A Bb C#7/B
Dog- gone blood-hounds lost his scent,
out on the o- cean John es- caped, The
F Dm7 G7 C7 F
Now no- bod- y knows where Long- John went. He was
guard for- got to close the Gol- den gate. John's
D F Dm7 Gm7 C7 F Dm7 Gm7 C7
Long Gone from Ken- tuck-y, Long Gone, Ain't he luck- y.
Long Gone from San Quen-tin, Long Gone and still a' sprint- in'.
F F7/A Bb C#7/B F C7 F
Long gone, and what I mean, Long Gone John from Bowl- ing Green.
Long Gone I'm tell-ing you, Shut your mouth and shut mine too.

A Good Man is Hard to Find

♩ = 100

Eddie Green 1917




B
E7 E7 A7 A7 D7
good man_ is hard to find you al-ways get the oth-er kind just when you think that_
D7 G
he's your pal, you look to find him fool- in"round with some oth-er gal then you
E7 E7 A7 A7 D7 G GM
rave__and you all crave__you wan-na see__him in his grave so if your man is nice take
G D#7 D7 G G G
my ad-vice and hug him in the morn- in' kiss him ev' ry night give him plen-ty lov- in'
D#7 D7 G A7 D7 G D7 G D7
treat him right cuz a good man now-a - days is hard to find, so hard to find.

Get Out Of Here
(And Go On Home)

♩ = 180



Chinatown, My Chinatown

Jean Schwartz & William Jerome - 1906


A
A C♯m A C♯m E7
When the town is fast a- sleep, And it's mid-night in the sky,
A C♯m Bm7 F♯m E7 A
That's the time the fes-tive Chink, Starts to wink his oth-er eye.
Bm B7 E7 E7 E+7
Starts to wink his dream-y eye, La- zi- ly you'll hear him sigh:
B A E+7 A A E7
Chi- na town, my Chi-na town, Where the lights are low,
E7 C♯7 F♯m B7 E7 E+7
Hearts that know no oth-er land Drift- ing to and fro.
A E+7 A A A7 A+7 D F♯7/C♯ Bm
Dream- y, dream- y, Chi- na- town, Al- mond eyes of brown,
D Dm6 A Em6/G F♯7 B7 E7 A A♯o Bm7 E7
Hearts seem light and life seems bright, In dream- y Chi- na- town.

Cleopatra Had A Jazz Band

Jack Coogan & Jimmy Morgan - 1917


A
E C♯7 F♯7 B7 E
His- to- ry re- peats it- self, So the wise men say. I be-
E G♯m G F♯m F♯7 B7 B° B7 B+
lieve they're right be- cause lastnight I heard pe-cu-liar mus-ic play.
E C♯7 F♯7 B7 C° C♯m D♯°
In a dream it takes me back two thou-sand years a- go. Which
C♯m6 F♯7 C♯m6 F♯7 C♯m6 F♯7 B7 G♯m G
on- ly goes to prove that E- gyp-tians were not slow. Cle- o- pa-tra had a


B
F♯7 B7 E G♯m G F♯7
jazz band, In her cas-tle on the Nile. Ev-'ry night she gave a jazz dance,
B7 E7 C♯+ C♯7 F♯7 C♯m6 C7
In her queer E- gyp-tian style. She won Marc An- to- ny,
B7 E/G♯ F♯m E G♯m/D♯ C♯m7 B7 D°
With her syn- co- pa-ted har- mo- ny. And while they played, She
F♯7/C♯ F♯7 B7 G♯m G
swayed. She knew she had him all the while. In the sha-dow of the
C
F♯7 B7 E G° F♯m7 B7
pyr- a- mids, 'Neath the old E gyp-tian moon, A Sphinx was look-ing on and
E7 D♯7(♭5) G♯ G♯° G♯7 A7 G♯7 C♯7 F♯7
said: "There'll be a wed-ding soon". But the real his- tor-ic scan-dal, was
B7 E G♯m GF♯m6 B7 F♯m6 B7 E
Cle-o lost her san-dal as she danced to the strains of the E- gyp-tian jazz band tune.

Aunt Hagar's Blues

W.C. HANDY 1921


A
C G+ C G+ C C7
Old dea-con Spliv-in, His flock was giv-in' the way of liv-in' right.
F7 Dm G7 C C#o
Said he"No swing-in', No rag-time sing-in' to-night".
Dm7 G7 C C7 F Fm C G7
Up jumped Aunt Ha-gar and shout-ed out with all her might:
B
C C7
"Why all this razz-in', a-bout the jazz-in'? My boys have just come home,
F7 G7 C
With la-test mu-sic, They play it on the sax-o-phone".
F7 G7 C F7 C
Oh my, just lis-ten!" the dea-con shout-ed with a moan.


C
C C7 F F#o C G7 C G#7 G7 C
Hear Aunt Ha-gar's chil-dren har-mo-niz-ing. Hear that sweet mel - o - dy, It's
C7 G#7 G7 CM C7
like a choir from on high broke loose. If the dev-il brought it, the
G#7 G7
good Lawd sent it right down to me. Let the
C C7 F F#o C G7 C G#7 G7 C
con-gre-ga-tion join while I sing those lov-in' Aunt Ha - gar's Blues.
D
C C7
Oh, 'taint no use you preach-in', Oh, 'tain't no use o'teach-in'
F7 C E7
Such jazz-a-pa-tion such mod-u-la-tion, When my feet say dance, I
A7 D7 G7
just can't re-fuse, When I hear that mel-o-dy they call the
C G7 C
blues, Aunt Ha - gar's Child - ren Blues.

Avalon

Al Jolson 1920



Amazing Grace



Singin' The Blues

Con Conrod 1920

♩ = 120



Second Hand Rose

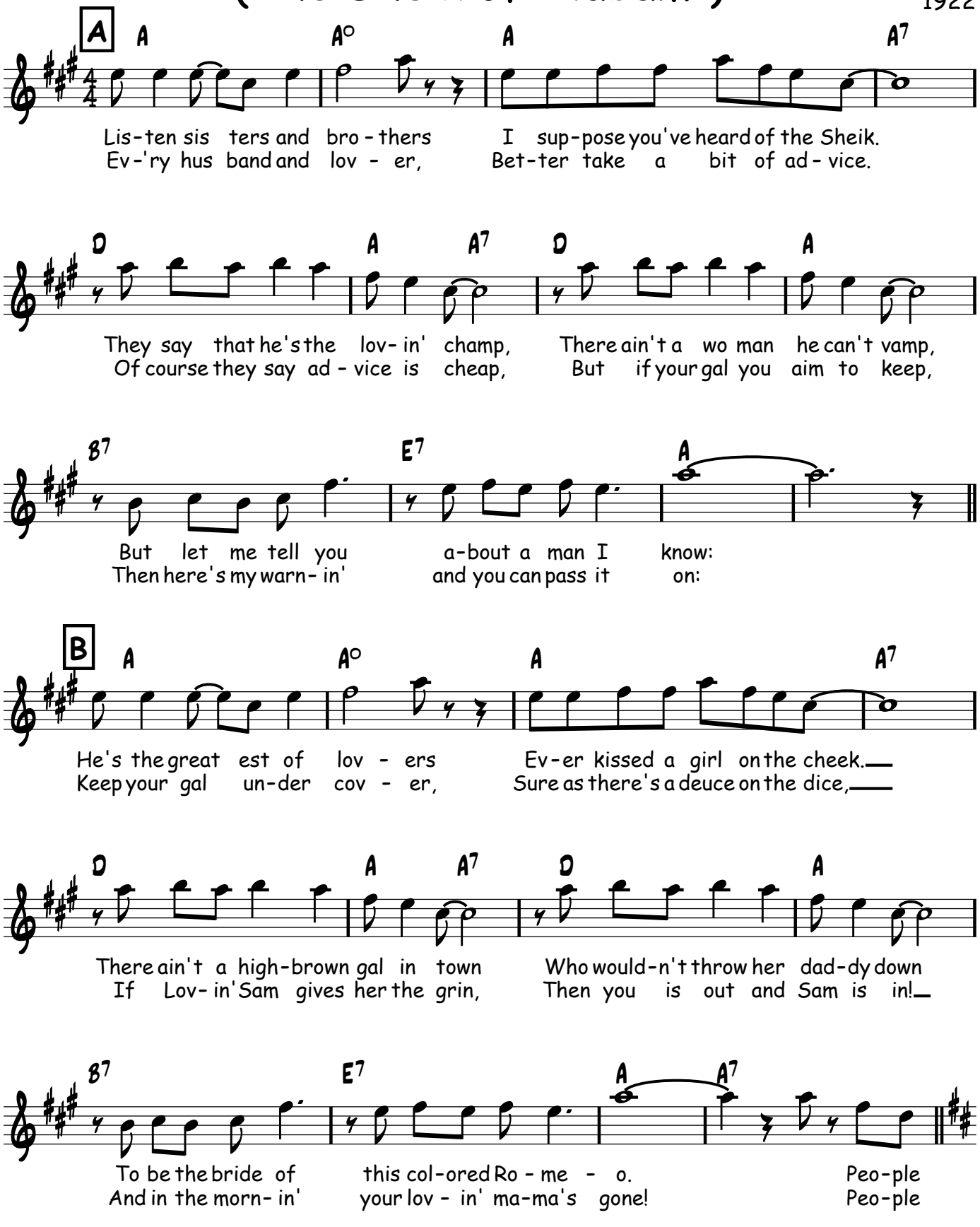
James F. Hanley & Grant Clarke - 1921


A
D A7 D A7 D D° Em
Fath-er has a bus-'ness, Strict-ly sec-ond hand, Ev-'ry-thing from tooth-picks,
E7 A7 D A7 D A7
To a ba- by grand. Stuff in our a- part- ment, came from fath-er's store,
E7 F#m B7 E A Em B7
E-ven things I'm wear- ing, Some-one wore be-fore. It's no won-der that I feel a-
Em E7 A7 A+7
bused, I nev-er- have a thing that ain't been used: I'm wear-ing
B
D D° A7 D E7 A7
Sec-ond hand hats, Sec-ond hand clothes, That's why they call
Sec-ond hand shoes, Sec-ond hand hose, All the girls hand
A7 D D D#°
me Sec- ond Hand Rose. E-ven our pi- an- o in the
me their sec-ond hand beauxs. E-ven my pa- ja- mas when I
Em7 A7 Em A7 A+7 D
par- lor, Fath- er bought for ten cents on the dol- lar.
don 'em, Have some-bod- y else's 'ni- tials on 'em.


C
D D° A7 D E7 D7
Sec-ond hand pearls, I'm wear-ing sec-ond hand curls, I nev- er get a
Sec-ond hand rings, I'm sick of sec-ond hand things I nev- er get what
D+7 G D+ G Em Am Em Am
sin- gle thing that's new. E - ven Jake the plumb-er, he's the
oth- er girl- ies do. Once while stroll-ing thru the Ritz a
Em D E7
man I a- dore, He had the nerve to tell me he's been mar-ried be- fore!
girl got my goat, She nudged her friend and said "Oh look! There's my old fur coat!"
E7 A+7 D D° A7 D E7
Ev- 'ry- one knows, that I'm just Sec- ond Hand Rose,
Ev- 'ry- one knows, that I'm just Sec- ond Hand Rose,
E7 Em7 A7 D A7
From Sec- ond Av- e- nue. I'm wear- ing
From Sec- ond Av- e- nue.

Lovin' Sam
(The Sheik of Alabam')

1922


A
A A° A A7
Lis-ten sis ters and bro - thers I sup-pose you've heard of the Sheik.
Ev-'ry hus band and lov - er, Bet-ter take a bit of ad - vice.
D A A7 D A
They say that he's the lov- in' champ, There ain't a wo man he can't vamp,
Of course they say ad - vice is cheap, But if your gal you aim to keep,
B7 E7 A
But let me tell you a-bout a man I know:
Then here's my warn- in' and you can pass it on:
B
A A° A A7
He's the great est of lov - ers Ev-er kissed a girl on the cheek.
Keep your gal un-der cov - er, Sure as there's a deuce on the dice,
D A A7 D A
There ain't a high-brown gal in town Who would-n't throw her dad-dy down
If Lov- in' Sam gives her the grin, Then you is out and Sam is in!
B7 E7 A A7
To be the bride of this col-ored Ro - me - o. Peo-ple
And in the morn- in' your lov - in' ma-ma's gone! Peo-ple


C D
E7
call him Lov- in' Sam, He's the Sheik of Al - a - bam'. He's a
A7
D
mean love mak- in' a heart break- in' man! And when the
D
F#M
gals go stroll- in' by, Boy! He rolls a wick-ed eye!
E7
A7 2 bar break
Does he step? Does he strut? That's what he does-n't do noth- in' else but! Could you
D D
E7
A7
love like Lov- in' Sam, You could have your eggs and ham, In the fin-est kit-chens
A7
F#7
D
D7
down in Al-a - bam'. You'd make the high-brown ba bies cry for you like
G
GM
D
ba-bies cry for Cas - tor - ia! They all love Lov- in' Sam,
B7
EM7
A7
D
The Sheik of Al - a - bam'. Peo - ple

Ma He's Making Eyes At Me

Con Conrad - 1921


A
C G7 C G7
Lit- tle Lil- ly was oh! So sil- ly and shy, And all the fel-lows knew,
G7 Am A° Dm7 G7 C G7
She would-n't bill and coo. Ev-'ry sin-gle-night some smart fel-low would
C D7 G7 G° G7
try, to cud-dle up to her, But she would cry:
B C D7 G7 G+7 C
"Ma, he's mak-ing eyes at me! Ma, he's aw-ful nice to me!
C A° G7 G7 C G7
Ma he's al most break-ing my heart, I'm be- side him, Mer- cy! Let his con science guide him
If you peek in, Can't you see I'm goin' to weak- en?
C C D7 G7 F E7 A7
Ma, he wants to mar- ry me, Be my hon- ey bee.
D7 G7 C C° G7 C C°
Ev- 'ry min- ute he gets bold- er, Now he's lean- ing
Me, I'm meet- ing with re - sis - tance I shall hol- ler
G7 D7 G7 C F7 C
on my should-er,- Ma, he's kiss - ing me!"
for as - sis-tance!

When You're A Million Miles From Nowhere

Walter Donaldson - 1919


A
Em7 A7 Dmaj7 F° A7/E
You're a mil- lion miles from no- where, when you're one lit- tle
A7 D Em7 A7 Em7
mile from home. It's the song of moth- er's tears,
A7 G/D F♯m/A D F°
That keeps ring- ing in your ears. You just
B
Em7 A7 Dmaj7 F° A7 C♯m7 F♯7 G♯m7 A°
leave the gates of heav-en, When you leave Moth-er's arms to roam.
F♯7/A♯ B7 Em E7 E♯°
You're a mil- lion miles from no-where, When you're
D/F♯ F° A7/E A7 D G7 D
one lit- tle mile from home.

My Honey's Lovin' Arms

Herman Ruby/Joseph Meyer - 1922


A
D G7 D D♯° A7 A° A7 A+7 D D♯° Em7 A+7
You've heard lov-ers, Love- sick lov-ers fret A bout their pet; They al-ways get ro- man-tic, Drive you fran-tic.
D G7 D F♯7 Bm F♯m E9 Em A+7
I'm so diff-'rent, Oh, so diff-'rent- now; While I'm in love I know I simp-ly go and whis-per low to Hon- ey Ba- by:
B
D G7 D Am6 B7
I love your lov- in' arms, They hold a world of charms, A place to nes- tle when I am lone- ly.
E7 A7 E7 Em7 A7
A com- fy co- zy chair, Oh, what a hap-py pair! One ca- ress, Hap-pi- ness, Seems to bless my lit-tle hon- ey.


C D G7
I love you more each day, When years have passed a- way
D Am6 B7
You'll find my love be- longs to you on- ly;
E9 A7 D7
'Cause when the world seems wrong, I know that
G Gm D E7 A7 D G7 D
I be- long Right in my Hon-ey's Lov- in'

St. James Infirmary


A
Bm G7 F#7 Bm F#7 Bm G7 F#7 Bm Em B7
When will I ev-er stop moan- in'? When will I ev-er smile? My ba-by went and
Em G7 F#7 Bm G7 F#7 Bm F#7 Bm G7 F#7
left me, She'll be gone a long long while. I feel so blue and heart-bro-ken What am I liv-ing
Bm Em Em Bm G7 F#7
for? My ba-by went and left me Ne-ver to come back no more. I went
B
Bm F#7 Bm Bm G7 F#7
down to the Saint James In-firm-ry - My ba - by there she lay, La-id
"What is my ba - by's chan-ces" - I asked old Doc-tor Sharp,
go, let her go - God bless her - Wher ev - er she may be. She can
Bm F#7 Bm D7 G7 F#7 Bm
out on a cold mar-ble ta-ble - Well, I looked and I turned a-way.
"Boy, by six o' clock this eve' nin, - She'll be play-in' her gol den harp. Let her
hunt this-wide-world o-ver But she'll ne-ver find a man like me.

Down Home Rag

Wilbur C. Sweatman - 1911

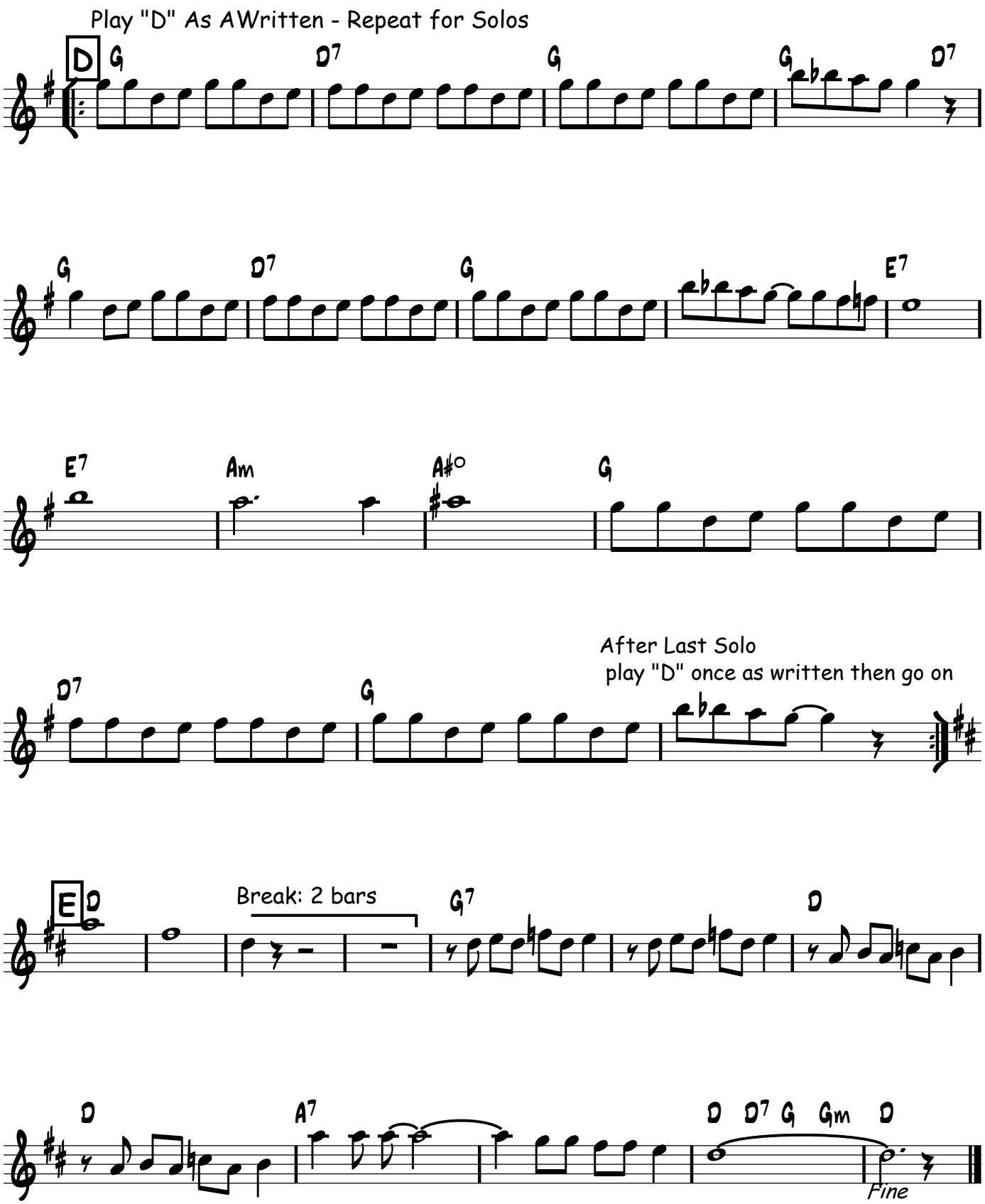

G7 D7
A
C Dm7 C/E Fm6/D C Am7 D7 G7
C Dm7 C/E F#m6/D C Am7 D7 G7 C
B
C6 D7 G7
C6 C D7 G7 C
C7 Eb7 Gm Eb7 C7 B6 D#o Eb7 C7 C7
C
F F7 Bb Bbm F F G7 C7
F F7 Bb Bbm F F F7 Bb F G7 C7 F
D
F Bbm F F Bbm G7 C7
F Bbm F F Bbm G7 C7 F

Play "A" Once and end

Shake It & Break It

Artie Matthews - 1915




Play "D" As AWritten - Repeat for Solos
D
G
D7
G
G
D7
G
D7
G
E7
E7
Am
A#o
G
After Last Solo
play "D" once as written then go on
D7
G
E
D
Break: 2 bars
G7
D
D
A7
D
D7
G
Gm
D
Fine

Dixieland Jazz Band One Step

♩ = 200




C
F
F
A7
A7
D7
D7
G
G7
C
C
F
F
Am
E7
Am
D7
C7
D
F
F
A7
A7
D7
D7
G
G7
Bb
Bdim
F
D7
G7
C
F
F
3

Rufe Johnson's Harmony Band

Shleton Brooks &
Maurice Abraham - 1914


A
C D♯7 C♯° G7 C D♯7 C♯° G7
Rufe John-son leads a band, He's one grand lead- er man,
When he comes down the street, The peo- ple shake their feet,
C E♭° Dm6 G7 C E♭° Dm6 G7
Down in Sa- van- nah, Down in Sa- van- nah.
They all keep sway- ing, While Rufe is play- ing.
B Dm A7 Dm A7 D7
He real- ly can't be beat, Plays rag-time mu--sic- sweet, Down in Sa-
Old Rufe can't read a note, but he will get your goat, When he plays
Am7 D7 G Am A♯° G/B G G
van- nah- G. A. When they par- ade each
'Man- ci- pa- tion Day. The horse and mules they
G♯7 Em G F♯° G G7
hol- i- day, You'll hear the peo- ple say:
act like fools, You al - most hear them say:


C
C
E7
Here they come, Just lis- ten to that drum, Boy ain't he
E7
Am
E7 Am
beat- in' some, He's go- ing rump, rump, rump, rump.
D
F
C
A7
Lis-ten to that dog-gone flute, Root-te-toot, toot-te-toot, toot-te-toot toot-te-toot.
D7
Dm7
G7
Dm7
G7
Say Hon, ain't that trom- bone moan- ing, hear it groan- ing,
E
C
C7
F
Lis - ten to that old cor- net, It's
A7
B°
A7
Dm
A7
Dm
played by that lead- er man. He's
F
F
F♯°
C
A7
got a world wide rep- u- ta- tion For play- ing syn- co- pa- tion;
D7
G7
C
Solos at "C"
Old Ruf- us John-son's Har- mon -y Band

Runnin' Wild


D G♯DIM D B♭7 Em7 A7 D7
My
When
A Verse
G G7 C G
gal and I we had a fight and I'm all by my - self. I
I first met that gal of mine it seemed just like a dream. But
G B7 Em A7 D7
guess she thinks now that she's gone I'll lay right on the shelf. I'm
when she thought she had me right she start-ed act - in' mean. Like
G G7 C G
gon-na show her she's all wrong no lone-some stuff for me I
Ma-ry led her lit-tle lamb she led me all the time, Un -
D G♯DIM D B♭7 Em7 A7 D7
won't sit home all a - lone She'll soon find that I'm Runn- in' wild,
til the worm had to turn, that's the rea - son I'm Runn- in' wild

Chorus


B
G
G7
C
lost con-trol, Run- nin' wild, might-y bold.
G
D7
Am6
B7
Em
Gm6
Feel- in' gay, Reck-less too, Care-free mind,
D
A7
all the time, nev-er blue. Al-ways goin',
C
G
G7
C
don't know where, Al-ways showin'
C
B7
E7
A7
D7
I don't care, Don't love no - bo - dy It's not worth -
G
D7
G
while, All a - lone Run - nin' Wild.

♩ = 160

Alabama Jubilee

George Cobb - 1915

A

G E♭7 G D7 G D7

Man-do - lins,- vi - o - lins,- Ev-'ry - bod-y tun- in' up,the fun be - gins,

G Em A7 D D7

Com e this way, don't de - lay,- Bet-ter hur-ry hon-ey dear,or you'll be miss in'

G E♭7 G D7 G

Mu-sic sweet, rag-time treat, Goes right to you head and trick-les to your feet.

A7 D D7 A7 D7

It's a re-mind-er a mem-o-ry find er ofnights down in old- Al-a bam: You ought to

B

E7 E7 A7

see Dea-con Jones when he rat-tles them bones, Old Par-son Brown danc - in'

A7 D7 D7 G

'round like a clown, Aunt Jem-i-ma who is past eight-y three Shout- in"I'm full o' pep!

G E7 E7

Wtach yo' step, watch yo' step!" One leg-ged Joe- danced a - round on his toe,-

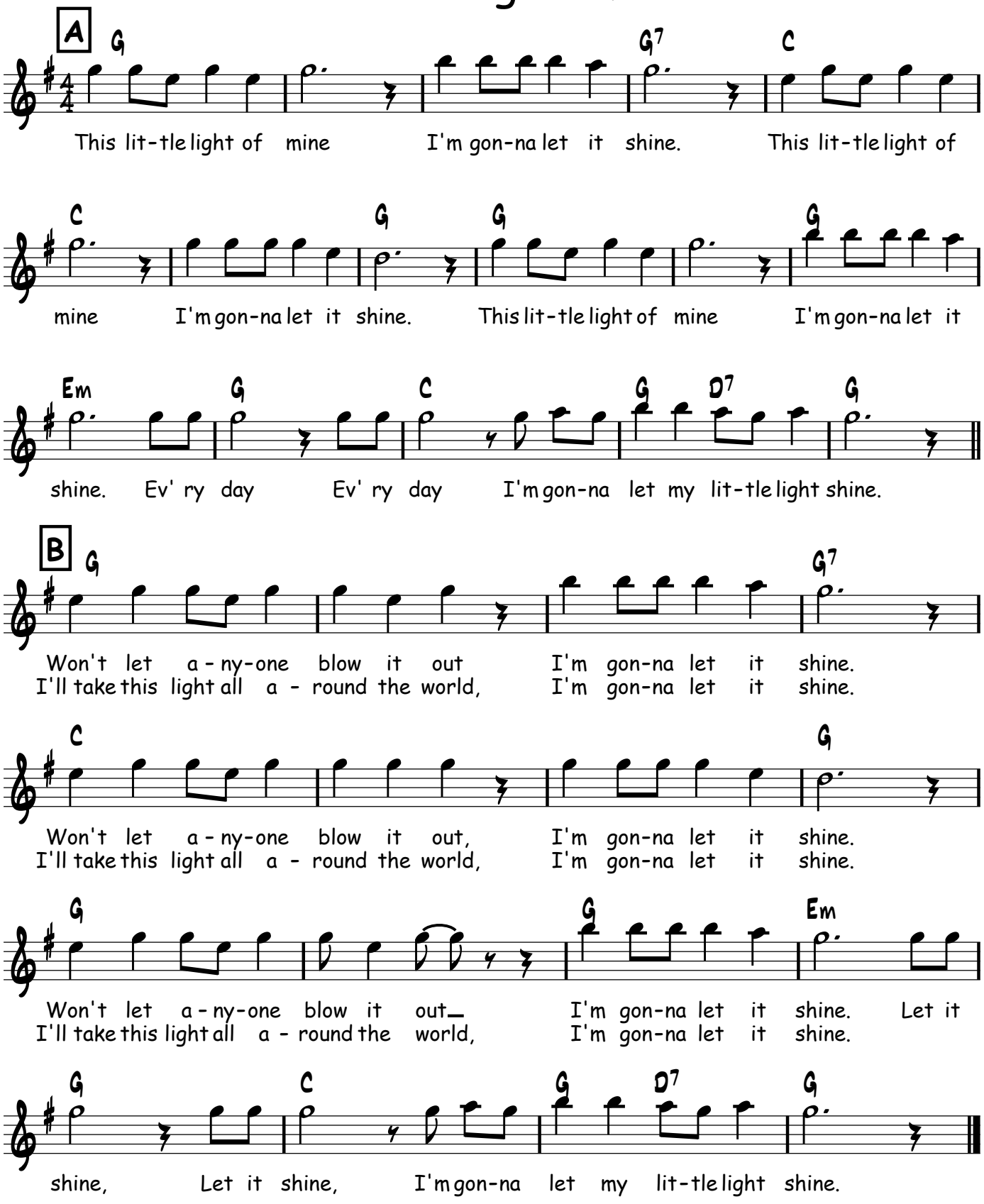
Amin Amin A7 G B7

Threw a - way his cane and hol- lered,"Let her go!"- Oh Hon-ey Hail, Hail, the

C G A7 D7 G

gang's all here for an Al - a - bam - a Jub - i - lee.-

This Little Light of Mine


A
G
G7
C
This lit-tle light of mine I'm gon-na let it shine. This lit-tle light of
C
G
G
G
mine I'm gon-na let it shine. This lit-tle light of mine I'm gon-na let it
Em
G
C
G
D7
G
shine. Ev' ry day Ev' ry day I'm gon-na let my lit-tle light shine.
B
G
G7
Won't let a - ny-one blow it out I'm gon-na let it shine.
I'll take this light all a - round the world, I'm gon-na let it shine.
C
G
Won't let a - ny-one blow it out, I'm gon-na let it shine.
I'll take this light all a - round the world, I'm gon-na let it shine.
G
G
Em
Won't let a - ny-one blow it out I'm gon-na let it shine. Let it
I'll take this light all a - round the world, I'm gon-na let it shine.
G
C
G
D7
G
shine, Let it shine, I'm gon-na let my lit-tle light shine.

Bugle Boy March



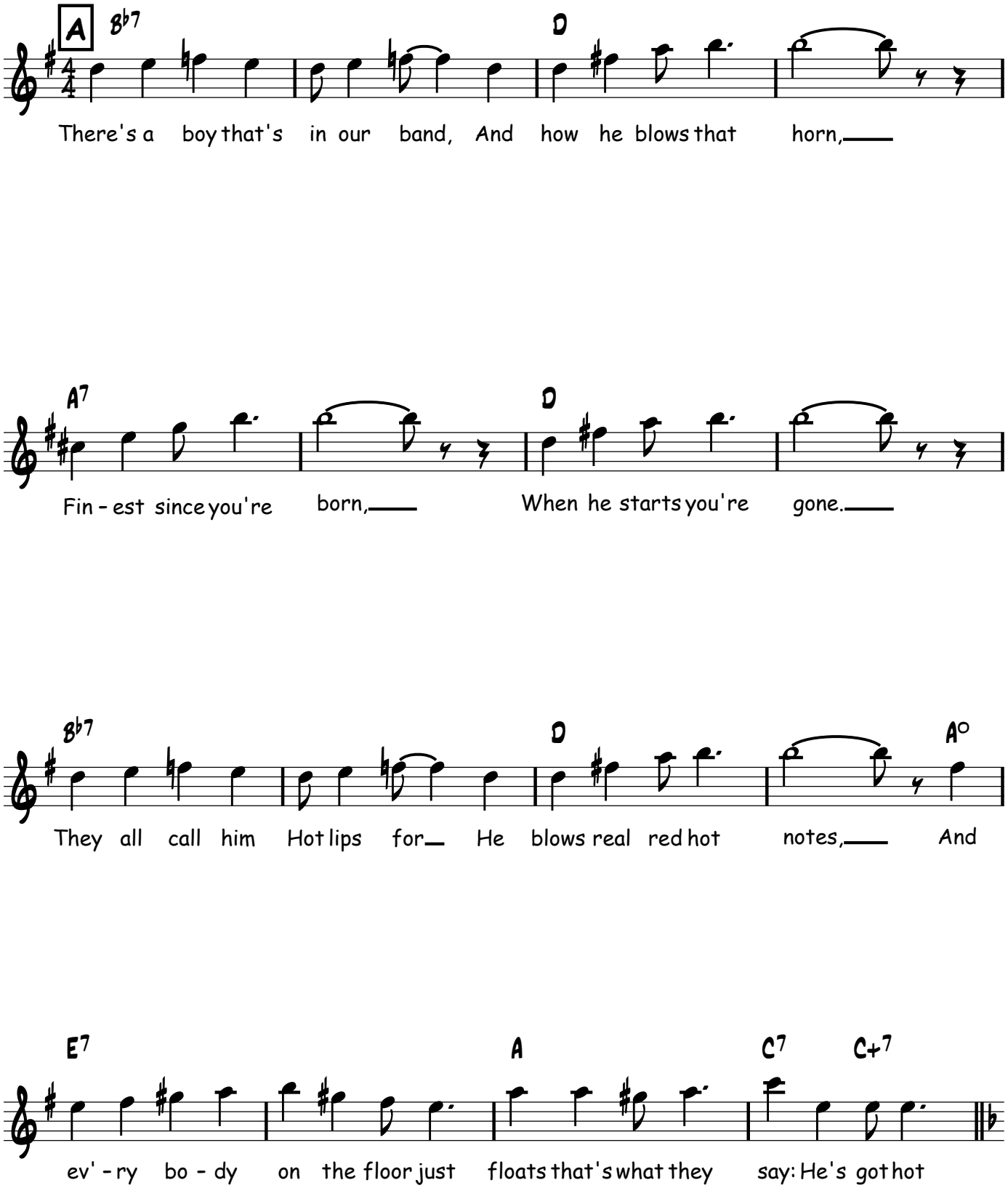

E
G C G A7 D7 G G7
C C♯° G E7 A7 D7
F
G C G A7 D7 G G7
C C♯° G C G A7
D7 1. G G
Last Time

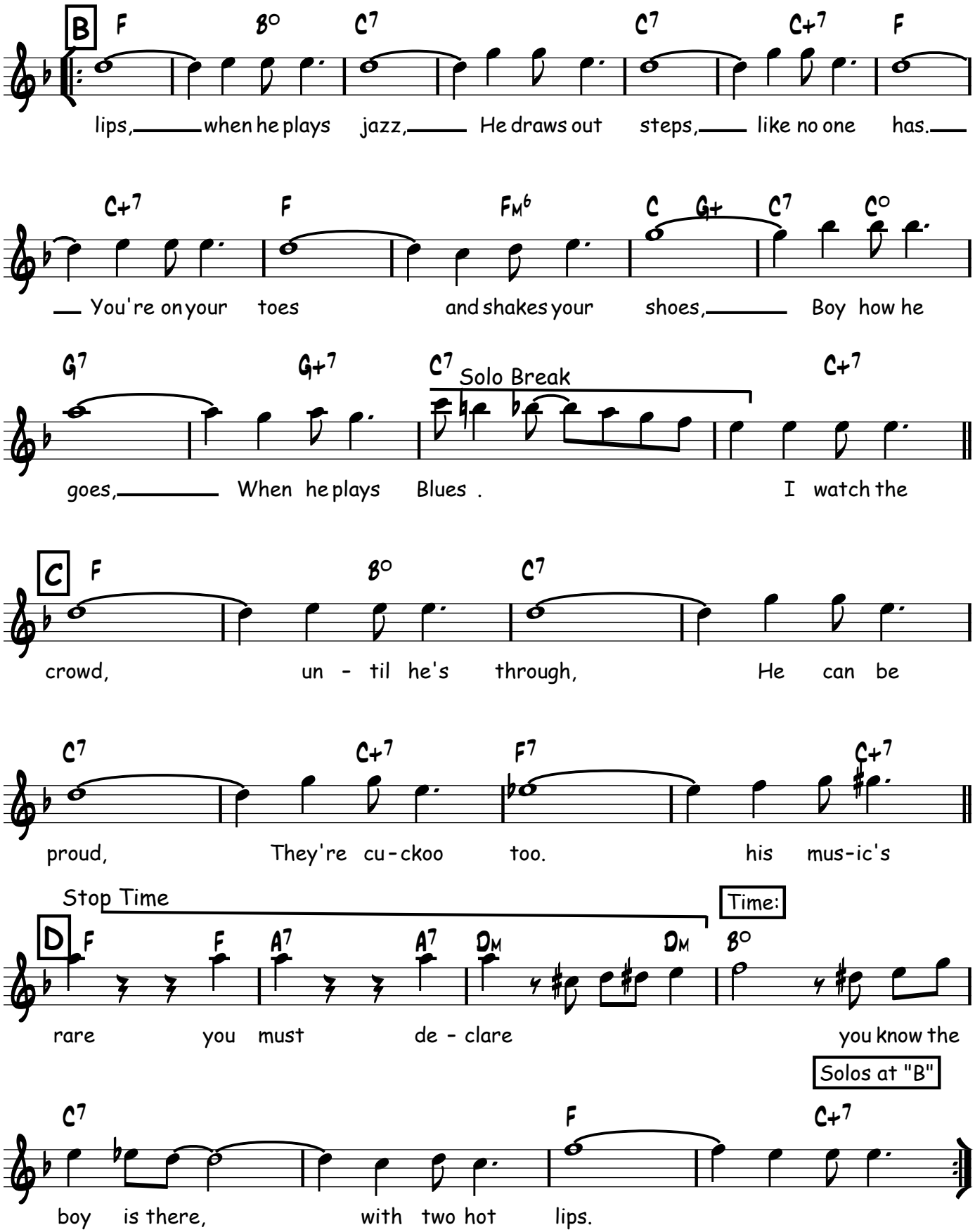
Solos at "C"

Hot Lips

♩ = 180

1922

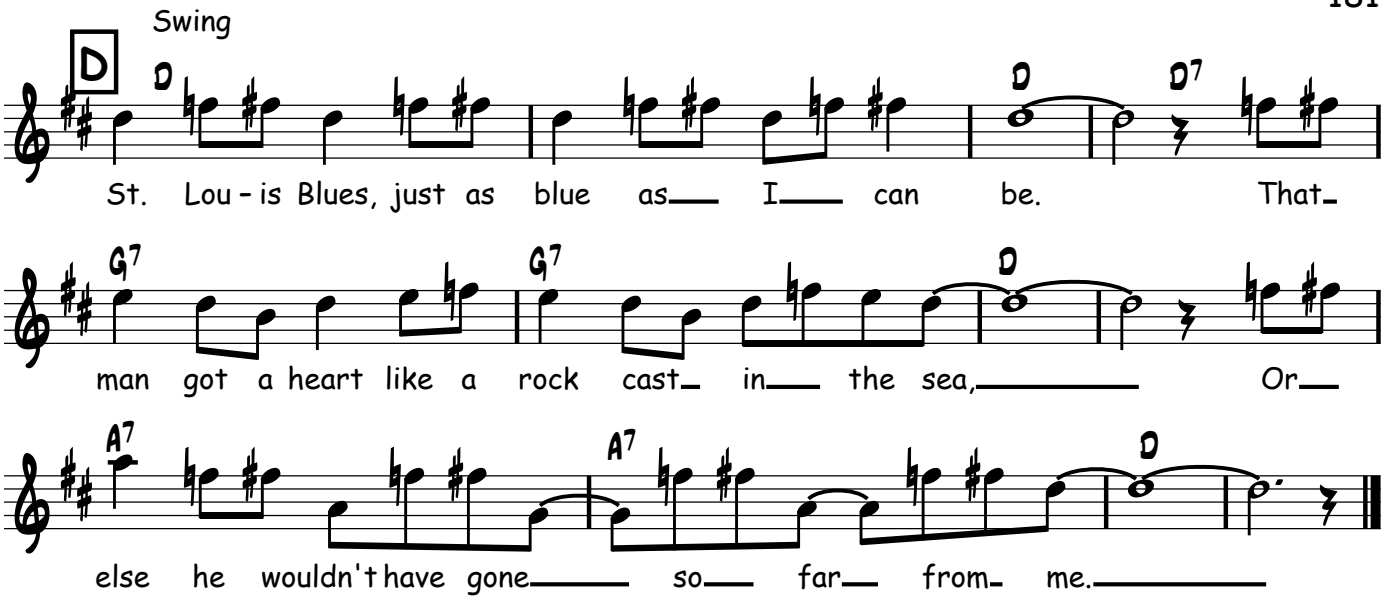

A
B♭7
D
There's a boy that's in our band, And how he blows that horn,
A7
D
Fin - est since you're born, When he starts you're gone.
B♭7
D
A°
They all call him Hot lips for He blows real red hot notes, And
E7
A
C7
C+7
ev' - ry bo - dy on the floor just floats that's what they say: He's got hot


B
F B° C7 C7 C+7 F
lips, when he plays jazz, He draws out steps, like no one has.
C+7 F FM6 C G+ C7 C°
You're on your toes and shakes your shoes, Boy how he
G7 G+7 C7 Solo Break C+7
goes, When he plays Blues . I watch the
C F B° C7
crowd, un - til he's through, He can be
C7 C+7 F7 C+7
proud, They're cu-ckoo too. his mus-ic's
Stop Time
Time:
D F F A7 A7 DM DM B°
rare you must de - clare you know the
Solos at "B"
C7 F C+7
boy is there, with two hot lips.

St. Louis Blues

W.C. Handy 1914




Swing
D
D
D
D7
St. Lou - is Blues, just as blue as I can be. That
G7
G7
D
man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea, Or
A7
A7
D
else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.

St. Louis Blues

W.C. Handy 1914

♩ = 100


A
Cm G7 Fm G7 D7 D7b5 G7 Fm Ab7
St.Lou-is Wo-man There with her dia-mondrings, Pulls that man a-round,
G7 Cm Bb Ab G7 Cm G7 Fm Cm
by her a-pron strings. Ex-cept for pow-der and for store bought
G7 Cm D7 G7
hair. You know the man I love, would not have gone no where, no - where. O- h,
B
C7 F C C7 F
I hate to see, the eve- nin'sun go down. I hate to see
to mor-row like I feel to - day. feel to-mor-row,
F C F#7 G7
the eve- nin' sun go down. Be - 'cause my ba - by
like I feel to - day. I'll pack my trunk
Ab7 G7 C
he done left this town. Feel
make my get - a - way. Got the


C
C
C F C F C F C7
St. Lou-is Blues, just as blue as I can be. That
Dm F7 Dm F7 C F C F C F C7
man got a heart like a rock cast in the sea, Or
G7
else he wouldn't have gone so far from me.
1.
C
2.
C
Got the me.

Careless Love


A
D A7 D D
Love, oh love oh care-less love. You fly right
D B7 E7 A7 D D7 G
thru my head like wine. You've broke the heart of ma-ny a
Gm D A7 D A7
gal, and you near - ly broke this heart of mine.
B
D A7 D D
If I were a lit - tle bird, I'd fly from
D B7 E7 A7 D D7 G
tree to tree. I'd build my nest way up in the
Gm D A7 D A7
air where the bad boys could not both-er me.
C
D A7 D D
Now I wear my a - pron high, Now I
D B7 E7 A7 D D7
wear my a - pron high, Now I wear my
G Gm D A7 D
a pron high, and he nev - er, nev-er pass-es by.

Tuck Me To Sleep in My Old 'Tucky Home

George Meyer - 1921


A
D D7 G G#o D/A D
Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tuck-y home,
A7 D Bm E7 A7
cov - er me with Dix-ie skies and leave me there a - lone.
D D7 G G#o D/A D
Just let the sun kiss my cheeks ev - 'ry dawn, like the
A E7 A7
kiss - in' I've been miss - in' from my mam-my since I'm gone.
B D7 D7 G G
I ain't had a bit of rest, since I left my mam-my's nest.
E7 E7 E7 A7
I can al - ways rest the best in her lov - in' arms.
D D7 G G#o D/A D
Tuck me to sleep in my old 'Tuck-y home, let me
A7 A7 D (Em7 A7)
lay there stay there nev-er no more to roam.

The Sheik of Araby


♩ = 180
A
Gm Eb7 A7 D7 Gm Am7 Gm Am7
O - ver the des - ert wild and free
Gm Eb7 A7 D7 Gm Am7 Gm Am7
Rides the bold Sheik of Ar - a - by
Cm Cm Cm Cm
His ar - ab band At his com - mand
D Gm D D
Fol - low his love's car - a - van.
Gm Eb7 A7 D7 Gm Am7 Gm Am7
Un - der the shad - ow of the palms,
D A7 D7 D7
He sings to call her to his arms. I'm the


B
G G G♯DIM Am D7 Am D7
Sheik of ar - a - by Your
D7 D7 G G
love be - longs to me In -
Bm B♭DIM Am D7
to your tent I'll creep At
Am D7 D+ G Em A7 D7
night when you're a - sleep The
G G G♯DIM Am Am D7
stars that shine a - bove will
D7 D7 B+ B7 B+ B7
light our way to love you'll
E E A7 A7
rule this land with me the
D7 D7 G G
Sheik of Ar - a - by

Sister Kate

A.J. PIRON - 1919

♩ = 164


F F♯° C A7 Dm G7 C A7
I
A G7 G7 C C
Went to a dance with my sis-ter Kate, ev - 'ry one there said she danced so great.
C Dm7 G7 C
I re-a-lized a thing or two and I got wise to some-thing new,
G7 G7 C C
I looked at Kate, she was in a trance, and then I knew it was in her dance.
A7 D7 A♭7 G7 C
all the boys are go-ing wild just o ver Ka-tie's danc-ing style. I

Chorus

B


G7 D7 C C7
wish I could shim my like my sis-ter Kate, she shi-vers like the jel-ly on a plate.
G7 G7 C
my ma-ma want-ed to know last night, why all the boys treat sis-ter
C G7 G7
Kate so nice. ev' ry boy in our neigh-bor - hood
C C7 C7 F F#o
knows that she can shim-my and it's un-der - stood I know I'm late but I'll
C A7 Dm G7
be up to date when I can shim - my like my sis - ter
C A7 A♭7 G7 C
Kate I mean Shim-my like my sis - ter Kate.

The Love Nest

Louis A. Hirsch & Otto Harbach - 1920


A
C G7 C G7 C G7 C
Man - y build - ers there have been Since the world be - gan.
Em B7 Em B7 Em B7 Em
Pal - ace, cot - tage man - sion, Inn, They have built for man.
Dm C G7 A
Some were small, and some were tall Long or wide or low.
Dm Dm7(b5) C G Dm G9 C
But the best one of them all Jack built long a - go. `Twas
Dm7 G C A7 D7 G7
built in by - gone days, Yet mill - ions sing its praise. Just a


B
C G7 C C7 F C7
love nest, co-zy and warm. Like a dove nest, down on a
F G7 C E7/B
farm. A ver- an- da with some sort of cling- ing vine,
A7 Dm A Dm D7 G7
Then a kit-chen where some ram-bler ros- es twine. Then a
C
C G7 C C7 F C7
small room, tea set of blue. Best of all room, dream room for
F G7 E7 E7(♭5)
two. Bet- ter than a pal- ace with a gild- ed dome,
A7 Dm G7 C
is a love nest, You can call home.

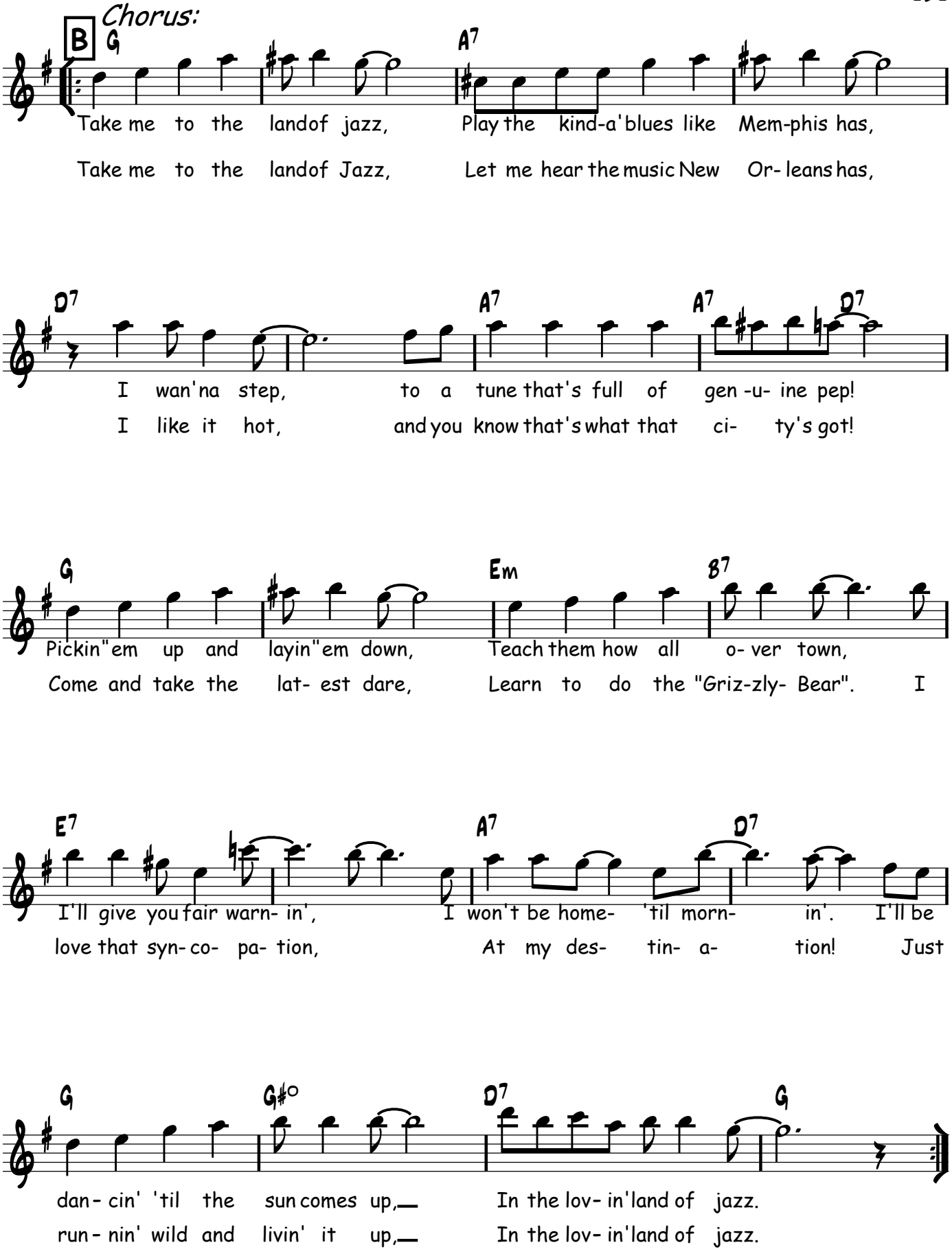
Take Me To the Land of Jazz

Bert Kalmer, Edgar Leslie, Pete Wendling - 1919


A
A7 D7 G A7 D7
There's mu- sic in the breeze, and trom-bones grow on trees.
G A7 Eb7 A7 Eb7(b5) D7
You hear moan- in' and groan- in' and tune-ful har-mo-nies. In
A7 D7 G A7 D7 G
ev-'ry ca- bar-et, it's the on- ly thing they play! Well, I
Gm Eb7 A7 Eb7(b5) D7
long to hear it, I must be near it, and that's why I say:

Chorus:

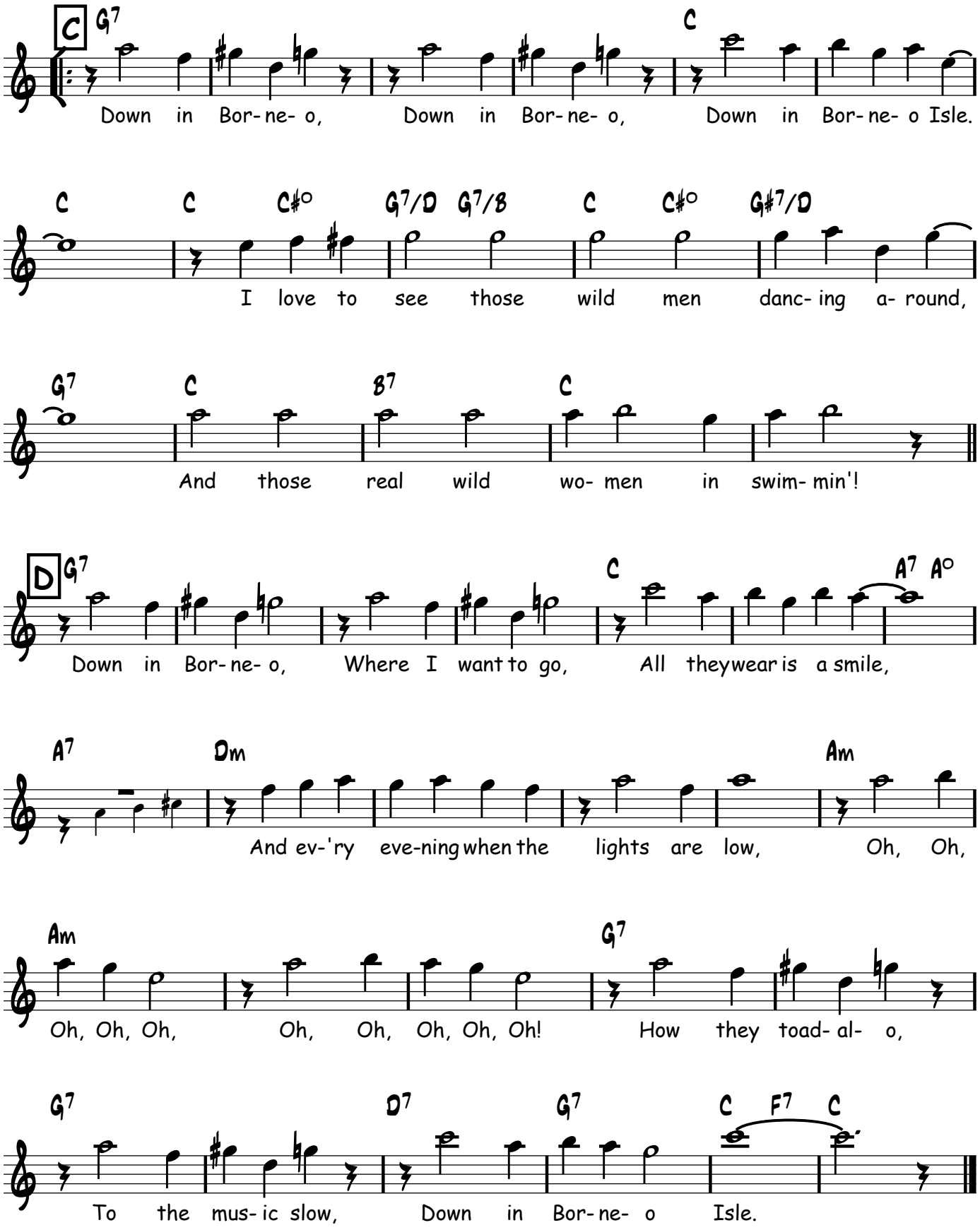
B


G
A7
Take me to the landof jazz, Play the kind-a'blues like Mem-phis has,
Take me to the landof Jazz, Let me hear the music New Or- leans has,
D7
A7
A7
D7
I wan'na step, to a tune that's full of gen -u- ine pep!
I like it hot, and you know that's what that ci- ty's got!
G
Em
B7
Pickin"em up and layin"em down, Teach them how all o- ver town,
Come and take the lat- est dare, Learn to do the "Griz-zly- Bear". I
E7
A7
D7
I'll give you fair warn- in', I won't be home- 'til morn- in'. I'll be
love that syn- co- pa- tion, At my des- tin- a- tion! Just
G
G#o
D7
G
dan- cin' 'til the sun comes up, In the lov- in'land of jazz.
run- nin' wild and livin' it up, In the lov- in'land of jazz.

Down In Borneo Isle

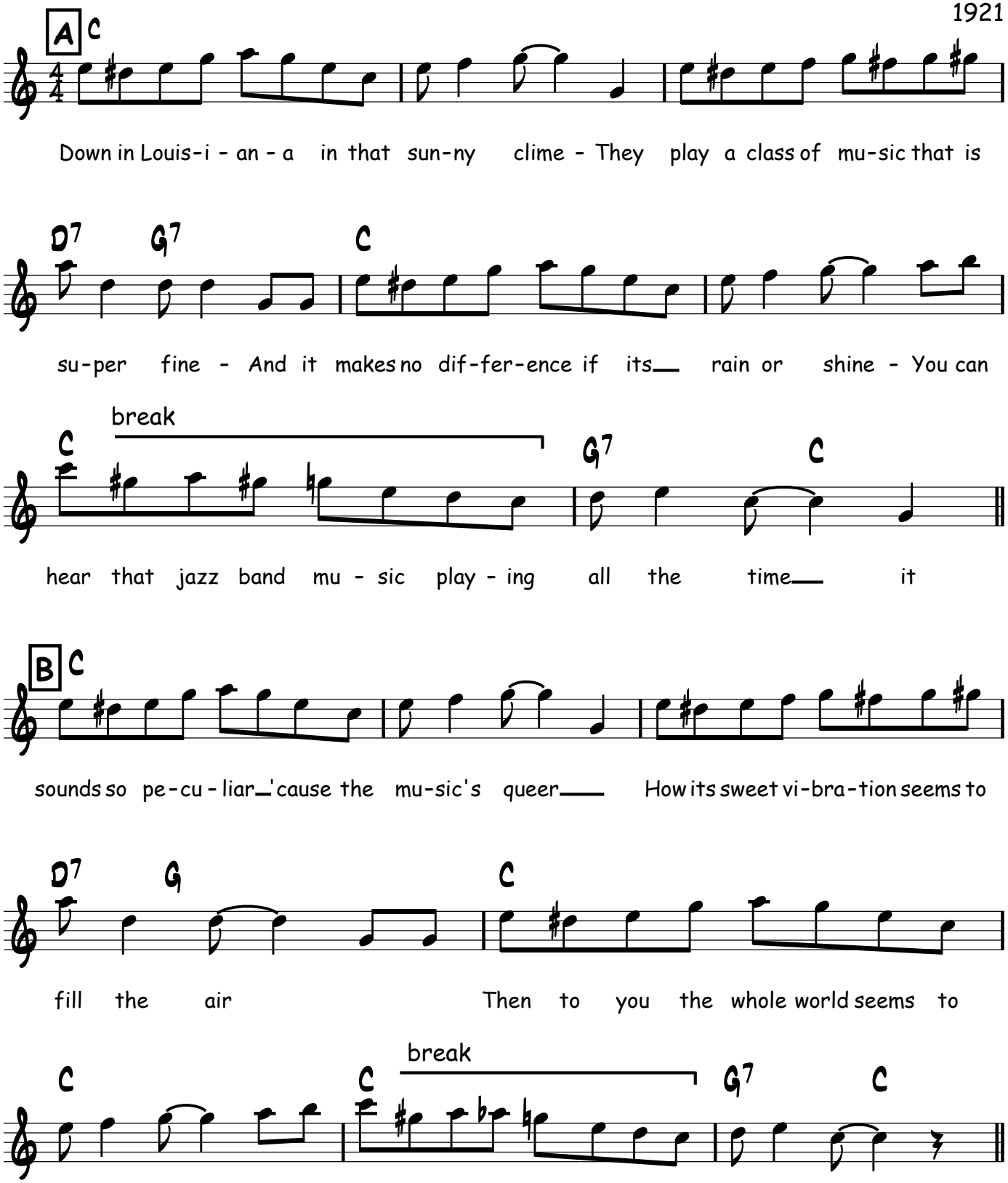
Herny Creamer & J. Turner Layton - 1917




C G7
Down in Bor- ne- o, Down in Bor- ne- o, Down in Bor- ne- o Isle.
C C C#° G7/D G7/B C C#° G#7/D
I love to see those wild men danc- ing a- round,
G7 C B7 C
And those real wild wo- men in swim- min'!
D G7 C A7 A°
Down in Bor- ne- o, Where I want to go, All they wear is a smile,
A7 Dm Am
And ev- 'ry eve- ning when the lights are low, Oh, Oh,
Am G7
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh! How they toad- al- o,
G7 D7 G7 C F7 C
To the mus- ic slow, Down in Bor- ne- o Isle.

The Jazz Me Blues

Tom Delaney
1921


A
C
Down in Louis-i - an - a in that sun-ny clime - They play a class of mu-sic that is
D7
G7
C
su-per fine - And it makes no dif-fer-ence if its rain or shine - You can
break
C
G7
C
hear that jazz band mu - sic play - ing all the time it
B
C
sounds so pe-cu - liar 'cause the mu-sic's queer How its sweet vi-bra-tion seems to
D7
G
C
fill the air Then to you the whole world seems to
C
break
C
G7
C
be in rhyme You want noth-ing else but jazz-band mu-sic all the time


C
G7 G° G7 G° G7 E7
Ev-'ry one_that's nigh nev-er seems to sigh Hear them loud-ly cry: Oh!
A7 D7
Jazz man_ Don't stop the mu-sic it's_ Jazz man_ (Jazz-man!) You
G7 break C
know I want to hear it both_ day and night and if you don't blow it hot then I
C7 B7 B♭7 A7 D7
don't feel right Now if it's rag - time Please Sir will you play it in jazz - time
D7 C E7
(Jazz Time) Don't want it fast Don't want it slow,
AMIN A7
Take your time don't rush it play it sweet and low___ I've got those
D7 G7 C F7 C B7 B♭7
dog-gone real-gone jazz-band "Jazz_ Me" blues.
Solos at "C"

Jelly Roll Blues

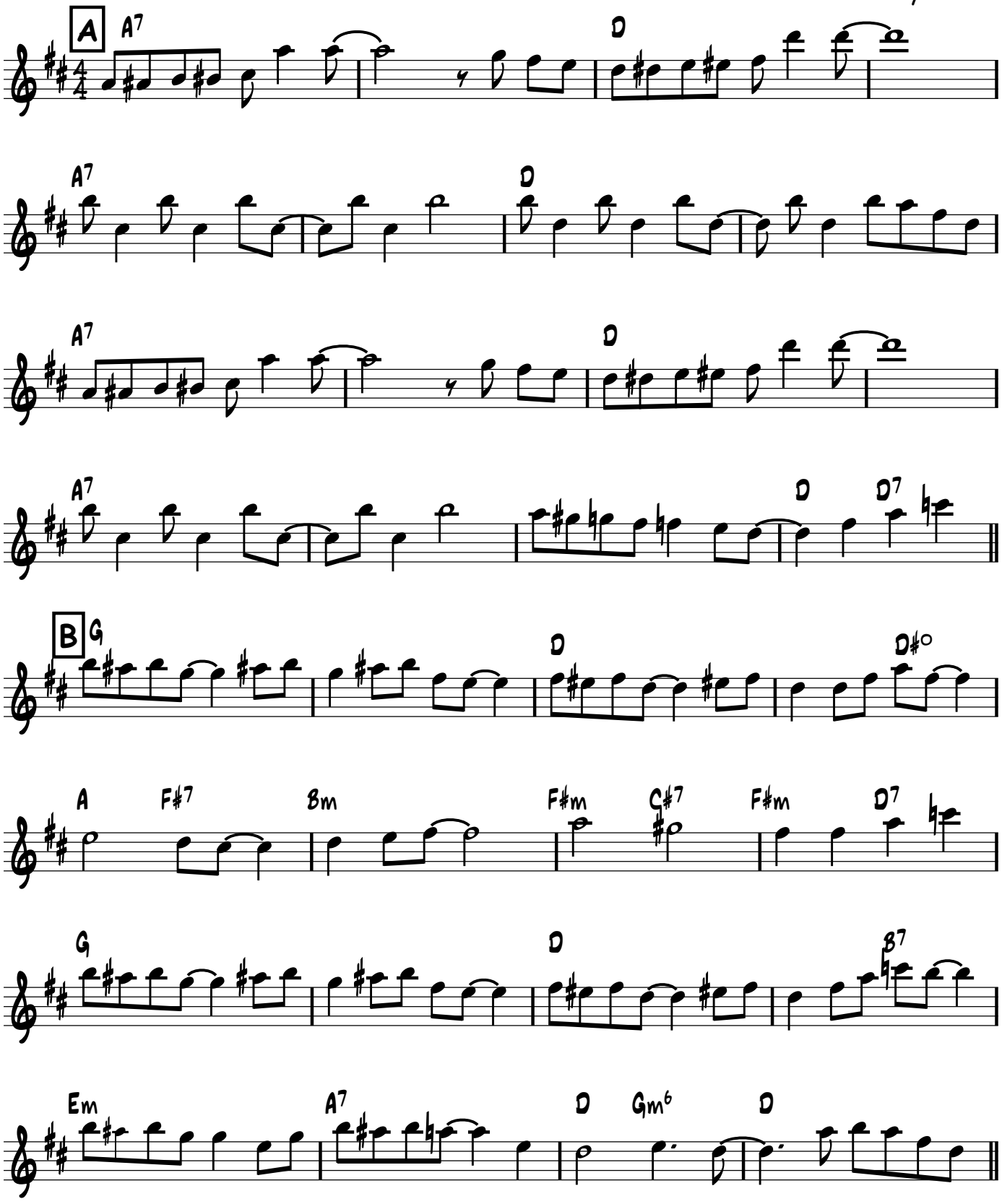
Jelly Roll Morton - 1905

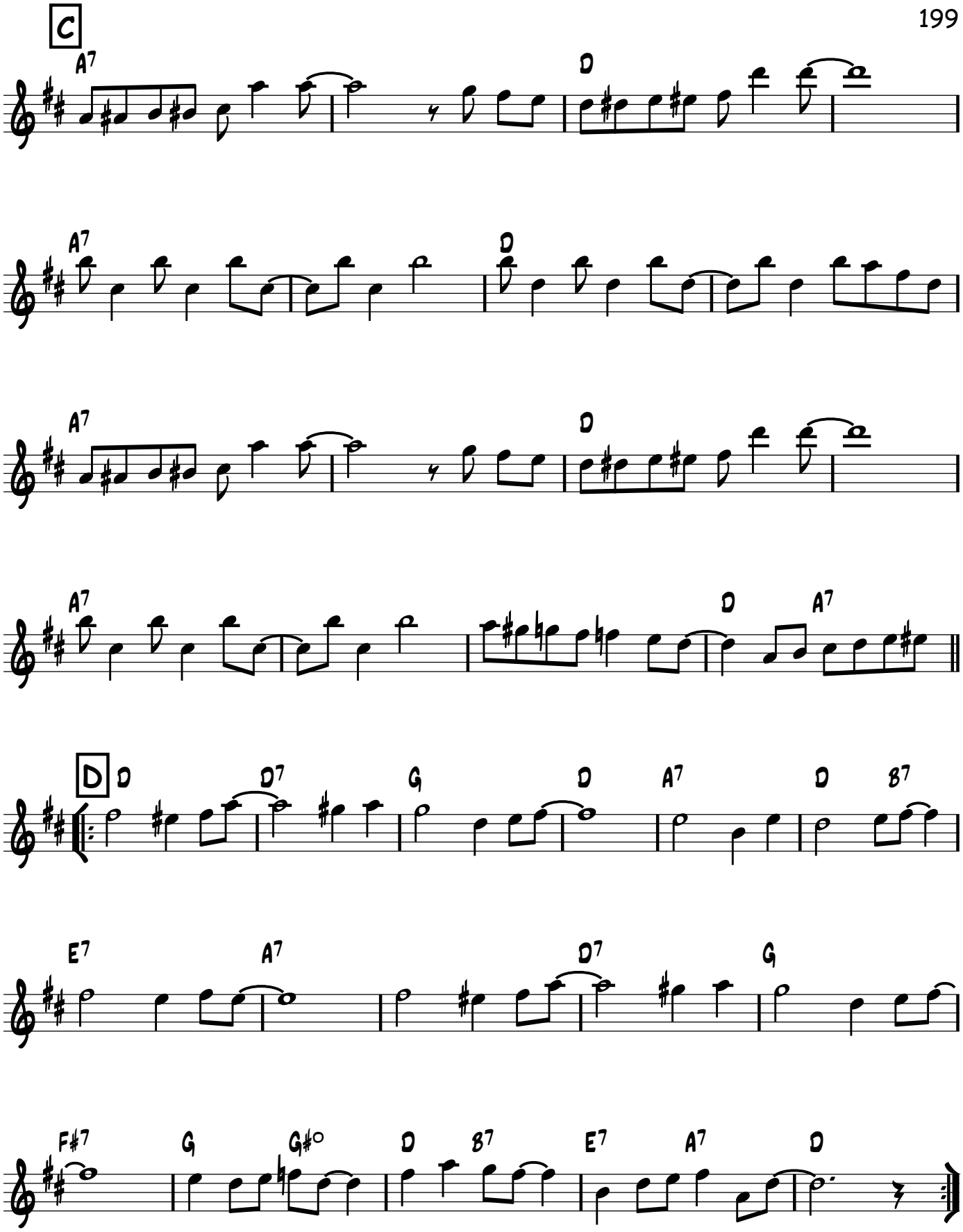



Stop time 3 bars - ad lib breaks
C
G
G
G
G7
C
C#o
G
G
D7
A7
D7
G
G7
C
Cm
G
D7
3
3
4 bar interlude - clarinet trill, drum roll
G7
G7
G7
G7
G7
D
C
E7
C
C7
F
F#o
C
G7
D7
G7
C
G7
Back to "D" for Solos

Ole Miss

W.C. Handy - 1916





Back to "D" for Solos
Then Play "C" and "D out.

200

Blues My Naughty Sweetie Gives To Me

1919

♩ = 100


B7 Em Cdim Em E7 Am
There are Blues that you get from wor - ry There are Blues
Blues that you get when sin - gle There are Blues
Blues that you get from sweet - ie When she phones
Am Fdim Am C7 B7
that you get from pain, And there are Blues when you're lone - ly For
that will give you pain, And there are Blues when you're lone - ly For
to an-oth-er guy, And there are Blues when your hon - ey spends
Em F#7 B7
your one and on - ly, The Blues you can nev - er ex - plain; There are
your one and on - ly, The Blues you can nev - er ex - plain; There are
all of your mon - ey, And Blues when she tells you a lie; There are
Em Cdim Em E7 Am B7
Blues that you get from long - ing But the blu - est Blues that be
Blues that you get from long - ing To hold some - one on your knee,
Blues that you get when mar - ried Wish-ing that you could be free,
B7 E7 A7
Are the sort of Blues that's on my mind, They're the ve - ry
But the kind of Blues that al-way stabs, Come from hi - ring
But the kind of Blues that's good and blue, Comes from hav - ing
A7 D7 A7 D9 G (B7)
mean-est kind, The Blues my naught-y sweet-ie gives to me. There are
tax - i cabs, The Blues my naught-y sweet-ie gives to me. There are
wine for two, The kind of Blues my sweet-ie gives to me. There are

I Never Knew I Could Love Anybody

1920

♩ = 84

A E E+ A⁶/E D⁶ C♯⁷ F♯⁷ B⁷

I nev-er knew I could love an-y bod - y, Hon-ey, like I'm lov - ing

E A E

you; I could-n't re - al - ize what a pair of

C♯⁷ F♯⁷ F♯⁷ B⁷ B⁷

eyes And a ba - by smile could do;

B E⁶ E⁷ A

I can't sleep, I can't eat, I nev - er knew a

A Am A B⁷

sin - gle could could be so sweet,

C E E+ A⁶/E D⁶ C♯⁷

I nev - er knew I could love an - y - bod - y,

F♯⁷ B⁷ E

Hon - ey like I'm lov - ing you.

The Curse of An Aching Heart

Al Piantadosi - 1913


C Cm G G° D7
You
A G G° G G7 C
made me what I am to- day, I hope you're
Cm G D7 G D7
sat- is- fied. You dragged me down and down un-
G A7 D7
til the soul with- in me died. You
B G G° G G7 C F#7
shat- tered each and ev- 'ry dream, You fooled me from the
B7 C#m D° B7/D# C C#° G/D B7
start. And though you're not true I still love
E7 A7 D7 G
you, That's the curse of an ach- ing heart.

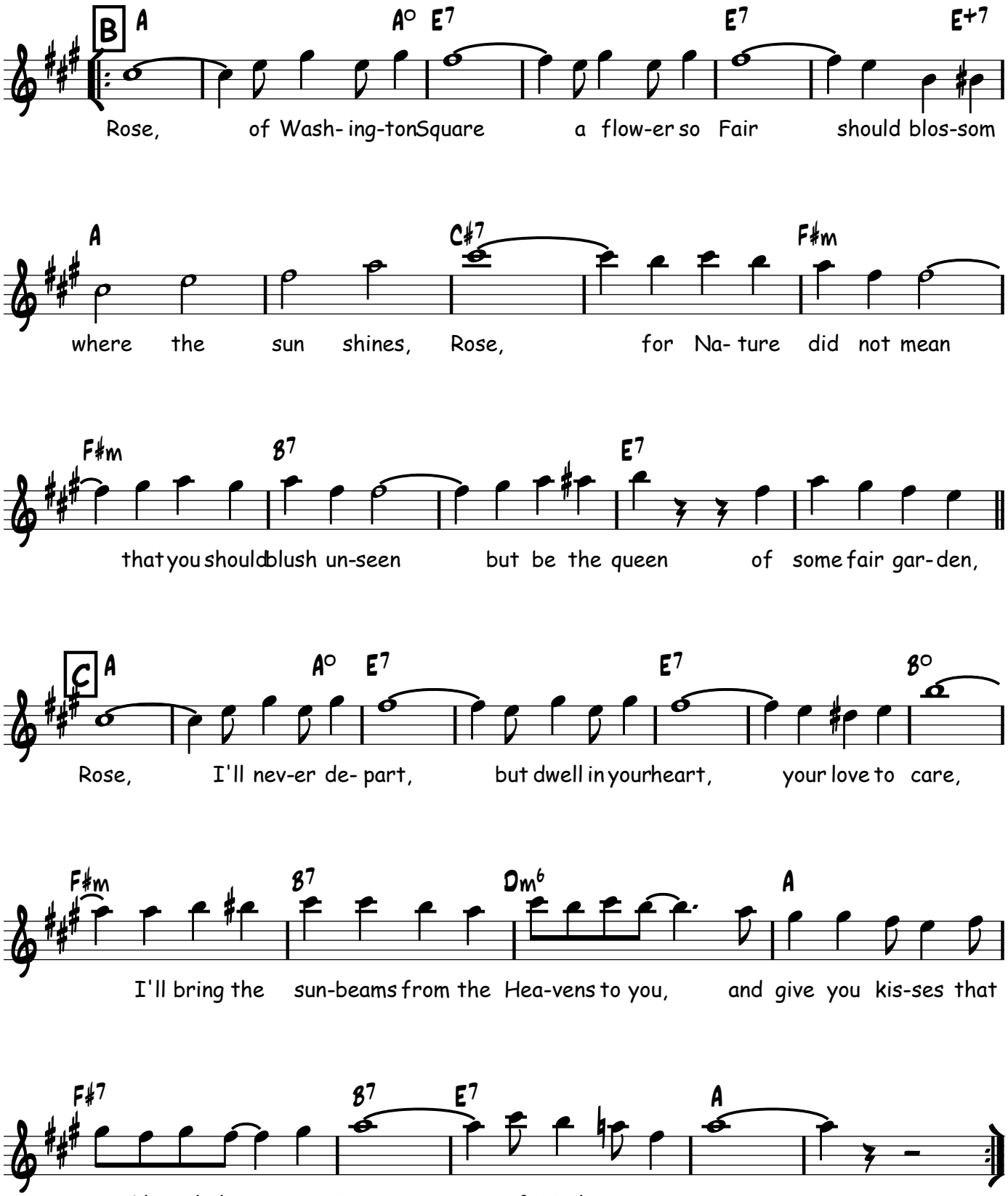
Some of These Days


A
E7 E7 Am E7
Some of these days your gon-na miss me hon - ey. Some of these days
Am Am Dm A7
you'll feel so lone - ly, you'll miss my hug - gin' you'll miss my
D7 D7 D7 D7 G7 G7
kiss - in' you'll miss me hon - ey when you're a - way. You'll be so
B
C7 C7 F F A7
lone - ly just for me on - ly, cuz you know hon - ey
A7 Dm Dm F F#DIM
you al-ways got your way, And when you leave me I know you'll
C A7 D7 G7 C
grieve me you know you'll miss your ba-by oh some of these days.

Rose of Washington Square

James F. Halnley - 1919




B
A
A° E7
E7
E+7
Rose, of Wash- ing-tonSquare a flow-er so Fair should blos-som
A
C♯7
F♯m
where the sun shines, Rose, for Na- ture did not mean
F♯m
B7
E7
that you shouldblush un-seen but be the queen of some fair gar- den,
C
A
A° E7
E7
B°
Rose, I'll nev-er de- part, but dwell in yourheart, your love to care,
F♯m
B7
Dm6
A
I'll bring the sun-beams from the Hea-vens to you, and give you kis-ses that
F♯7
B7
E7
A
spar-kle with dew my Rose of Wash- ing-ton Square.

The Old Rugged Cross

206

George Bernard - 1913



Dear Old Southland

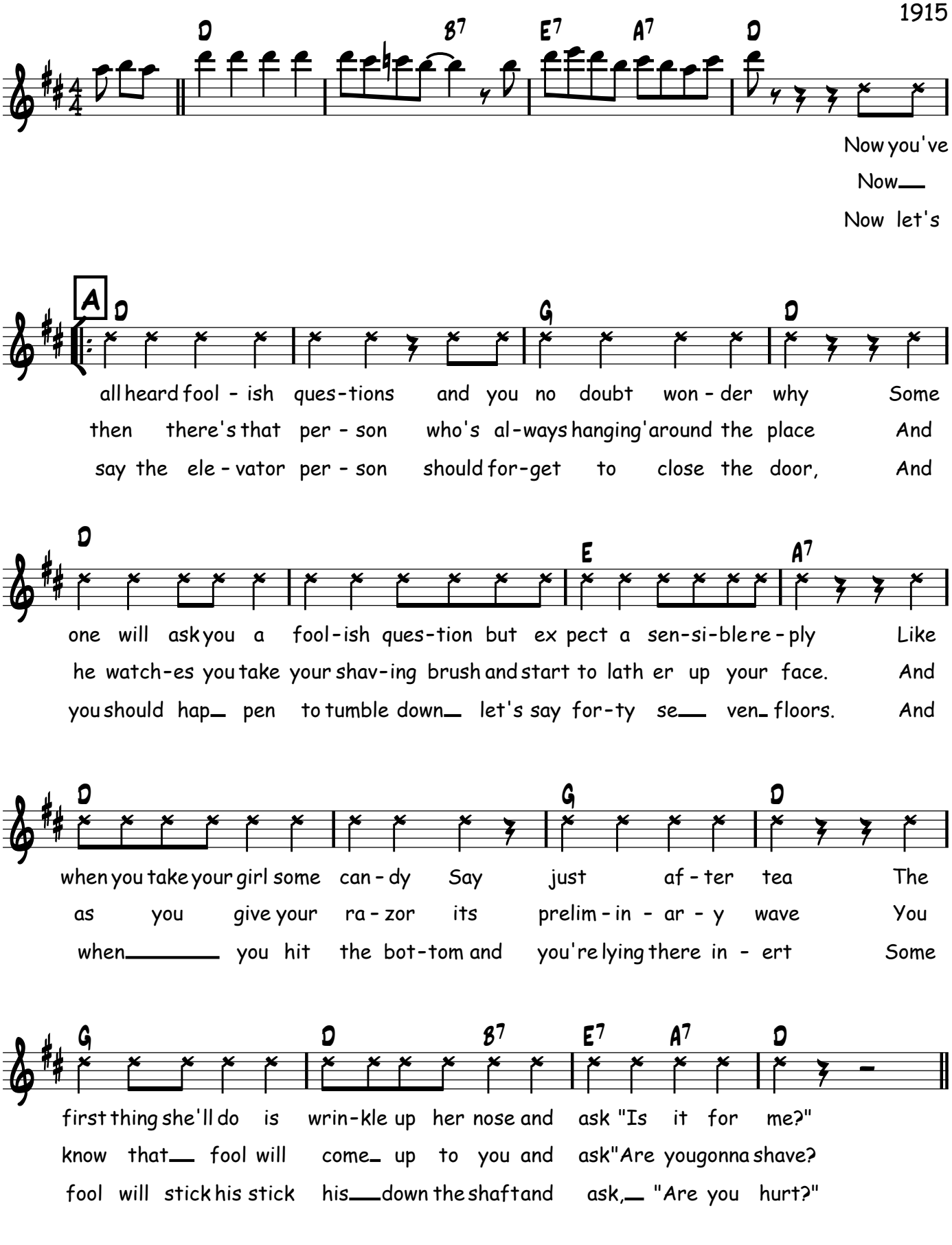
Henry Creamer & Turner Layton - 1921


A
Dm C♯+ F/C A7/C♯ Dm C♯+ F/C A7/C♯
I want to stray to the town I was born, My home town, My lit-tle home town.
Gm B♭ Gm7 A7 Dm C♯+ F/C A7/C♯
I want to play in the cot-ton and corn, To feel it, I used to steal it.
Dm C♯+ F/C F7 B♭
I want to hear dear old Moth-er each morn,
Tuba
B° Dm F° Gm7 A7 Dm A7
say-ing "Go long, go long, go long, go long to school".
B
D D+ G G♯° D G D B7
Dear, Dear Old South land, I hear you call- ing to me.
Dear, Dear Old South-land, for you my heart is yearn- ing.
E7 A7 D D+ G G♯°
And I long, how I long to roam back
And I long just to see once more the
D F° A7/E A7 D G7 D
to my old Ken- tuck- y home.
land I love that Swan- ee shore.

Foolish Questions

♩ = 152

1915


D B7 E7 A7 D
Now you've
Now
Now let's
A D G D
all heard fool - ish ques-tions and you no doubt won - der why Some
then there's that per - son who's al-ways hanging'around the place And
say the ele - vator per - son should for-get to close the door, And
D E A7
one will ask you a fool-ish ques-tion but ex pect a sen-si-ble re - ply Like
he watch-es you take your shav-ing brush and start to lath er up your face. And
you should hap pen to tumble down let's say for-ty se ven floors. And
D G D
when you take your girl some can - dy Say just af - ter tea The
as you give your ra - zor its prelim - in - ar - y wave You
when you hit the bot-tom and you're lying there in - ert Some
G D B7 E7 A7 D
first thing she'll do is wrin-kle up her nose and ask "Is it for me?"
know that fool will come up to you and ask"Are yougonna shave?
fool will stick his stick his down the shaftand ask, "Are you hurt?"


B
D
G
D
Foo - lish ques-tion no doubt you re - ply No it's for your
your reply is I hope No I'm not pre-
I hope that you re - ply No, he just though
You utter your dy-ing moan No, I was in
E
A7
D
Ma or your Pa or it's for someoth-er guy I justwant-ed you to
pared for shav-ing I just love the taste of soap. I like to take my shav
he'd have the fu ne-ral-now and then die la - ter on. Ned was al-ways so ori-
an aw ful hurry and this ele-vator's just too slow. It usual ly saves a lot
G
D
G
D
B7
see it And now I'll take it a - way. A - no-ther fool-ish ques-tion You'll
ing brush and paint my-self up this way.
gi - nal he would have want-ed it that way.
of time com-ing down this way.
1.2.
E7
A7
D
C
C♯m
F♯m
hear them ev'ry day. Then there's this fel - low who meets you on your
C♯m
G♯7
way, And he asks you why you're all dressed up and this is what you say. You're
C♯m
F♯m
just re - turn-ing from the fu - ne - ral of dear old bro - ther
C♯m
G♯7
Ned And as you're ring-ing out your hank-ie he'll ask "Is Ned dead?"

Aggravatin' Papa

Roy Turk & Russell Robinson - 1922

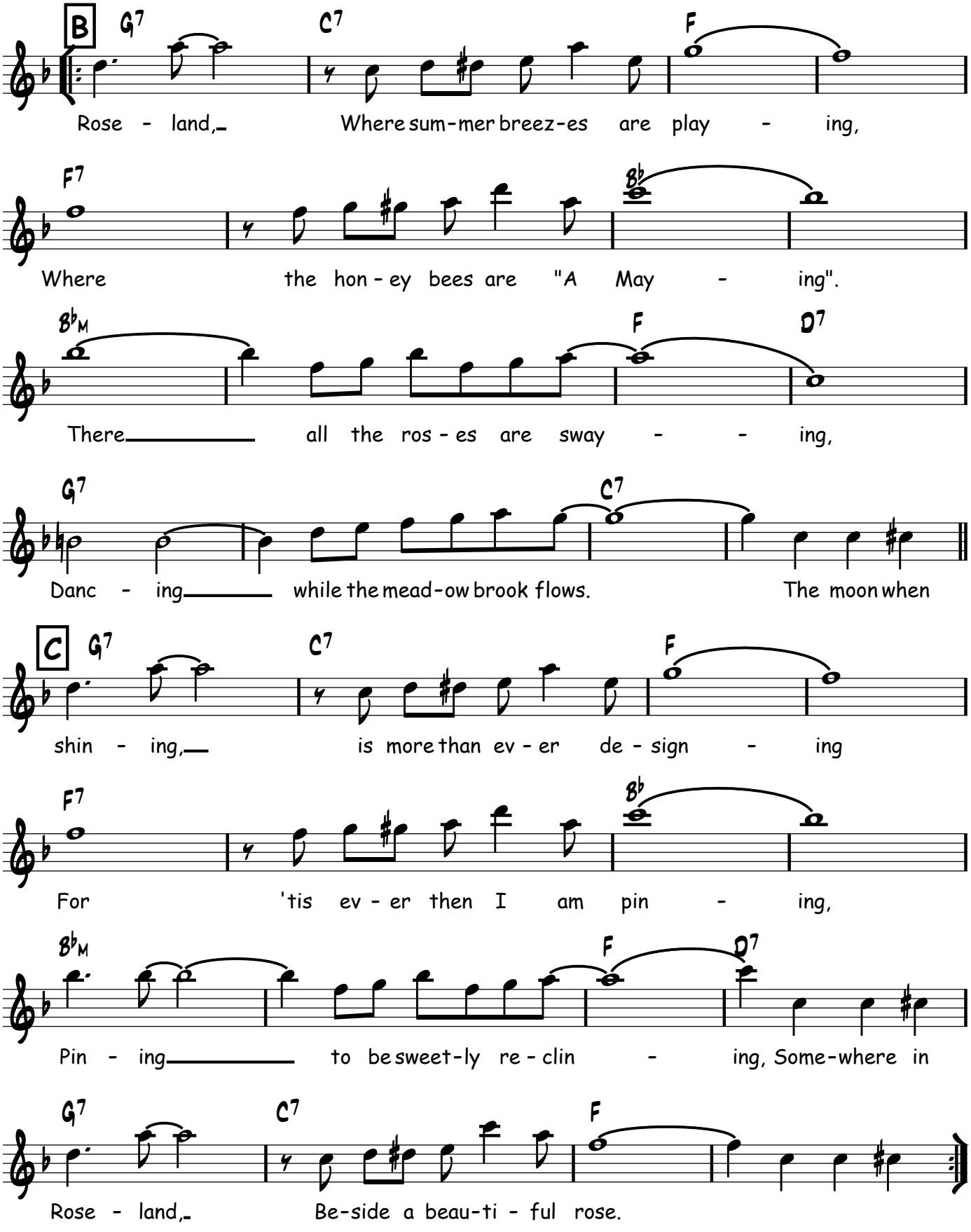



F C C7 F C A7
List- en while I get you told, Stop mess- in''round, sweet jel-ly roll. If
D7 G7 Break 2 bars
you step out with a high brown ba- by, I'll smack you down and I don't mean may- be!
C C A7 D7 G7 C C7
Ag- gra- va- tin' pa- pa, I'll do an- y- thing you say, yes, an- y- thing you say.
F E B7 G7
But when you go strut- tin', Do your strut- tin' round my way. So pa- pa,
Now pa- pa,
Now pa- pa,
Stop Time - Play beats 1 & 4 as marked
C C7 C7 C7 F F F#o F#o
Just treat me pret- ty, Be nice and sweet, 'Cause I pos-sess a fort-y four that don't re- peat!
You best be care-ful,- As you can be, 'Cause I can beat you do- in' what you're doin to me,
Once you were stead-y Once you were true, But pa- pa, now sweet ma- ma can't de- pend on you,
C A7 D7 G7 C C7 F Fm C G7
Ag- gra- va- tin' pa- pa, Don't you try to two-time me!

Rose Room

Harry Williams and Art Hickman - 1917

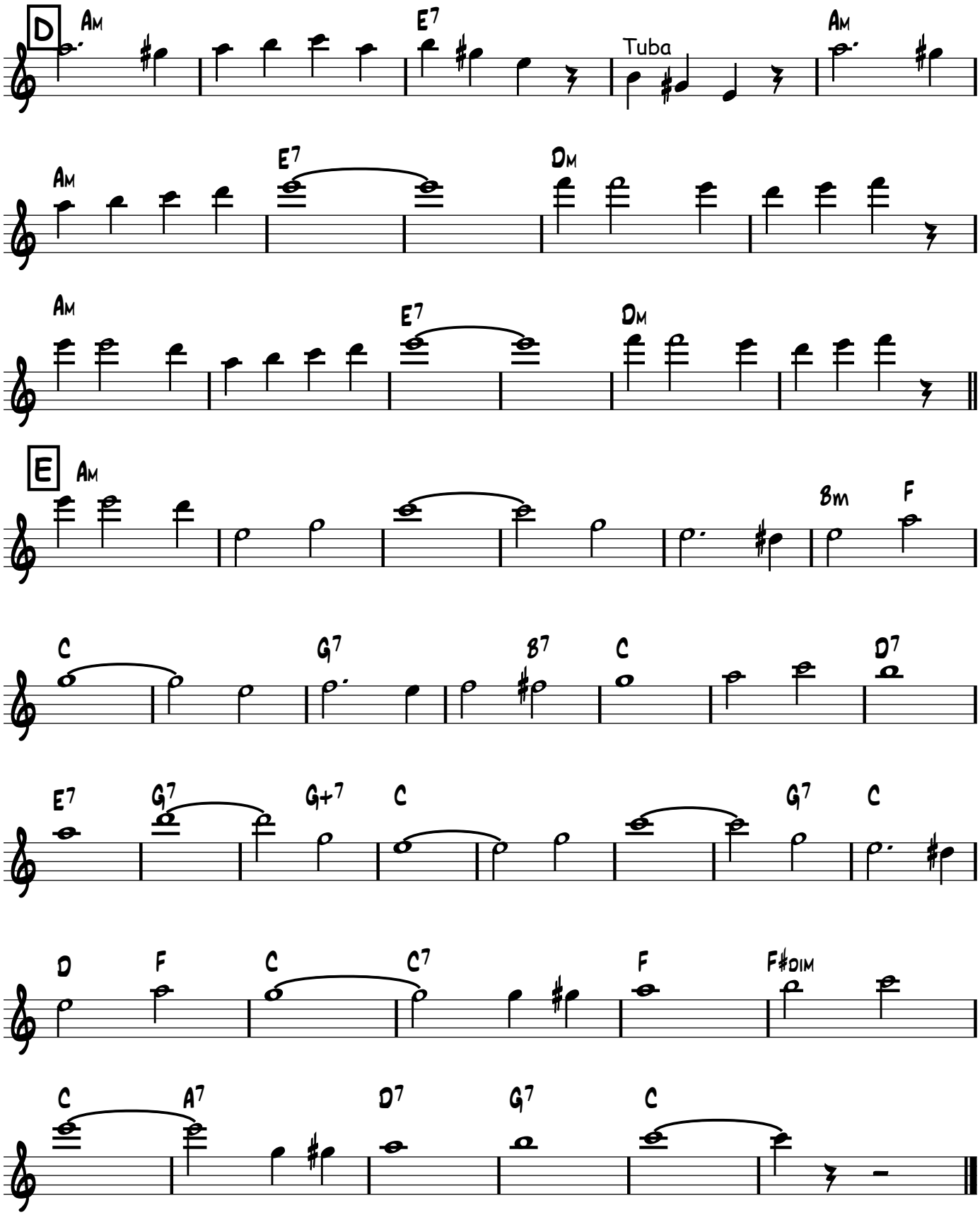



B
G7
C7
F
Rose - land, Where sum-mer breez-es are play - ing,
F7
B♭
Where the hon - ey bees are "A May - ing".
B♭M
F
D7
There all the ros - es are sway - - ing,
G7
C7
Danc - ing while the mead-ow brook flows. The moon when
C
G7
C7
F
shin - ing, is more than ev - er de - sign - ing
F7
B♭
For 'tis ev - er then I am pin - ing,
B♭M
F
D7
Pin - ing to be sweet-ly re - clin - ing, Some-where in
G7
C7
F
Rose - land, Be-side a beau-ti - ful rose.

High Society

1901



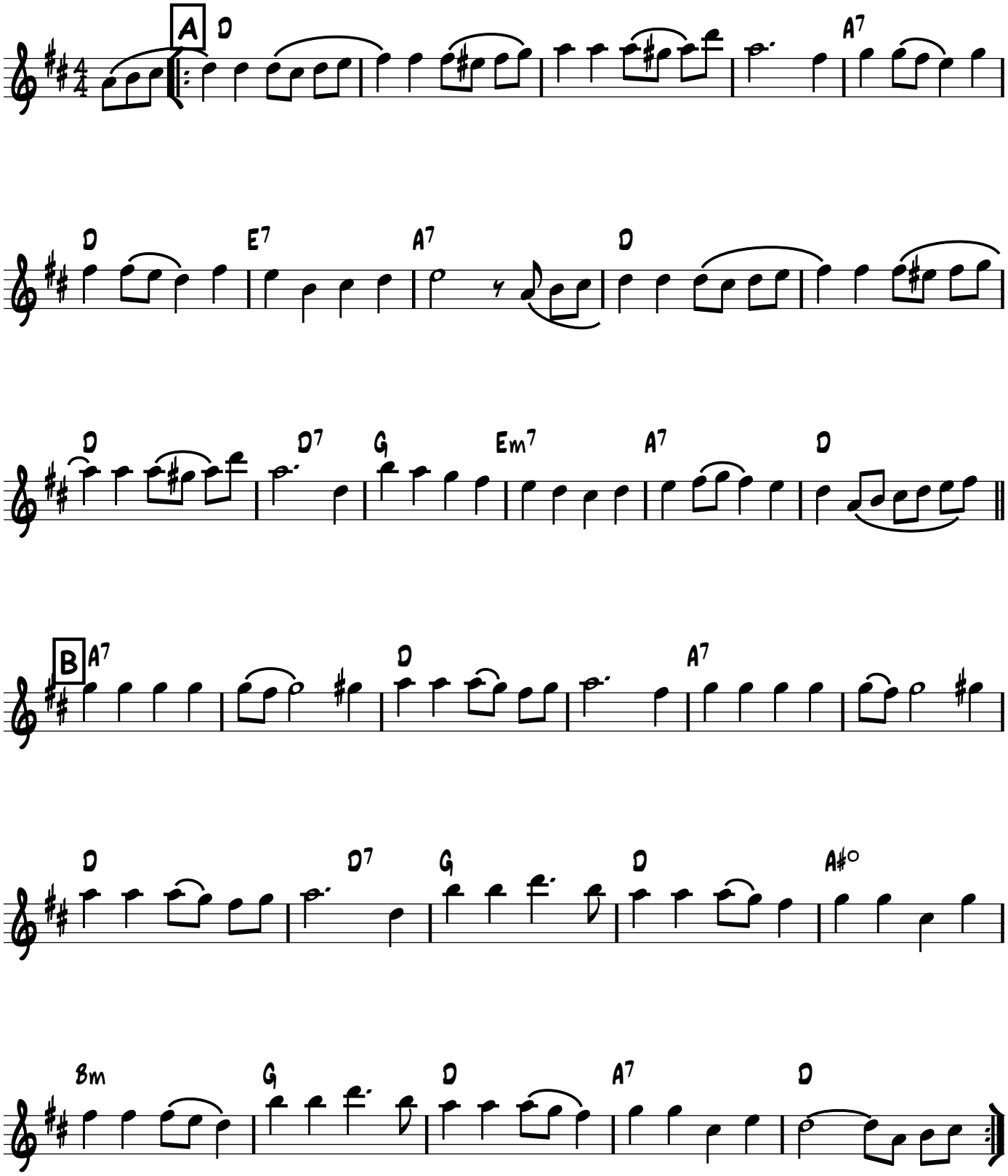

D
Am
E7
Tuba
Am
Am
E7
Dm
Am
E7
Dm
E
Am
Bm
F
C
G7
B7
C
D7
E7
G7
G+7
C
G7
C
D
F
C
C7
F
F#dim
C
A7
D7
G7
C

Alphonse Picou Clarinet Solo



American Patrol

F.W. Meacham - 1891



Tiger Rag

The Original Dixieland Jazz Band - 1917




D
G
C
F
A7
Dm
D#°
C
G7
C
C7
E
F
F
C7
C7
C7
C7
F
Solo Break
F
F
F
F7
Bb
Bb
Bb
B°
F
D7
G7
C7
F
Solos at "E"

At The Devil's Ball

Irving Berlin - 1913


A
F♯m
I had a dream last night, - That filled me full of fright: - I dreamt that I was with the
F♯m
E7
Dev - il be - low. In his great big fier- y hall, Where the
A
C♯7
F♯m
Dev- il was giv- ing a Ball. I checked my coat and hat and start-ed-
F♯m
gaz-ing at the mer-ry crowd that came to wit-ness the show. And I
B7
E7
must con- fess to you, There were ma- ny there I knew. At the


B
A
B7
E7
Dev-il's Ball, At the Dev-il's Ball, I saw the cute Mrs. Dev- il, so
A
A#o
E7
A
A#o
pret-ty- and fat, Dressed in a lit- tle red fire- man's hat.
B7
E7
Eph-re-ham, the lead-er man, who led the band last Fall, He played the mu-sic at the
C
A
B7
Dev-il's Ball, In the Dev-il's- Hall. I saw the
E7
A
E7
A
A7
fun-ni-est dev- il that I ev-er saw, Tak-ing the tick- ets from folks at the door,
D
C#7
F#m
B7
B7
E7
I caught a glimpse of my moth-er in- law, Danc-ing with the Dev-il,
B7
E7
B7
E7
A
Oh! the lit-tle Dev-il, Danc-ing- at the Dev-il's- Ball. At the

At The Jazz Band Ball

♩ = 180

Original Dixieland Jazz band - 1918



Under The Bamboo Tree

♩ = 164

Bob Cole - 1902

A

F Gm C7 F Gm C7 B♭

Down in the jun-gles lived a maid, of roy-al blood though dusk-y shade.

A7 Dm G7 C7

a marked im-pres-sion once she made, up-on a Zu-lu from Ma-ta-boo-loo

F Gm C7 F Gm C7 B♭

And ev-ry morn-ing he would be down un-der-neath a bam-boo tree,

A7 Dm G7 C7

a-wait-ing there his love to see. and then to her he'd sing: If

B

F

you like - a me like I like - a you and we like - a both the same,

C7 F C7

I like - a say, this ve - ry day, I like - a change your name. 'Cause

F

I love - a you and love - a you true and if you a love a me,

C7 F

One live as two, two live as one, un-der the bam-boo tree.

Darktown Strutter's Ball

Sheldon Brooks - 1917


A
G G° Am7 D7 G G°
I've got some good news hon - ey, An in - vi - ta - tion to the
We'll meet our high-toned neigh - bors, An ex - hi - bi - tion of the
D7 D7 D7 C7 B7
Dark-town Ball. It's a ver - y swell af - fair, All the
"ba - by Dolls", And each one will do their best, Just to
Em A7 D7 G G° D7
"high - browns"will be there. I'll wear my high silk hat and a frock tail coat, You
out - class all the rest. And there'll be danc-ersfrom ev-'ry for-eign land, The
B7 Em D D+7
wear your Par - is gown and your new silk shawl, There ain't no doubt a -
clas - sic, buck and wing, and the wood-en clog. We'll win that fif - ty
Bm D7 Em A7 D7
bout it babe, We'll be the best dressed in the hall. I'll be
dol - lar prize When we step out and "Walk the Dog".


B
G
E7
A7
down to get you in a tax-i hon-ey, You'd bet-ter be read y a-bout half-past eight.
D7
G/B
G°
Am7
D7
Now dear-ie don't be late_ I want to be there when the band starts play-ing, Re
C
G
E7
A7
mem-ber when we get there hon-ey, The two steps I'm goin' to have 'em all._ Goin' to
C
C♯°
G
F♯7
E7
dance out both my shoes, When they play the "Jel ly Roll Blues" To -
A7
D7
G
Gdim
Am7
D7
mor-row night at the Dar-town Strut-ter's Ball. I'll be

Japanese Sandman

Raymond Egan & Richard Whiting - 1920


A
Dm Bbmaj7 C#o Dm Bb9 G#9 A7
Won't you strecth im-ag-i-na-tion for the mo-ment and come with me. Let us
Dm Bbmaj7 C#o Dm Gm6 G#o7 Eo/A A7
hast-en to a na-tion ly-ing o-ver the west ern sea. Hide be-
F Gm7 F6
hind the cher-ry blos-soms here's a sight that will please your eyes.
A7 Dm Dm D7 Gm D7
There's a ba-by with a la-dy of Ja - pan sing-ing lu - la - bies.
Gm A+7 D D
Night winds breathe her sighs.
Here's the Jap-an-ese


B
D
B7
E7
Sand man, Sneak- ing in with the dew. Just an old sec-ond hand man,
A7
D
D
He'll buy your old day from you. He will take ev-'ry sor- row of the day that is
F♯
C♯7
F♯
through, And he'll give you to- mor row Just to start life a new.
C
A7
D
D7
G
Then you'll be a bit old- er In the dawn when you wake, And you'll be a bit
Gm
Em
A7
D
bold- er with the new day you make. Here's the Jap-an-ese Sand man,
D
D°
Trade him sil- ver for Just an old sec- ond
Em7
A7
D
G7
D
A7
hand man, trad-ing new days for old.

April Showers

Louis Silvers & Bud DeSylva
1921



The Whiffenpoof Song

Tod B. Galloway - 1909


A
C C♯° G7 Dm7
We're poor lit-tle lambs who have lost our way. Baa!
G7 C G7 C C♯°
Baa! Baa! We're lit- tle black sheep who have
G7 Dm7 G7 C
gone a- stray, Baa! Baa! Baa.
B
Am Cm G7 G+7
Gen - tle-men song - sters Off on a spree, Doomed from here to e-
C C7 B7 B♭7A7
ter- ni- ty. Lord have mer- cy on
Dm7 G7 C Fm6 C G7
such as we, Baa! Baa! Baa!

Livery Stable Blues, a la Muggsy Spanier

(Barnyard Blues)

Lopez & Nuñes, 1917




C
C
Harmonize
Clarinet Break
Cornet "Horse Whinny"
F
Trombone
F
C
D7
G7
C
C°
G7
C
1 X Only - Trombone
D
C
Solos
C7
F7
C
A7
D7
G7
C
C°
G
C
E
C
Harmonize
Break: 3 Bars:
Clarinet Break
Cornet "Horse Whinny"
F
Trombone
F
C
A7
D7
G7
C
C°
G7
C
Back to "B" - Take CODA:

Somebody Stole My Gal

Leo Wood 1918

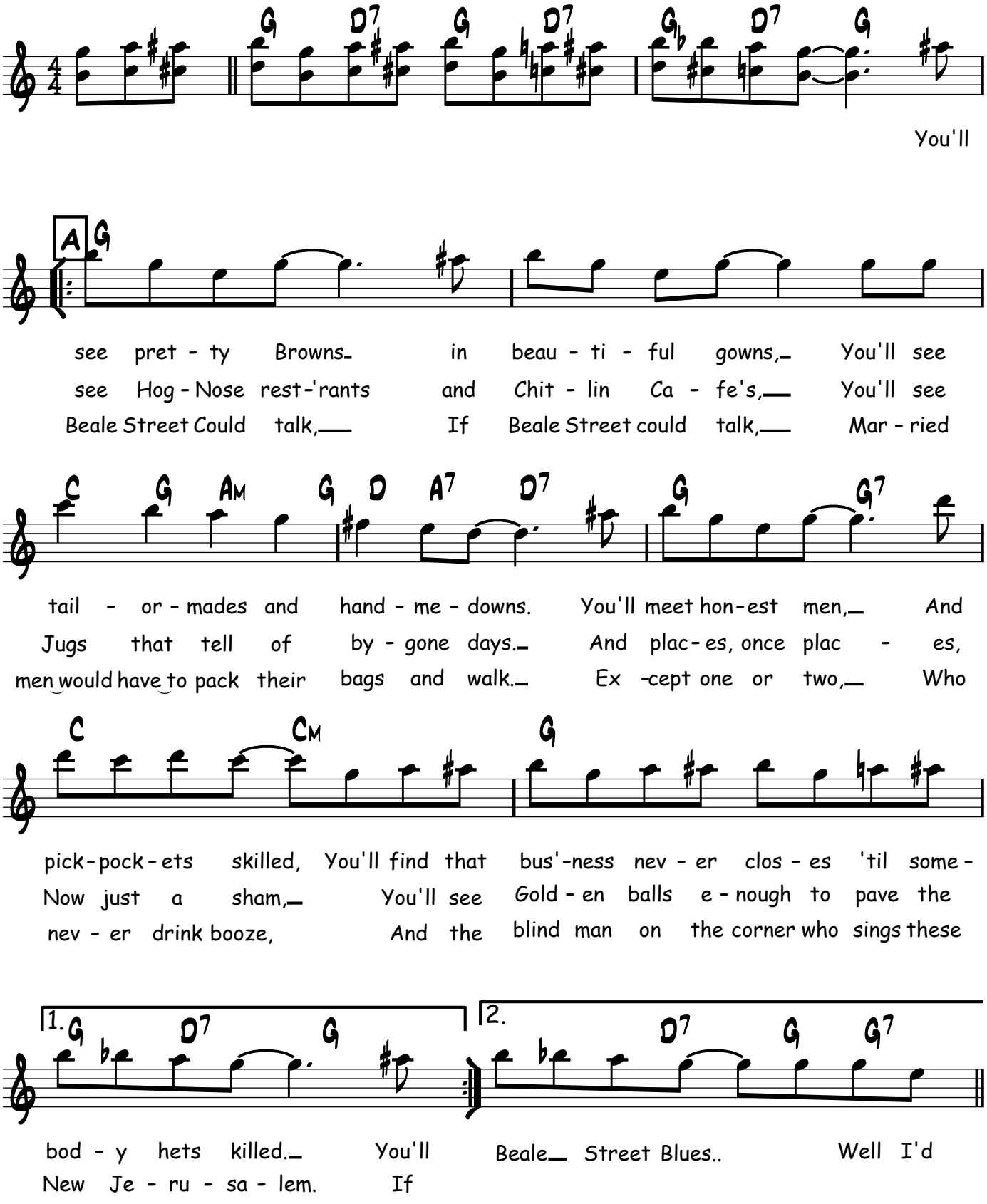

A
C C°/D♯ G7 C C°/D♯ G7
Gee but I'm lone- some, lone- some and blue, I've found out some- thing I nev- er knew.
A7 D7 G7
I know now what it means to be sad, For I've lost the best gal I ev- er had.
Dm A7 Dm D7 G7
She on- ly left yes- ter - day, Some- bo- dy stole her a - way.
Bass Pickups
B
C Eb° G7/D G7 G7 G+7 C B♭7
Some- bod- y stole my gal. Some- bod- y stole my pal.
A7 D7 D7 G7
bar break
Some- bod- y came and took her a- way. She did- n't ev- en, say she was leav- in'.
C
C Eb° G7/D G7 G7 F7 E7 G7
The kis- ses I love so, He's get- tin' now I know. But
C C7 F Fm
Gee! I know that she, would come to me, if she could see, her
C D7 Dm7 G7
bro- ken heart- ed, lone- some pal. Some bod- y stole my
1. C A7 D7 G7
gal!
C F7 C
gal!

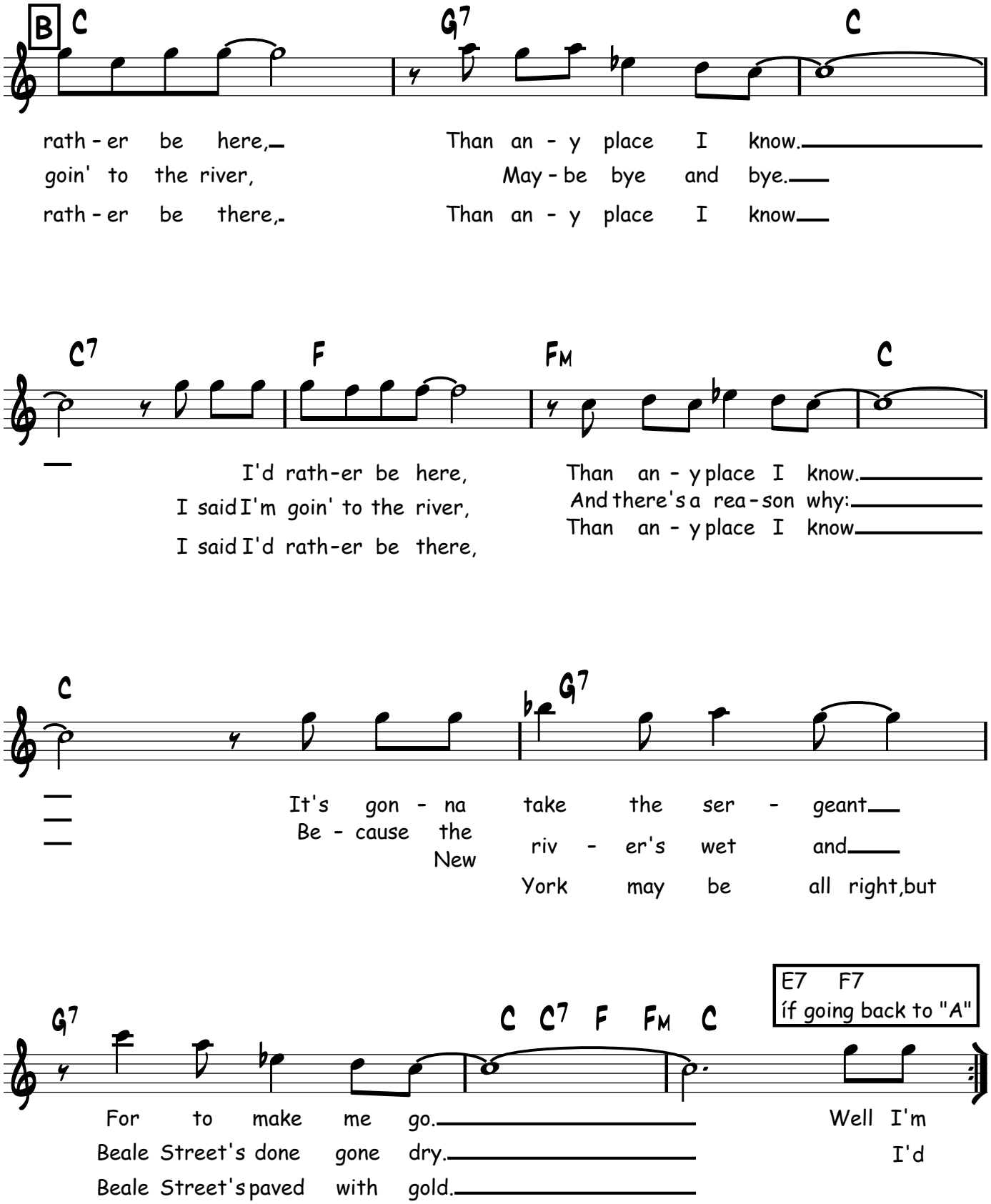
Somebody Stole My Gal
(Foxtrot Version)

Leo Wood - 1918


A
C Co G7/D G7 G7 G+7
Some- bod-y stole my gal. Some- bod-y stole my
Bass Pickups
C C7 B7 Bb7 A7 D7
pal. Some- bod- y came and took her a- way.
D7 D7 G7
She did- n't ev- en, say she was leav- in'.
B
C Co G7/D G7 G7 G+7 C
The kis-ses I love so, He's get- tin' now I know.
G7 C C7 F
But Gee! I know that she, would come to me, if she could
Fo C Co G7 C D7 D7
see, her bro- ken heart- ed, lone- some pal.
Dm7 G7 G+7 1. C A7 D7 G7 C F7 C
Some bod- y stole my gal!

Beale St. Blues


G D7 G D7 Gb D7 G
You'll
A G
see pret - ty Browns in beau - ti - ful gowns, You'll see
see Hog - Nose rest-'rants and Chit - lin Ca - fe's, You'll see
Beale Street Could talk, If Beale Street could talk, Mar - ried
C G Am G D A7 D7 G G7
tail - or - mades and hand - me - downs. You'll meet hon-est men, And
Jugs that tell of by - gone days. And plac-es, once plac - es,
men would have to pack their bags and walk. Ex -cept one or two, Who
C Cm G
pick-pock-ets skilled, You'll find that bus'-ness nev - er clos - es 'til some-
Now just a sham, You'll see Gold - en balls e - nough to pave the
nev - er drink booze, And the blind man on the corner who sings these
1. G D7 G
bod - y hets killed. You'll
New Je - ru - sa - lem. If
2. D7 G G7
Beale Street Blues.. Well I'd


B
C
G7
C
rath - er be here, Than an - y place I know.
goin' to the river, May - be bye and bye.
rath - er be there, Than an - y place I know
C7
F
FM
C
I'd rath-er be here, Than an - y place I know.
I said I'm goin' to the river, And there's a rea - son why:
I said I'd rath-er be there, Than an - y place I know
C
G7
It's gon - na take the ser - geant
Be - cause the riv - er's wet and
New York may be all right,but
G7
C C7 F FM C
E7 F7
if going back to "A"
For to make me go. Well I'm
Beale Street's done gone dry. I'd
Beale Street's paved with gold.

Stock Yard Strut




BDIM
BDIM
F
D7
G7
C7
F
F
C
F
F
DM
F
F
F
F#DIM
C7
C7
C7
C7
C7
C7
C7
C7
F
F
F
F
F
F7
F7
B♭
B♭
BDIM
BDIM
F
D7
G7
C7
Rhythm section plays charleston rhythm
F7
FDIM
B♭M7
F
F7
FDIM
B♭M7
F

On The Alamo

Isham Jones & Gus Kahn - 1922


A
Amaj7 Bm7 A B7 F#m7 Dm B7
Where the moon swings low On the Al- a- mo, In a gar-den
Bm7 E7 C#m7 C7 Bm7 E7
fair where ros- es grow, In the ten- der
Amaj7 Bm7 A G#7 C#m7 F#7 F#m7
light of the sum- mer night, I can hear her
B7 Bm7 E7 Break
wan- der to and fro. For she said I'll
B Amaj7 Bm7 A B7 F#m7 Dm B7
wait by the gar- den gate, On the night I
Bm7 E7 C#m7 C7 Bm7 C#7
said "I love you so". And in all my
F#m A D#o
dreams it seems I go Where the moon swings
B7 Bm7 E7 A D7 A
low, On the Al- a- mo.

When The Saints


A
D D7 G G♯DIM D
I am just a wea - ry pil - grim Plod-ding thru this
Well I pray each day to heav-en, For thestrength to
Want to join the heav'nly- band, Want to play in the
E7 A7 D D7
land of sin; Gett - ing read - y for that
help me win, I want to be in that pro -
ang - el band, Want to hear the trum - pets
G G♯DIM D A7 D
ci - ty, When the saints come march - ing in. Oh when the
cess-ion, When the saints come march - ing in.
blow-ing, When the saints come march - ing in.
B
D D D D D
saints go march-ing in Oh when the saints go
D D♯DIM EM7 A7 D D7
march - ing in Oh lord I want to be in that
G GM7 D A7 D
num-ber When the saints go march - ing in.

Some Sweet Day

Tony Jackson
Ed Rose - Abe Olman - 1917

♩ = 146

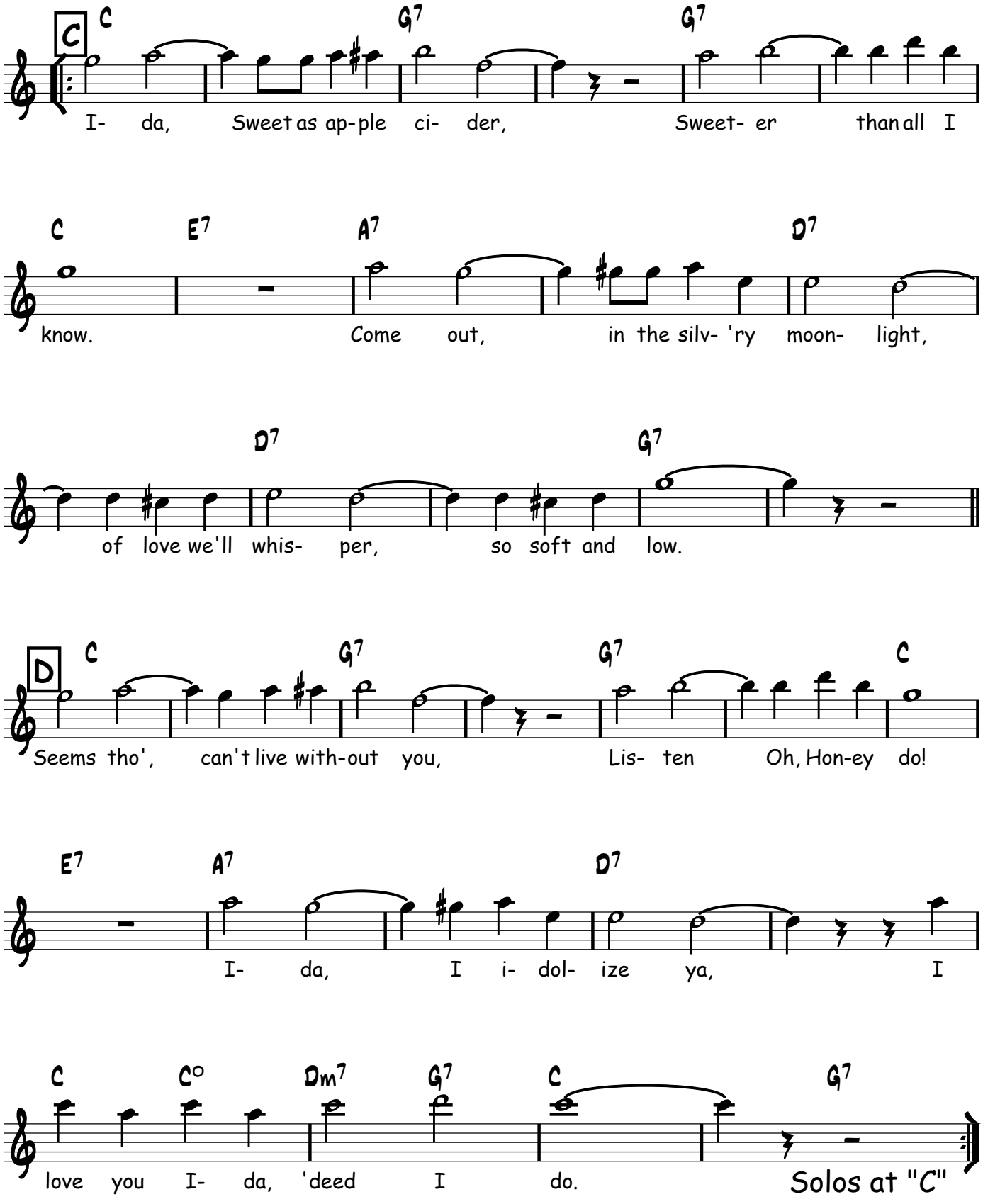

A
A/C♯ C° E7/B A♯° Bm E7 E+ A A° E7
Al - though it's spring the birds don't sing. You're leav-ing me to - day. It's
A Am E C♯7 F♯m B7 E7 E+
not the first time my poor heart has been in pain this way. In
A/C♯ C° E7/B A♯° Bm E7 E+ A
win-ter time. you're good and kind, For - ev-er by my side, But when
E/B Am C E/B C♯7 F♯m B7 E
sum-mer's near you dis-ap - pear, Don't ev - en say good- bye. You're goin'to
B7 E7 B7 E7
long for me some - day, But I'll be far a - way. 'Cause when the


B
A A7 A7/G B7/F♯ B7
cold wind does blow with its ice and its snow, Then your heart
E7 A C° E7/B E7
soon will melt for each sor- row I have felt. And when your
A A7 A7/G B7/F♯ B7
friends turn a - way, time will prove what I say. Now's your time,
E7 A A7 A° E7 A
I'll have mine Some Sweet Day. (Yes, Some Sweet Day.)

Ida, Sweet As Apple Cider

Eddie Munson & Eddie Leonard - 1903


A
C Eb° G7 Dm7 G7
In the re-gion where the ros- es al-ways bloom, Breath-ing out up-
Dm7 G7 C G7 C Eb°
on the air their sweet per-fume, Lives a dus- ky maid I long to
G7 A7 D7 G G7
call my own, For I know my love for her will nev-er die;
B
C Eb° G7 G7
When the sun is sink- in' in that gold- en West, Lit- tle Rob- in
G7 C G7 C
Red Breast gone to seek their nests. Then I sneak down to that place I
G7 A7 D7 G7 G+7
love the best, Ev-'ry ev'n-ing there a- lone I sigh:


C
C
G7
G7
I- da, Sweet as ap-ple ci- der, Sweet- er than all I
C
E7
A7
D7
know. Come out, in the silv- 'ry moon- light,
D7
G7
of love we'll whis- per, so soft and low.
D
C
G7
G7
C
Seems tho', can't live with-out you, Lis- ten Oh, Hon-ey do!
E7
A7
D7
I- da, I i- dol- ize ya, I
C
C°
Dm7
G7
C
G7
love you I- da, 'deed I do.
Solos at "C"

Someday Sweetheart

Spike Brothers & Carter - 1919




B
D A+7 D C♯7 C7 B7
heart, you may be sor- ry for what you've
E7 A7 D D♯o A7/E
done to my poor heart. You may re-
D A+7 D F♯m
gret the vows you've bro- ken, The
C♯7 F♯m A7
things you did that made us drift a- part, You're hap- py
C D9 G6
now, and can't see how, the wear- y
E9 A7
blues will ev- er come to you. But as you
D A+7 D C♯7 C7 B7 E7
sow so shall you reap, dear, and what you reap will make you
A7 G7 A7
weep some - day, sweet - heart. Some - day Sweet -

'Til We Meet Again

1918


A
Dm A7 Dm C7 F C7
There's a song in the land of the li - ly Each sweet - heart has heard with a
Tho' good - bye means the birth of a tear drop Hel - lo means the birth of a
F A7 Dm
sigh. O - ver high gar - den walls This sweet e - cho
smile And the smile will e - rase The tear blight - ing
Dm C G7 C7 C7+
falls As a sol - dier boy whis - pers good - bye
trace When we meet in the af - ter - a - while
B
F C7 C7 F F7
Smile the while you kiss me sad a - dieu When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.
B♭ B♭m F D7 G7 C7 C+7
Then the skies will seem more blue, down in lov - ers land my dear - ie
C
F C7 C7 F
Wed - ding bells will ring so mer - ri - ly, Ev - 'ry tear will be a mem - o -
F7 B♭ B♭m F D7 G7 C7 F
ry. So wait and pray each night for me, 'Til we meet a - gain.

Just A Closer Walk

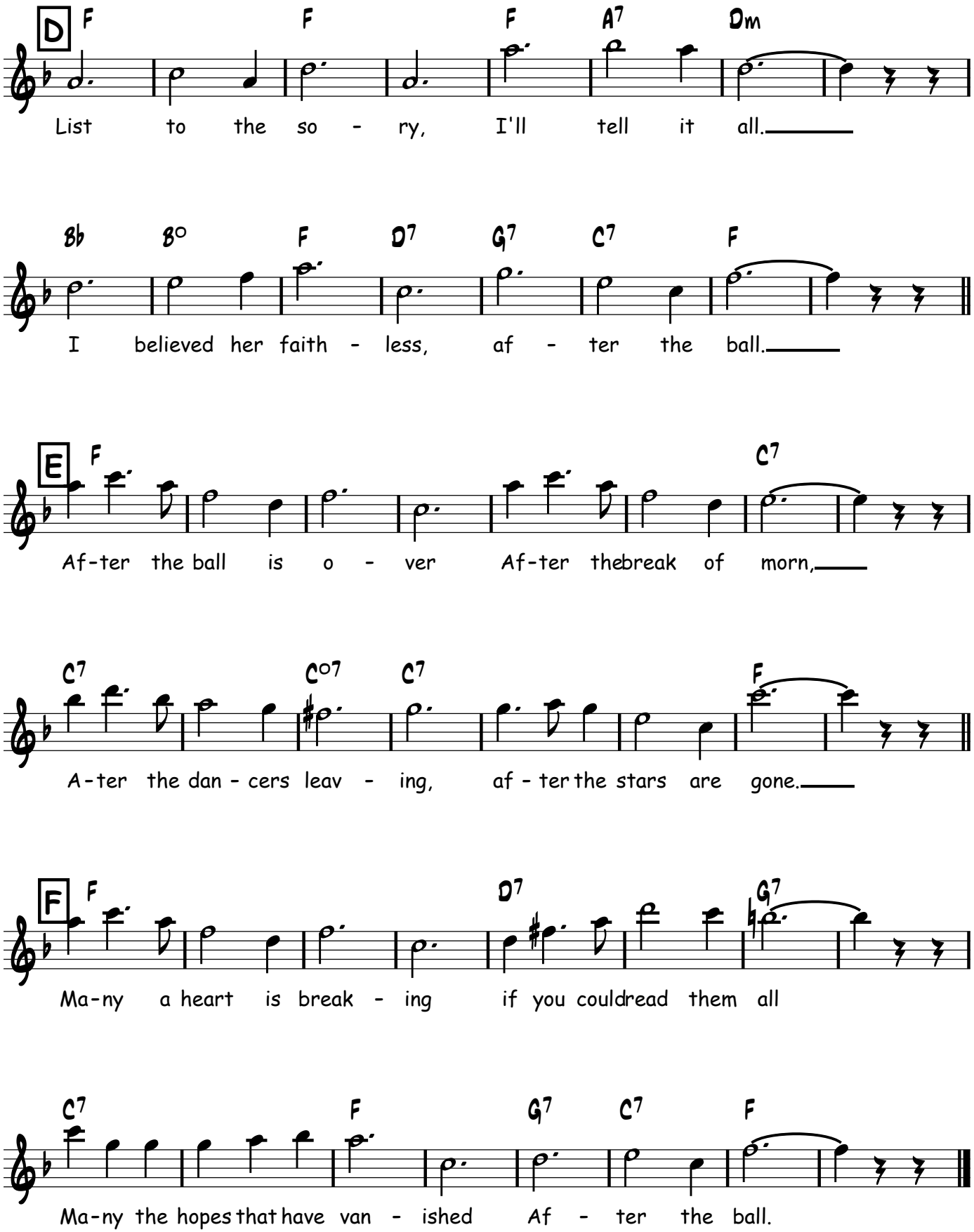


After The Ball

Charles K Harris - 1891

♩ = 100




D
F F F A7 Dm
List to the so - ry, I'll tell it all.
B♭ B° F D7 G7 C7 F
I believed her faith - less, af - ter the ball.
E
F C7
Af-ter the ball is o - ver Af-ter thebreak of morn,
C7 C°7 C7 F
A-ter the dan - cers leav - ing, af - ter the stars are gone.
F
F D7 G7
Ma-ny a heart is break - ing if you couldread them all
C7 F G7 C7 F
Ma-ny the hopes that have van - ished Af - ter the ball.

When The Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves For Alabam'

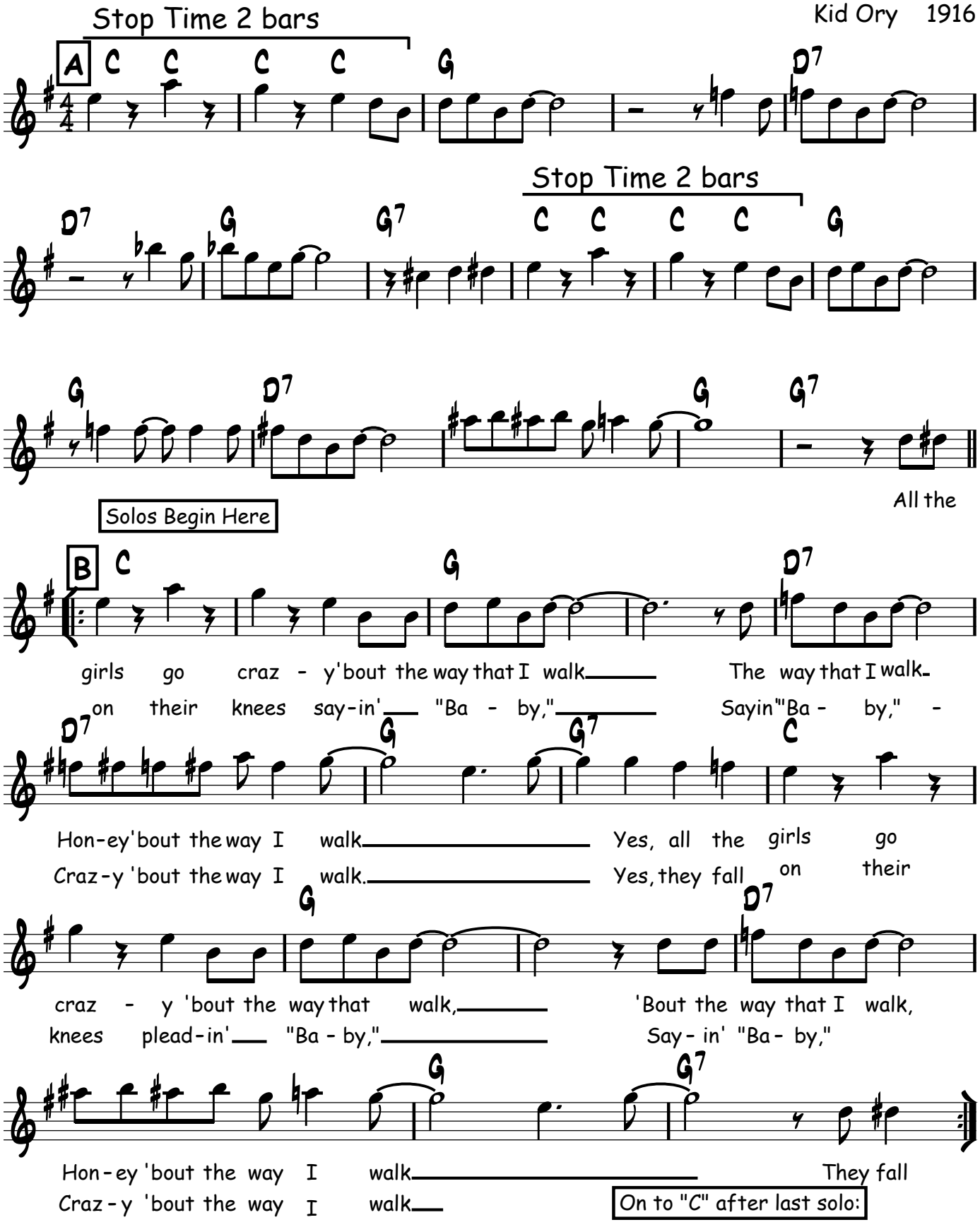
Irving Berlin - 1912


A
C G+ C G+ C
I've had a might-y bu-sy- day, I've had to pack my things a- way. Now I'H
The minute that I reach the place, I'm goin'to ov- er- feed my face, 'Cause I
C F Fm C
give the land-lord back his rust- y key, The ver- y key, That opened
have-n't had a good meal since the day I went a- way. I'm goin'to
C G+ C G+ C C#o D7
up my drear-y- flat, Where ma- ny wear- y nights I sat, Think-ing of the folks down
kiss my Pa and Ma, a doz-en times for ev-'ry star, Shin- ing o- ver Al- a-
D7 G G° G G7
home who think of me. That is why you'll hear me
ba- ma's new mown hay. I'll be glad e- nough to
D7 G7 G° G7
sing- ing mer- ri- ly; When that
throw my- self a- way.


B
C G7 C G7
mid-night choo-chodeaves for Al- a- bam', I'll be right there, I've got my
C C G7 C
fare. When I see that dust-y haired con- duc- tor- man, I'll grab him
D7 G7
by the col-lar And I'll hol- ler, "Al- a-bam! Al- a-bam!"- That's whereyou
C C7 F A7
stop this train, That's takin'me home a-gain. Back home where I'll re-main,
A7 Dm G#7 C E7
Where my hon- ey- lamb am. I will be rightthere with bells, When that old con-
Am G7 C G7
duc-tor yells, "All a-board! All a-board! All a-board for Al- a- bam'.When that

All The Girls Go Crazy

Kid Ory 1916


Stop Time 2 bars
A
C C C C
G
D7
Stop Time 2 bars
D7 G G7 C C C C G
G D7 G G7
All the
Solos Begin Here
B
C G D7
girls go craz - y'bout the way that I walk The way that I walk-
on their knees say-in' "Ba - by," Sayin' "Ba - by," -
D7 G G7 C
Hon-ey'bout the way I walk Yes, all the girls go
Craz-y 'bout the way I walk. Yes, they fall on their
G D7
craz - y 'bout the way that walk, 'Bout the way that I walk,
knees plead-in' "Ba - by," Say - in' "Ba - by,"
G G7
Hon - ey 'bout the way I walk They fall
Craz - y 'bout the way I walk
On to "C" after last solo:


C
Chorus: 1st Time Soft:
C
G
D7
G
G7
C
C
G
D7
G
G7
D
Climax Chorus: ad lib:
C
G
D7
G
G7
C
G
G
D7
G
C7
G

By the Light of the Silvery Moon

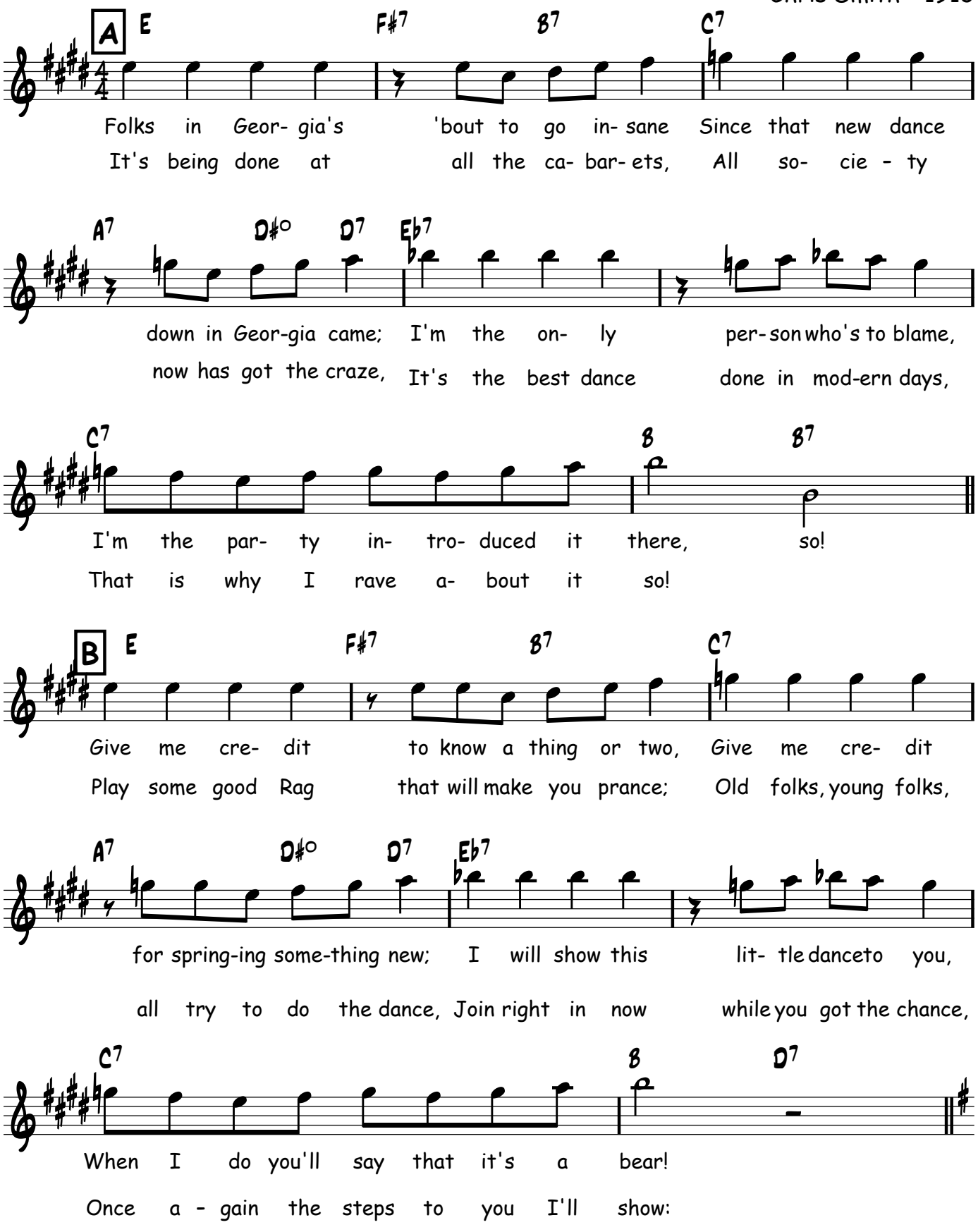
Gus Edwards & Edward Madden
1909

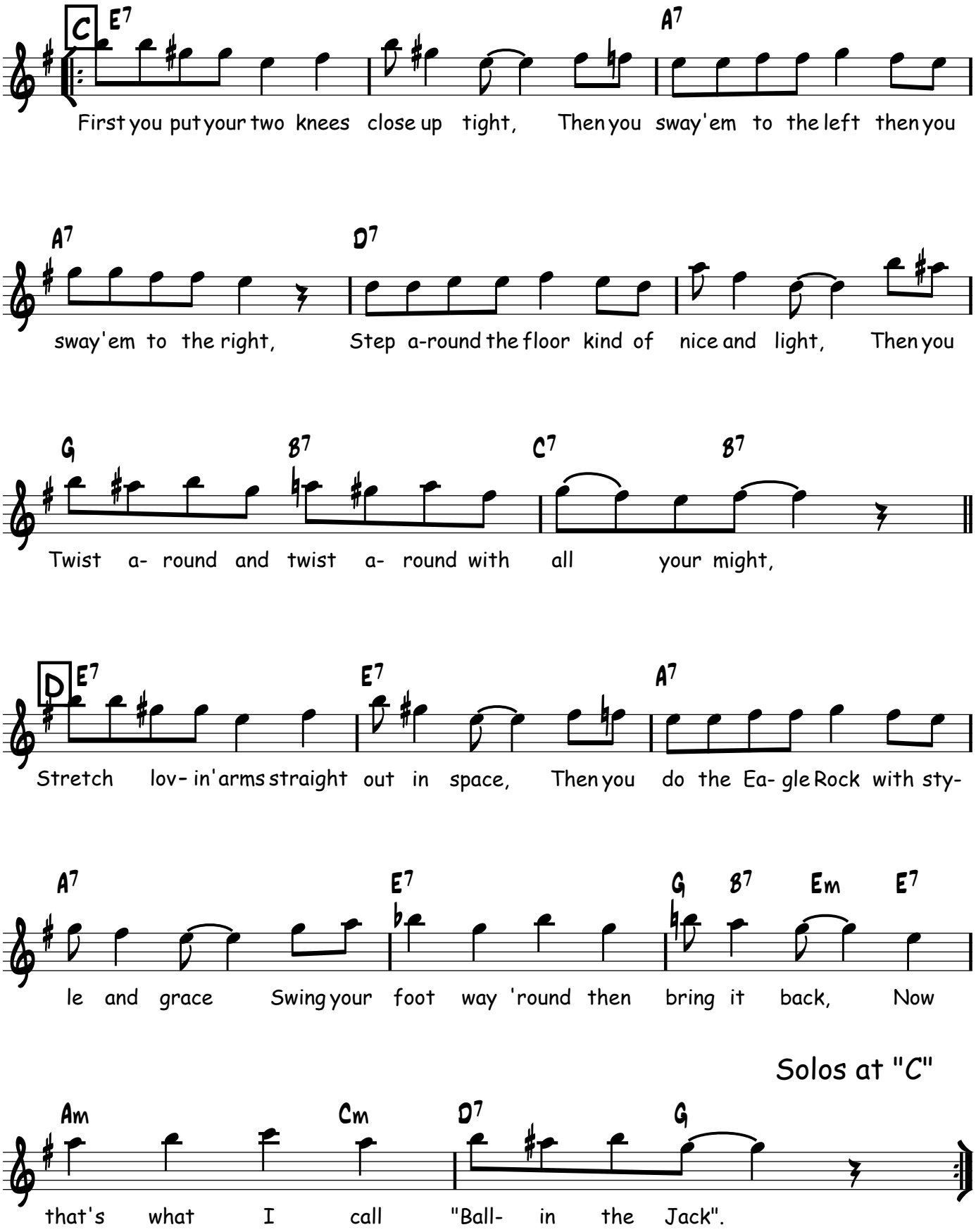

A A Adim E7 A A Adim Bm
Place park scene dark, Sil-v'ry moon is shin-ing thru the trees,
Act two, scene new, Ros-es bloom-ing all a-round the place.
Bm C#7 F#7 Bm E7 Bm7 E7 Bm7 A E7
Cast two, me, you, Sound of kiss-es float-ing on the breeze.
Cast three, you, me Preach-er with a sol-emn look-ing face.
A Adim E7 A A Am6
Act one, be - gun Di - a-logue, "where woud you like to
Choir sings, bell rings Preach-er, "You are wed for e-ver
E B7 E C#m F#m F#m7 B7 E7
spoon?" My cue, with you, Un-der-neath the sil-v'ry moon. By the
more." Act two, all through, Ev-r'y night the same en-core.


B
A
B7
C#7
Light of the sil - ve - ry Moon, I want to
E7
A
A#o
E7
spoon, to my ho-ney I'll croon love's tune; Ho - ney
A
D
F#7
Bm
F#7
Bm
moon, Keep a shin - in' in June, Your sil - v'ry
A
A7
B7
Dm
F#m
beams will bring love's dreams, we'll be cud - dl - ing
C#7
F#7
B7
A
E7
A
soon, By the sil - ve - ry Moon.

Ballin' The Jack

Chris Smith - 1913


A
E
F♯7
B7
C7
Folks in Geor- gia's 'bout to go in- sane Since that new dance
It's being done at all the ca- bar- ets, All so- cie - ty
A7
D♯o
D7
E♭7
down in Geor-gia came; I'm the on- ly per- son who's to blame,
now has got the craze, It's the best dance done in mod-ern days,
C7
B
B7
I'm the par- ty in- tro- duced it there, so!
That is why I rave a- bout it so!
B
E
F♯7
B7
C7
Give me cre- dit to know a thing or two, Give me cre- dit
Play some good Rag that will make you prance; Old folks, young folks,
A7
D♯o
D7
E♭7
for spring-ing some-thing new; I will show this lit- tle dance to you,
all try to do the dance, Join right in now while you got the chance,
C7
B
D7
When I do you'll say that it's a bear!
Once a - gain the steps to you I'll show:


C
E7
A7
First you put your two knees close up tight, Then you sway'em to the left then you
A7
D7
sway'em to the right, Step a-round the floor kind of nice and light, Then you
G
B7
C7
B7
Twist a- round and twist a- round with all your might,
D
E7
E7
A7
Stretch lov- in'arms straight out in space, Then you do the Ea- gle Rock with sty-
A7
E7
G
B7
Em
E7
le and grace Swing your foot way 'round then bring it back, Now
Solos at "C"
Am
Cm
D7
G
that's what I call "Ball- in the Jack".

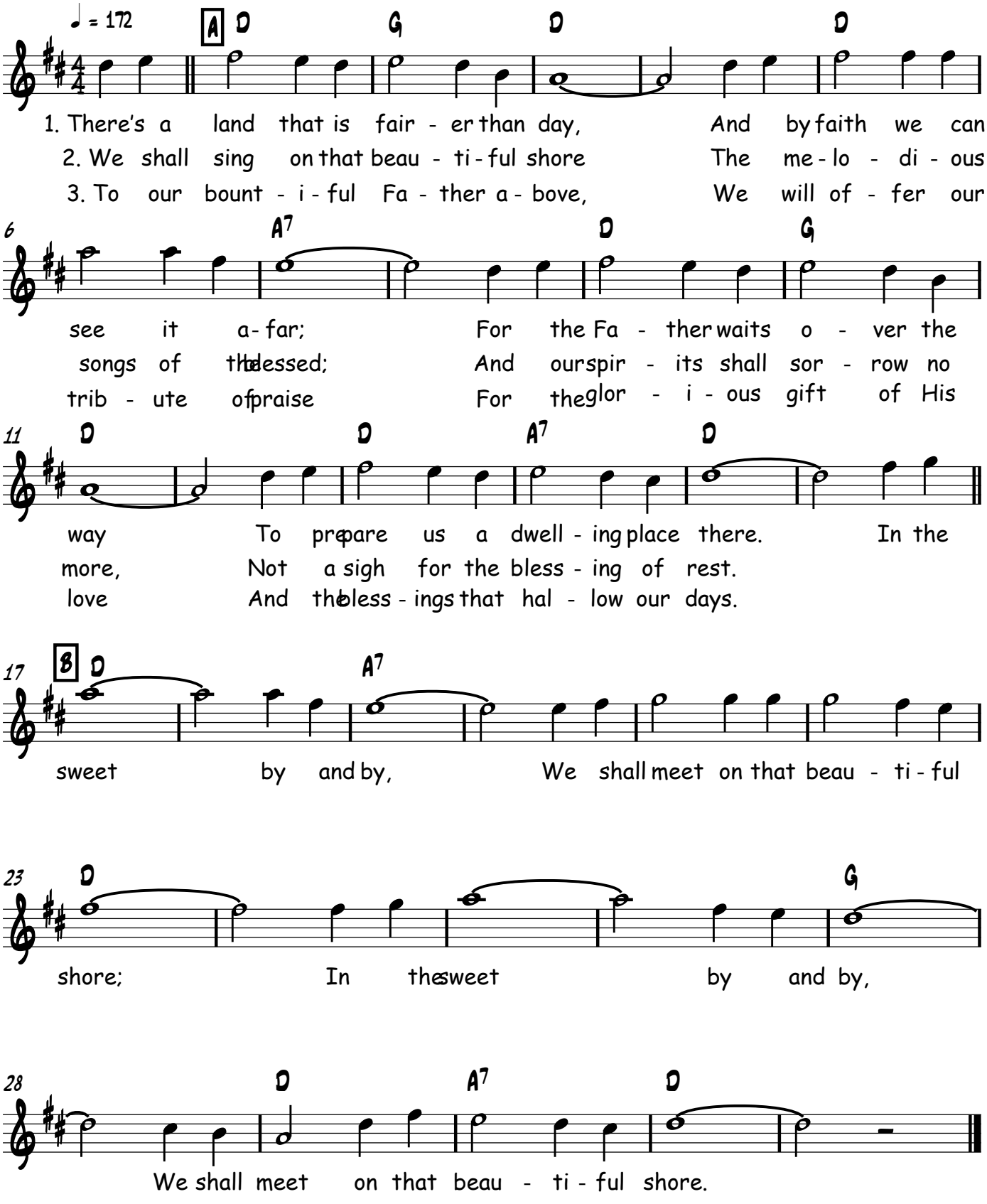
Bluin' The Blues

Henry Ragas 1918




C
G
E♭7
G
G7
Solos
pp
f
C7
E♭7
G7
F♯7
F7
E7
A7
D7
G
D7
G
D7
D
G
G
G7
C7
E♭7
G
F♯7
F7
E7
A7
D7
G
D7
E
pp
f

In the Sweet By and By


♩ = 172
A
D
G
D
D
1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
3. To our bount - i - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our
6
A7
D
G
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the
songs of the blessed; And our spir - its shall sor - row no
trib - ute of praise For the glor - i - ous gift of His
11
D
D
A7
D
way To pre pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the
more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
love And the bless - ings that hal - low our days.
17
B
D
A7
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful
23
D
G
shore; In the sweet by and by,
28
D
A7
D
We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

Any Time

Herbert Lawson 1921


B7 E7 A7
An - y time you're feel-ing lon - ly, An - y time you're feel-ing
D G Gm D B7
blue, An - y time you feel down heart- ed, That will
E7 A7 B7
prove your love for me is true. An - y time you're think-ing
E7 A7 3
'bout me, That's the time I'll be think-ing of
F#7 B7
you, So an - y time you say you
E7 A7
want me back a - gain, that's the time I'll come back home to
1. D D#0 A7 2. D G D
you. An - y you.

And They Called It Dixieland

Raymond Egan & Richard Whiting - 1916


A
G
G B7 E7
A7
They built a lit- tle gar-den for the rose, And they called it Dix- ie- land. They built a
D7
G
F
sum-mer breeze to keep the snows far a- way from Dix- ie- land. They built the
E7
Am
Em7
A7
A7
fin-est place I've known, When they built my home sweet home, Noth-ing was for-got- ten in the
A7
D
A7
D7
land of cot- ton, from the clo- ver to the hon- ey comb, And then they
B
G
G B7 E7
A7
took an an- gel from the skies, And they gave her heart to me. She had a
D7
B7
bit of heav- en in her eyes, Just as blue as blue can be. They put some
E7
A7
fine spring chick-ens in the land, And taught my Mam-my how to use a fry-ing pan. They made it
D7
G B7 E7
A7
D7
G
twice as nice as Par- a- dise, And they called it Dix- ie- land.

Toot, Toot, Tootsie

Gus Kahn, Ted Fiorito - 1922



Ostrich Walk

Original Dixieland Jazz Band - 1918


D A#7 Em7 A7
E B7 E7 A7 E B7 E7 A7
A D D E7 A7 D
E7 A7
Stop Time 4 bars
D Trombone D7 Cornet G Clarinet Gm Trombone
D B7 Em7 A7 1. D 2. D G D°
B D D° Break A7 Break D Break D D° A7
A7 D D° D D° Break A7 Break
D Break D° A7 D


D
A#7
Em7
A7
C
D
D
E7
A7
D
D
E7
A7
Stop Time 4 bars
D
Trombone
D7
Cornet
G
Clarinet
Gm
Trombone
D
B7
Em7
A7
D
D
Em7
A7
D
D
B7
A7
A+7
D
sfz
D
D°
Em
A7
D
D°
D°
A7
D
Unison
D
D
A+7
D

Missouri Waltz

John Eppel & J.R. Shannon
1914


A
D A7 D
Hush - a - bye, my ba - by, slum - ber time is com - in' soon;
D A7 D
Rest your head up - on my breast while mom - my hums a tune; The
G D E7
sand-man is call - in' where shad-ows are fall - in' while the soft bree-zes
E7 A7 D
sigh as in days long gone by. Way down in Miss - our - i where I
D A7 D
heard this mel-o - dy. When I was a tin - y child up - on my mom-my's knee; The
G D0 D E7 A7 D
old folks were hum- min', their ban-jos were strum- min' so-o sweet and low.
B
Bm Am F#7 Bm
Strum, strum, strum, strum, strum, seems I hear those ban-jo's play- in' once a-gain.
Bm Bm F#7 Bm
Hum, hum, hum, hum, hum, Tha-t same old plaint - ive strain.


Bm F#7 Bm
C Bm F#7 Bm F#7 Bm F#7 Bm
Hear that mourn - ful mel - o - dy, It just haunts you the wh - ole day long,
Bm G D E7 A7
— and you wan - der in dreams back to Dix - ie it seems when you hear that old time
D D D
song. Hush - a - bye my ba - by, go to sleep on mom - my's knee.
D A7 D
Jour - ney back to Dix - ie - land in dreams a - gain with me; It
G D E7
seems like your mom - my was there once a - gain, and the old folks were strum - min. that
A7 D A7 D
same old re - frain. Way down in Miss - our - i, where I learned this lull - a -
D A7 D
by, when the stars were blink - in' and the moon was climb - in' high, and I
G Bm D E7 A7 D
hear Mom - my Chloe, as in days long a - go, sing - in' Hush a bye."

I Want To Do the Bear Cat Dance

Shelton Brooks (1913)




B
D
A7
D
A7
D
D7
I want to do it
I want to do it
I want to do it
now!
It's a
B7
E7
A
E7
A7
bear, its' a bear, but
I don't care.
I
want to do it an - y
how.
D
A7
D
A7
D
A7
D7
That tune is snap-py
It makes you hap-py
You feel you want to
dance!
Oh pro
B7
E7
A7
D
fess-or keep it up, keep it
up, keep it up, 'cause I
want to do the Bear Cat
dance.

After You've Gone

♩ = 110 - 120

1916




B
C
Cm6
G
Af - ter you've gone,
and left me cry - in'
Af - ter you've gone,
E7
A
D9
there's no de - ny - in'
You'll feel blue
You'll feel sad
G7
C
you'll miss the dear-est pal you've ev - er had.
There'll come a time
Cm6
G
E9
Am7
E7
now don't for-get it,
There'll come a time,
when you'll re-gret it.
Some day
Am7
Cm6
G
B7
Em7
Gdim
When you grow lone - ly
Your heart will break like mine and you'll want me on - ly
G
E7
Am7
D7
G6
G7
Af-ter you've gone
Af-ter you've gone A - way.
Solos at "B"

Dardanella

Felix Bernard & Johnny Black - 1919




C
A
E7
A
Oh, sweet Dar-da-nel-la, I love your ha-rem eyes.
A
E7
A
I'm a luck-y fel-low To cap-ture-such a prize. Oh Al-lah
D
A
F#7
knows my love for you, And he tells you to be true, Dar-da-
B7
E7
Break 1 bar
nel- la, oh hear my sigh, My Or- i- en-tal,
D
A
E7
A
Oh, sweet Dar-da-nel-la, Pre-pare the wed-ding wine, There'll be
D
C#7 D#m7 E° C#7/E#
one girl in my ha- rem when you're mine. We'll build a
F#7
B7
C°
tent just like the chil-dren- of the Or- i- ent.
A
E7
A
Oh, sweet Dar-da-nel-la, My star of love di- vine.

Down Yonder

L. Wolfe Gilbert - 1921




B
C G C C7 F C7
Down yon-der some-one beck-ons to me, Down yon-der some-one
F C G7 C C#o G#7/D
reck-ons on me. I seem to see a race in mem-o- ry,
C G7 C D7
Be-tween the Natch-ez and the Rob-ert E. Lee. Swan-ee shore I miss you
D7 G7
Break 2 Bars
more and more, Ev- 'ry day, my mam- my land, You're sim- ply grand.
C C G7 C C7 F C7 F
Down Yon-der when the folks get the news, Don't won-der at the Hul- la- ba- loos.
F C
There's dad- dy and mam- my, There's Eph- raim and Sam-
A7 D7 G7 C
my, Wait- in' down yon- der or me.

Chicago

Fred Fisher - 1922


A
C Eb° Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
Chi - ca - go, Chi- ca- go, That tod- dl'-in' town, tod- dl' in' town, Chi-
Dm7 G7 C G7
ca- go, Chi- ca- go, I'll show you a-round, I love it,
C D7 D7
Bet your bot-tom dol-lar you lose the blues in Chi- ca- go, Chi- ca- go, The
Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C/E C#°/Eb Dm7 G7
town that Bil- ly Sun-day could not put down! On
B
C Eb° Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7
State Street, that great street, I just want to say, just want to say, They
Bm7(b5) E7 Am A7 Dm
do things they don't do on Broad- way, Say, They have the time the time
Fm C E°
of their life, I saw a man, he danced with his wife, In Chi-
Dm7 G7 Dm7 G7 C C° Dm7 G7
ca - go Chi - ca - go my home town!

Baby Won't You Please Come Home

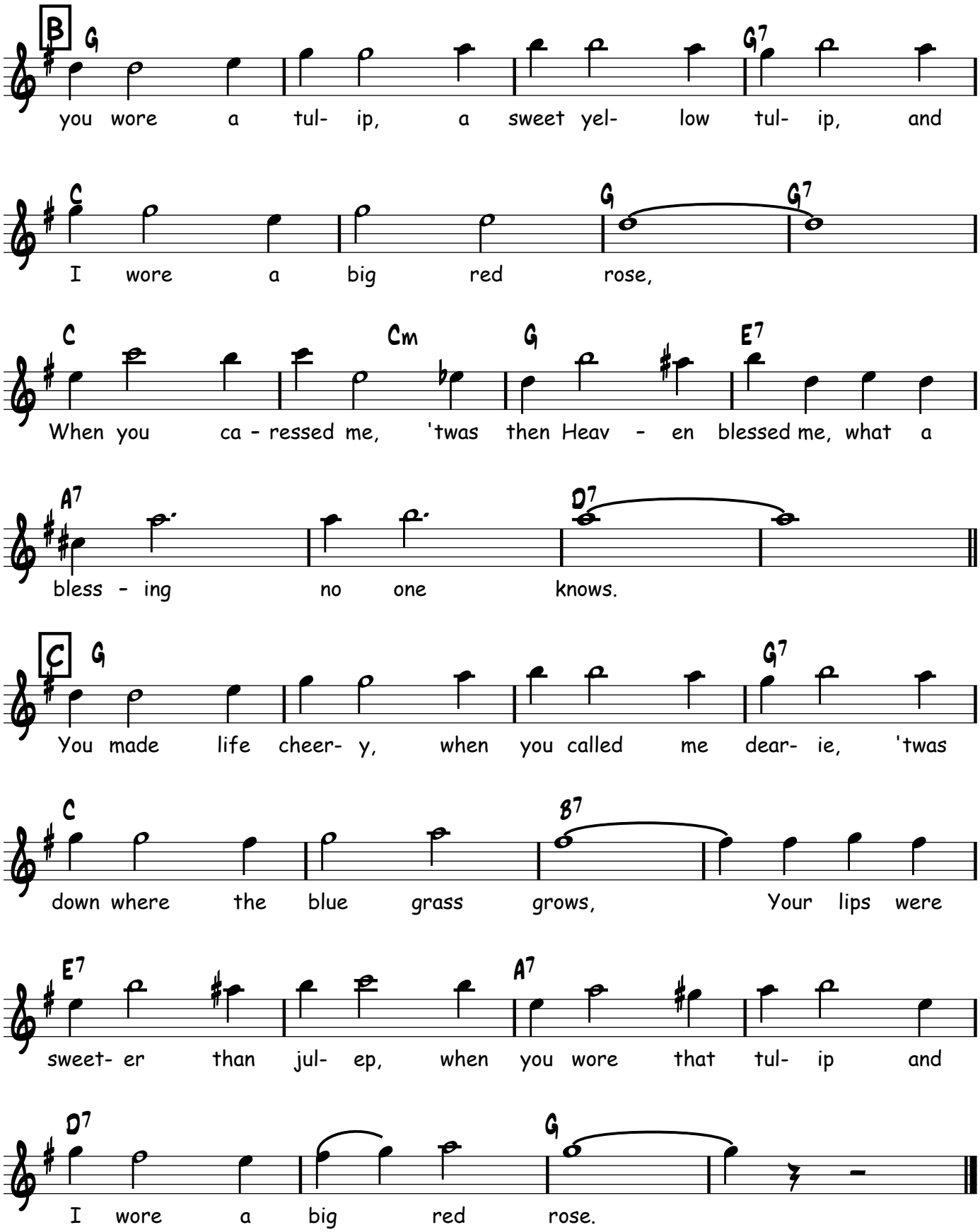
Clarence Williams and
Charles Warfield - 1919


A
G B♭o A7 D7 G B♭o
I've got the blues, I feel so lone - ly, I'd give the world if
A7 D7 G B7 B7♭5 Em B+ Em7 A7 D7
I could on - ly make you un-der - stand. It sure-ly would be grand.
G B♭o A7 D7 G7 C
I'm goin' to tel - e - graph you ba by, As you won't you please come home, "Cause
Em7 A7 D7 D♯o Em7 A7 D7
when you're gone I'm all for - lorn, I wor - ry all day long.
B
G B7 E7 A7 Em7
Ba - by won't you please come home, "cause your mam-ma's all a -
A7 D7 D♯o Em A7 E♭9 D7
lone. I have tried in vain, nev-er no more to call your name.
G B7 E7 Am7 C B7
When you left you broke my heart, Be cause I nev-er thought we'd part. Ev-'ry
C C♯o G F7♭5 E7 A7 D7 G
hour in the day, you will hear me say, Ba-by won't you please come home.

When You Wore A Tulip

Percy Wenrich & Jack Mahoney - 1914


A
G
A7
I met you in a gar-den in an old Ken-tuck-y town, The
D7
G
D7
sun was shin - ing down, you wore a ging-han gown. I
G
A7
kissed you as I placed a yel - low tu - lip in your hair, Up -
D7
G
on my coat you pinned a rose so rare. Time
C
G
E7
has not changed your lov - li - ness,you're just as sweet to me, I
A7
D7
love you yet I can't for - get the days that used to be. When


B
G
G7
you wore a tul- ip, a sweet yel- low tul- ip, and
C
G
G7
I wore a big red rose,
C
Cm
G
E7
When you ca - ressed me, 'twas then Heav - en blessed me, what a
A7
D7
bless - ing no one knows.
C
G
G7
You made life cheer- y, when you called me dear- ie, 'twas
C
B7
down where the blue grass grows, Your lips were
E7
A7
sweet- er than jul- ep, when you wore that tul- ip and
D7
G
I wore a big red rose.

Ain't We Got Fun

Kahn & Egan Whiting
1921

♩ = 185


A C C♯°7 Dm G7 C
Bill col - lec - tors gath - er 'Round an rath - er Haunt the cot-tage next
C G7 C B7 Em
door. Men the gro-cer and butch-er sent Men who call for the rent. But with
Em B7 Em A9/E E7
in a hap - py chap - py And his bride of on - ly a year, Seem to
G Bm Em7 G Em Am E7 Am Am7 D7 G C♯°7 Dm G+
be so cheer-ful Here's an ear - ful Of the chat-ter you hear.


B
C
G7
G7
Ev - 'ry morn- ing, Ev - 'ry eve - ning, Ain't we got fun! Not much mon- ey,
C
C7
F
Oh, but hon - ey Ain't we got fun! The rent's un - paid, dear,
C
Em
B7
Em
G7
We have'nt a car, But an - y way, dear. We'll stay as we are,
C
C
G7
E - ven if we owe the gro - cer Don't we have fun?
G7
C
C7
Tax col - lec - tor's get - ting clos - er Still we have fun!
F
E7
Am
Dm
B7
C
F
G7
There's noth - ing sur - er, the rich get rich and the poor get poor - er
C
A7
Dm
G7
C
In the mean - time in be-tween time Ain't We Got Fun!

If You Were The Only Girl In The World

Clifford & Nat Ayer - 1916


A
A F♯7 B7 E7
If you were the on- ly girl in the world, And I were the on- ly
A C° Bm7 E7 A Bm7
boy, Noth- ing else would mat- ter in the world to- day.
Bm7 E7 E+7 A E7
We could go on lov-ing in the same old way. A
B A F♯7 B7 E7 A C°
gar- den of E - den just made for two, With noth- ing to mar our joy.
Bm7 E7 F♯m C♯m
I would say such won- der-ful things to you,
D D+/A♯ E7/B E+7/C♯ A/C♯ Em6 F♯7
There would be such won- der-ful things to do, If
C Bm Dm A F♯+ F♯7
you were the on- ly girl in the world, and
B7 E7 A
I were the on- ly boy.

Shoot 'Em



Lassus Trombone




32
D
E7
A7
D
1.
2.
D.S. al Coda ending
TRIO
G
D7
G
G
G7
C
Cm
G
D7
G
D7
1. G
2. G
E7
A7
D
D
E7
1.
2.
A7
D
D

Over in the Glory Land

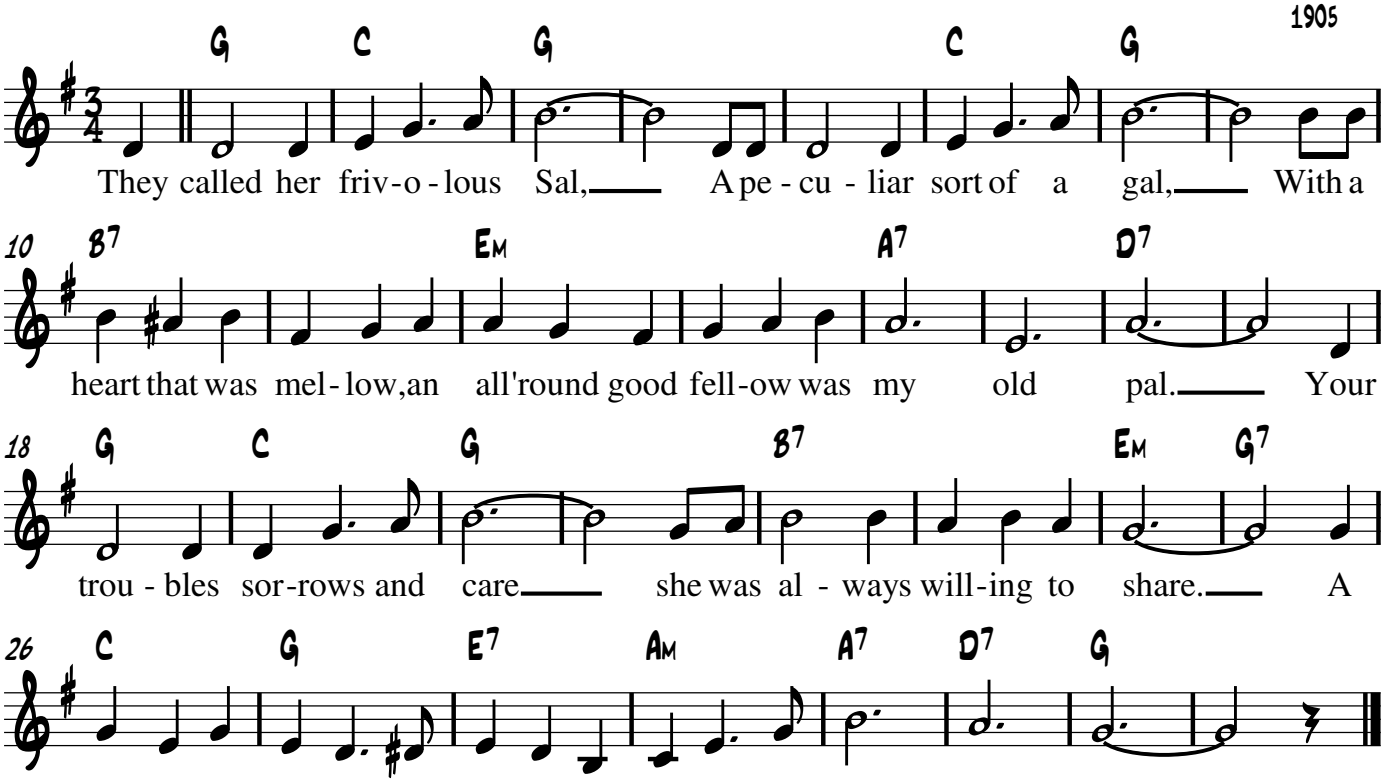
James Acuff and Emmett Dean


♩ = 200
A
G
I've a hom pre - pared where the saints a - bide,
What a joy - ful thought that my Lord I'll see,
Now if you get there be - fore I do,
G
D7
O - ver in that Glor - y Land, And I
And with
You just
G
long to be by my Sa - vior's side,
kin - dred saved there for e - ver be,
tell them all that I'm com - in' too,
G
D7
G
O - ver in that Glor - y Land. I'm sing - in'
B
G
G7
C
Ov - er in that Glor - y Land, Yes, O - ver in that
C
G
G
D7
Glor - y Land, O-ver in that Glor - y Land. Glor-y hal le lu - ia
G
G7
C
O - ver in that Glor - y Land Yes, O - ver in that
C
G
G
D7
G
Glor - y Land, O-ver in that Glor - y Land.

My Gal Sal 3/4

287

Paul Dresser
1905


G C G C G
They called her friv-o-lous Sal, A pe-cu-liar sort of a gal, With a
10 B7 Em A7 D7
heart that was mel-low, an all'round good fell-ow was my old pal. Your
18 G C G B7 Em G7
trou-bles sor-rows and care she was al-ways will-ing to share. A
26 C G E7 Am A7 D7 G
wild sort of de-vil, but dead on the lev-el was My Gal Sal.

My Gal Sal 4/4


G C Cm G G G C Cm G G
They called her friv-o-lous Sal, A pe-cu-liar sort of a gal, With a
42 B7 B7 Em Em A7 A7 D7 D7
heart that was mel-low, an all 'round good fell-ow was my old pal. Your
50 G C Cm G G B7 B7 Em G7
trou-bles sor-rows and care she was al-ways will-ing to share. A
58 C G E7 Am A7 D7 G
wild sort of de-vil, but dead on the lev-el was My Gal Sal.

Weary Blues

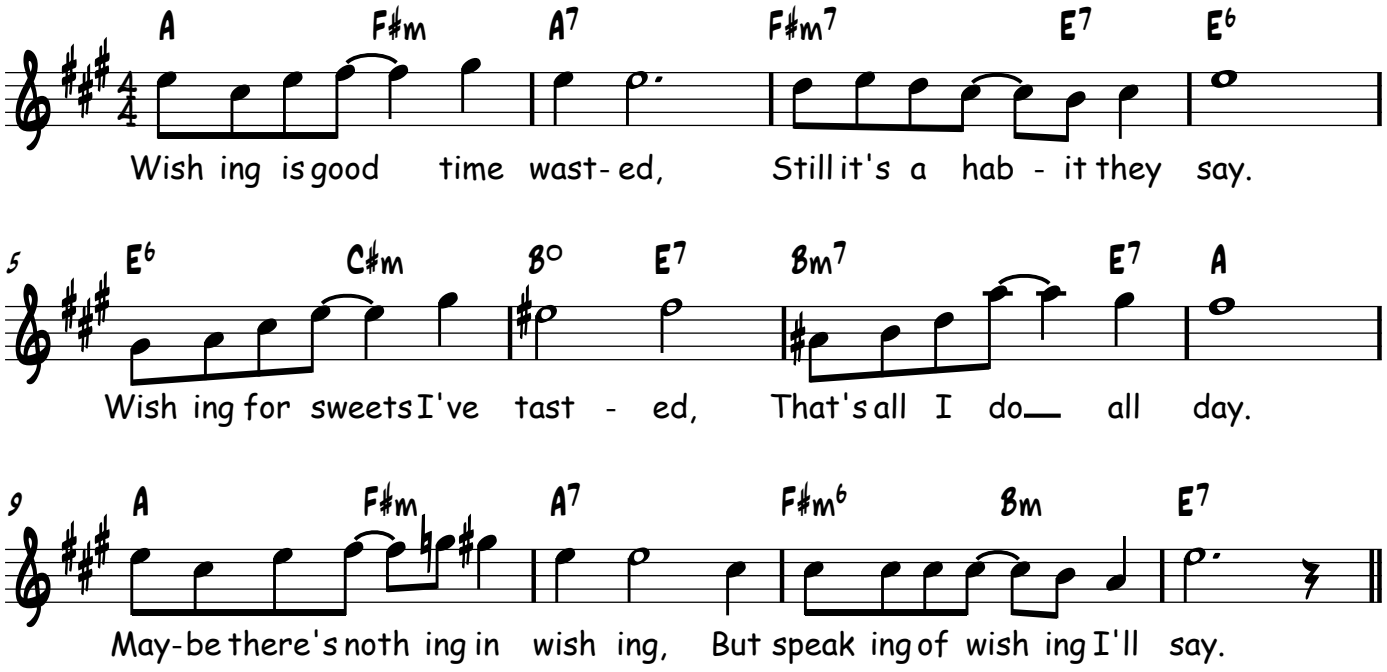

A
D
D7
G
D
8
D
A7
A7
To Coda
D
13
B
D
A7
D
D7
G
D
D
21
A7
D
1.
2. D D.C. al Coda
D
D7
28
C
G
D7
G
G
D7
32
G
D7
G
G
36
E7
C
G°
G
D7
G
Solos at "C"

Shim-Me-Sha Wabble



290

Carolina In The Morning


A F♯m A7 F♯m7 E7 E6
Wish ing is good time wast- ed, Still it's a hab - it they say.
5
E6 C♯m B° E7 Bm7 E7 A
Wish ing for sweets I've tast - ed, That's all I do all day.
9
A F♯m A7 F♯m6 Bm E7
May-be there's noth ing in wish ing, But speak ing of wish ing I'll say.

CHORUS


13 A Am7 A6 A#o Bm7
Noth ing could be fi-ner than to be in Ca-ro-li-na in the mor - ning
16 E7 Bm Bm7 Bm7 Bm6
No one could be swee-ter than my swee-tie when I meet her in the
19 B#o A D A A7 D F#7
mor - ning Where the mor-ning glo-ries twine a round the door
25 B7 E C#7 F#m7 B7 E7
Whis-pe ring pret - ty sto-ries I long to hear once more
29 A Am7 A6 A#o Bm7
Strol ling with my gir lie where the dew is pear ly ear ly in the mor - ning
32 E7 Bm Bm7 Bm7 Bm6
But-ter-flies all flut-ter up and kiss each lit-tle but-ter cup at
35 B#o A A A7
dawn - ing. If I had A lad-din's lamp for on-ly a day
39 D B7 E7 A E+7
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say Noth ing could be fi-ner than to
42 A F#m7 B7 E7 A
be in Ca-ro-li-na in the mor - - ning

You Made Me Love You

♩ = 112

James Monaco &
Josephy Mc Carthy
1913


A A°7 E7 A A°7 E7
I`be been worr - ied all day long, Don't know if I'm right or wrong.
C#+7 C#7 F#m E B7 E7
I can't help just what I say, Your love makes me speak this way.
A A°7 E7 C#7 F#m
Why oh why should I feel blue? Once I used to laugh at you But now I'm
B7 B7 B7 E7
cry-ing, no usr de - ny - ing That no one else but you will do.


A
A A0 Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7
You made me love you, I did-n't wan-na do it, I did-n't wan-na do it,
E7 Bm7 E7 A
You made me want you, And all the time you knew it, I guess you al-ways knew it,
F#7 F7 F#7 B7
You made me hap - py some times, you made me glad,
B7 Bm7 E7
But there were times dear, you made me feel so bad.
B
A A0 Bm E7 Bm E7
You made me sigh for, I did-n't wan-na tell you, I did-n't wan-na tell you,
E7 Bm G#7 C#7
I want some love, that's true, yes I do,'deed I do,you know I do.
F#7 B7
Gim - me, gim - me what I cry for, you know you got the brand of kiss-es
F#m7 B7 A E7 A
that I'd die for, You know you made me love you.

I A'INT GOT NOBODY

♩ = 124


D D+ D6 D+ D A7 D
There's a say-ing go-ing 'round and I be-gan to think it's true It's
Bm F#7 C7(b5) B7 E7 A7
aw - ful hard to love some - one when they don't care a-bout you.
A D D+ D6 D+ D A7 D D#o
Once I had a lov-ing gal the sweet-est lit - tle thing in town,
A D#o A A#o E7 E7(b5) A7
now she`s done and left me, and she has turned me down. Now


B
D9 D9 C#9 C9 B9 E7 E7 E7(b5) D Bm7
I ain't got no - bod - y, and no - bod - y
E7 A7 D F° Em7 A7 D9 D9 C#9 C9 B9 E7 E7
cares for me. I'm so sad and lone - ly,
E7 E7 A7 A7
won't some-bod-y come and take a chance with me?
C
D7 D7 G G
I'll sing you love songs hon-ey all the time,
B7 B7 E7 A7
If you'll be that lov- in' mom-ma of mine, 'Cause
D
D9 D9 C#9 C9 B9 E7 E7 E7(b5)
I ain't got no - bod - - y and
D Bm7 E7 A7 D
no - bod - y cares for me.

In The Shade of the Old Apple Tree

E. Van Alstyne


♩ = 100
A E
In the shade of the old ap - ple tree When the love in your
B7 E B B7 E
eyes I could see When the voice that I heard, like the song of the
F#7 B
bird Seemed to whis - per sweet mu - sic to me I could
B E E
hear the dull buzz of the bee In the blos - soms as
B7 E B B7
you said to me With a heart that is true, I'll be
E A E B7 E
wait - ing for you In the shade of the old ap-ple tree

Are You From Dixie?


A A
Hel-lo there stran-ger how do you do? There's some-thing I'd like to say to you.
6 E B B E7
Don't be sur-prised, You're re-cog-nized! I'm no de-tec-tive but I've just sur-mised,
10 A
You're from the place where I long to be Your smi-ling face seems to say to me,
14 E B7 E7
You're from my own land, My sun-ny home-land, tell me can it be? Are you from
18 B A D E6
Dix-ie? I said from Dix-ie? Where the fields of cot-ton
21 A D
beck-on to me I'm glad to see you, Tell me how be you, and the
24 B E A7
friends I'm long-ing to see. If you're from Al-a-ba-ma, Ten-nes-see or
27 A7 D A
Ca-ro-line, An-y place be-low the Ma-son Dix-on line, Then you're from
30 A D A E7 A
Dix-ie Hur-ray for Dix-ie! 'Cause I'm from Dix-ie too!

Maryland, My Maryland




37
C
D
D
A7
D
D
41
A7
A7
D
D
45
D
D
A7
D
D
49
A7
A7
D
D
53
D
B7
B7
Em
Em
57
A7
A7
D
D
A7
61
E
D
D
A7
D
D
65
A7
A7
D
D

Arkansas Blues



Battle Hymn of the Republic



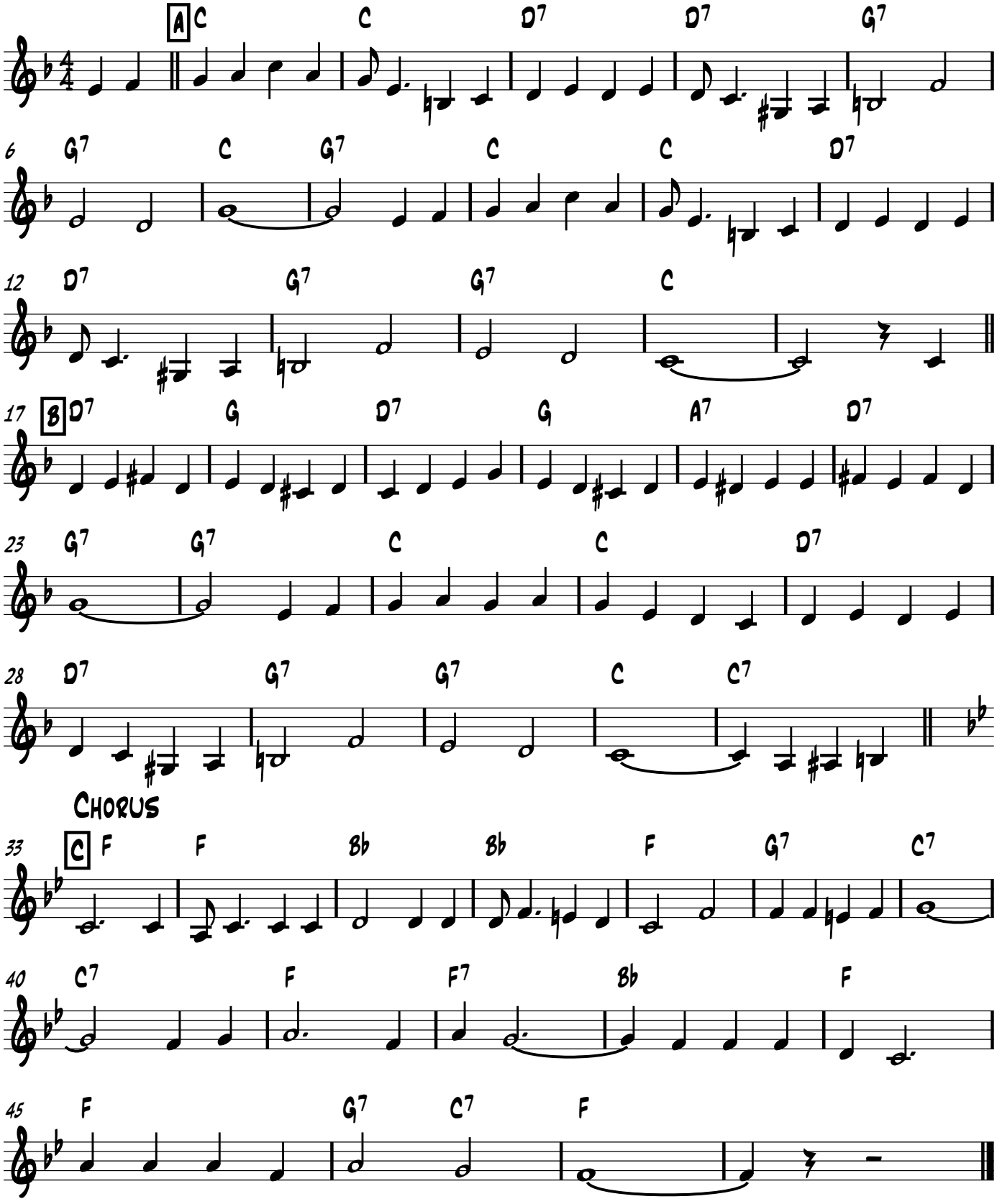
Gettysburg March



Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord
(You've been good to me)


G G G G
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, You've been good to me.
You saved my soul when I was lost
You filled me with the Ho-ly Ghost,
54
C7 C7 C7 G
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, You've been good to me. I say
You saved my soul when I was lost
You filled me with the Ho-ly Ghost,
58
G G G G
Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord, You've sure been good to me, Since-you
You saved my soul when I was lost, You've
You filled me with the Ho-ly Ghost, You've
62
D D G
saved my soul from sin and shame.

Put on Your Old Grey Bonnet

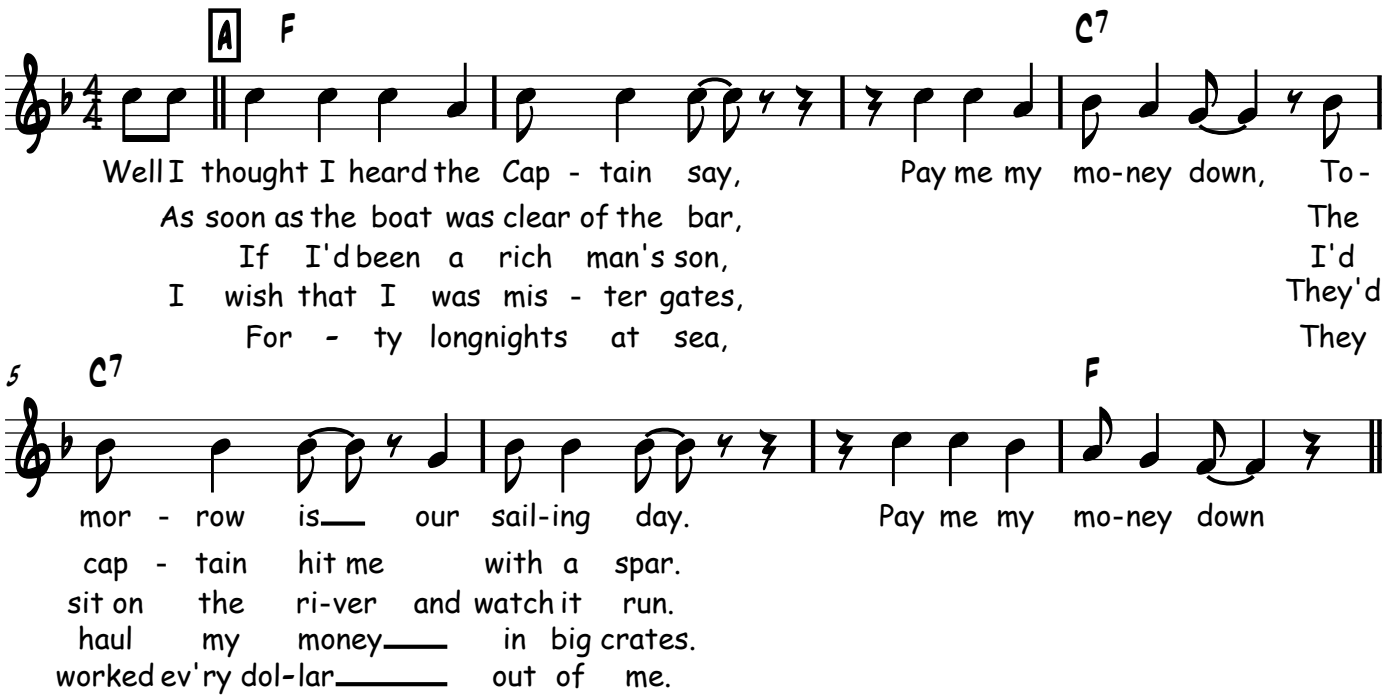


Pay Me My Money Down

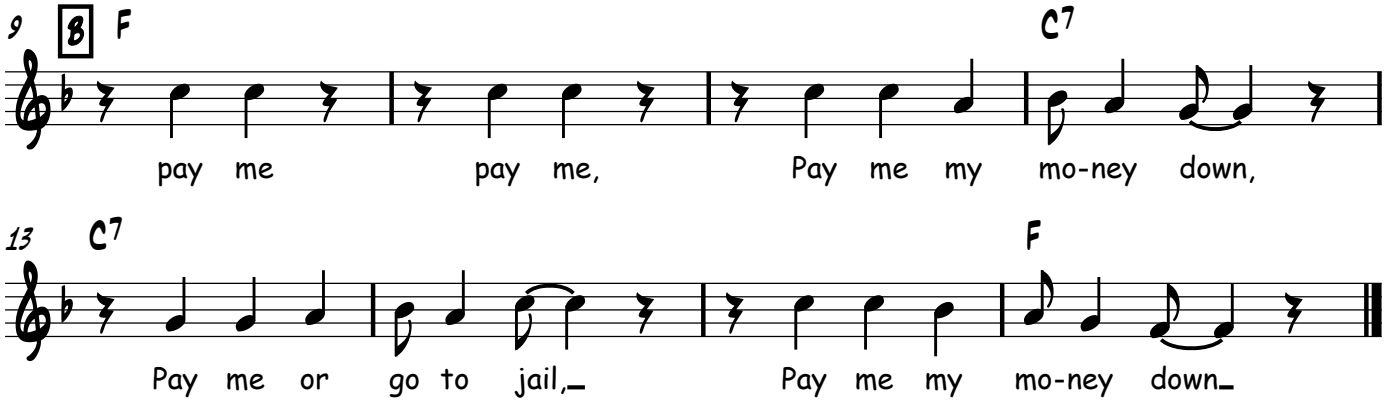
Brass Band Style

♩ = 126

Trad.


A
F
C7
Well I thought I heard the Cap - tain say, Pay me my mo-ney down, To-
As soon as the boat was clear of the bar, The
If I'd been a rich man's son, I'd
I wish that I was mis - ter gates, They'd
For - ty longnights at sea, They
5
C7
F
mor - row is our sail-ing day. Pay me my mo-ney down
cap - tain hit me with a spar.
sit on the ri-ver and watch it run.
haul my money in big crates.
worked ev'ry dol-lar out of me.

Chorus

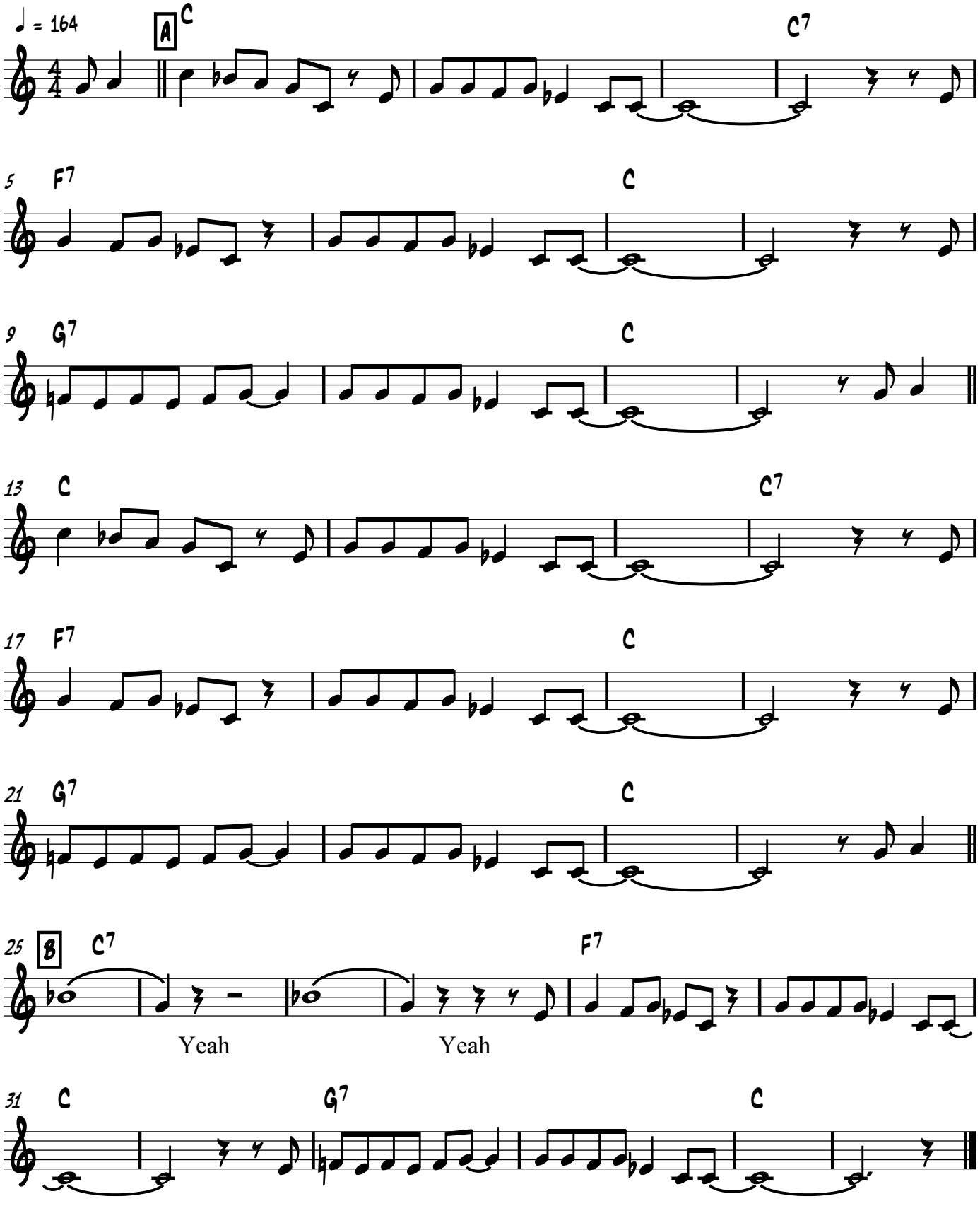


Walking With The King


A
Sing Al - le lu - ia I'm walk-ing with the King,
Sing Al - le - lu - ia, I'm wal-king with the King;
Al - le - lu - ia, I'm hol-ding to His hand;
5
E7
A
Right there hold - ing hands. Walk-ing with the King. Sing Al - le -
Tal - king with the King, wal - king with the King. Sing Al le -
He will help me stand, on my way to Glo - ry land. Sing Al - le -
9
A
lu - ia I'm walk - ing with the King. To - day I'm
lu - ia, I'm wal - king with the King. To - day I'm
lu - ia, I'm hol - ding to His hand; I'm hol - ding
13
E7
A
walk - ing with the King!
walk-ing with the King of Kings.
to Je - sus hand

Ruckus Brass Band Style

Whoopin' Blues



I Shall Not Be Moved


♩ = 126
A
D
A7
Trad.
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I shall not be moved,
In His love a - bid - ing, I shall not be moved,
Tho' all hell as - sail me, I shall not be moved,
Tho' the tem-pest ra - ges, I shall not be moved,
4
A7
D
An-chored in Je - ho - vah, I shall not be moved; Just like a
And in Him con - fid - ing, I shall not be moved; Just like a
Je - sus will not fail me, I shall not be moved; Just like a
On the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.
8
G
D
A7
D
tree that's plant-ed by the wa - ters, I shall not be moved.
Chorus
16
B
D
A7
I shall not be I shall not be moved,
20
A7
D
I shall not be I shall not be moved Just like a
24
G
D
tree that's plant - ed by the wa - ters,
28
D
A7
D
I shall not be moved.

Make Me A Pallet on Your Floor

Trad.

♩ = 126

A B♭ F F7

Hon - ey I can't lay a - cross your bed.
Don't you let my good gal catch you here.

4 B♭ F

hon - ey I can't lay a - cross your bed.
Don't you let my good gal catch you here.

8 F A7 B♭ B°

Now you must know I can't lay a - cross your pret-ty bed,
'Cause she might shoot you cut and stomp you too.

12 F C7 F

'Cause my good gal she might shoot me dead.
A'int no tellin' what all she might do.

Chorus

16 **B** B♭ F B♭

Make me a pal-let on your floor. Make me a pal-let on your

22 F F A7 B♭

floor. Make it soft, make it low, so my good gal she won't

27 B° F C7 F

ev-er know. Make me a pal-let on your floor.

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder

James Milton Black 1893



By and By (When The Morning Comes)


♩ = 180
C
F
We are tossed and dri - ven on the re - stless sea of
We are of - ten des - ti - tute of the things that life de -
4
C
C
D
time; som - ber skies and how - ling tem pests oft suc - ceed a bright sun -
mands, want of food and want of shel - ter, thir - sty hills and bar - ren
8
G7
C
F
shine; in that land of per - fect day, when the mists are rolled a -
lands; we are trus - ting in the Lord, and ac - cor - ding to God's
12
C
C
G7
C
way, we will un - der-stand it bet - ter by and by.
word, we will un - der-stand it bet - ter by and by.
Chorus
17
C
F
C
C
D
By and by, when the morn-ing comes. When the saints of God are ga-thered
24
G7
C
F
C
home, We will tell the sto - ry how we've o - ver - come, We will
29
C
G7
C
un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by.

Shine On Harvest Moon

Nora Bayes-Norworth

♩ = 120

A Bm F♯7 Bm D F♯7

The night was migh-ty dark so you could hard-ly see, For the moon re-fused to shine.

5 Bm F♯7 Bm E7 A7

Cou-ple sit-ting un-der-neath a wil - low tree, For love they pine.

9 A7 D

Lit-tle maid was kind-a'fraid of dark-ness, so She said, "I guess I'll go."

13 E7 A E7 A B7 E7 A7

Boy be-gan to sigh, looked up at the sky, told the moon his lit-tle tale of woe.

B **Chorus**

17 B7 E7

Shine on, shine on Har-vest moon up in the sky,

21 A7 D D7

I ain't had no lo - vin'since Jan-u-ar-y,Feb-ru-ar-y, June or Ju-ly.

25 B7 E7 A7

Snow time ain't no time to stay out-doors and spoon, So

29 A7 D G7 D

shine on, shine on har vest moon, for me and my gal.

HARLEM BLUES

W.C. HANDY 1922

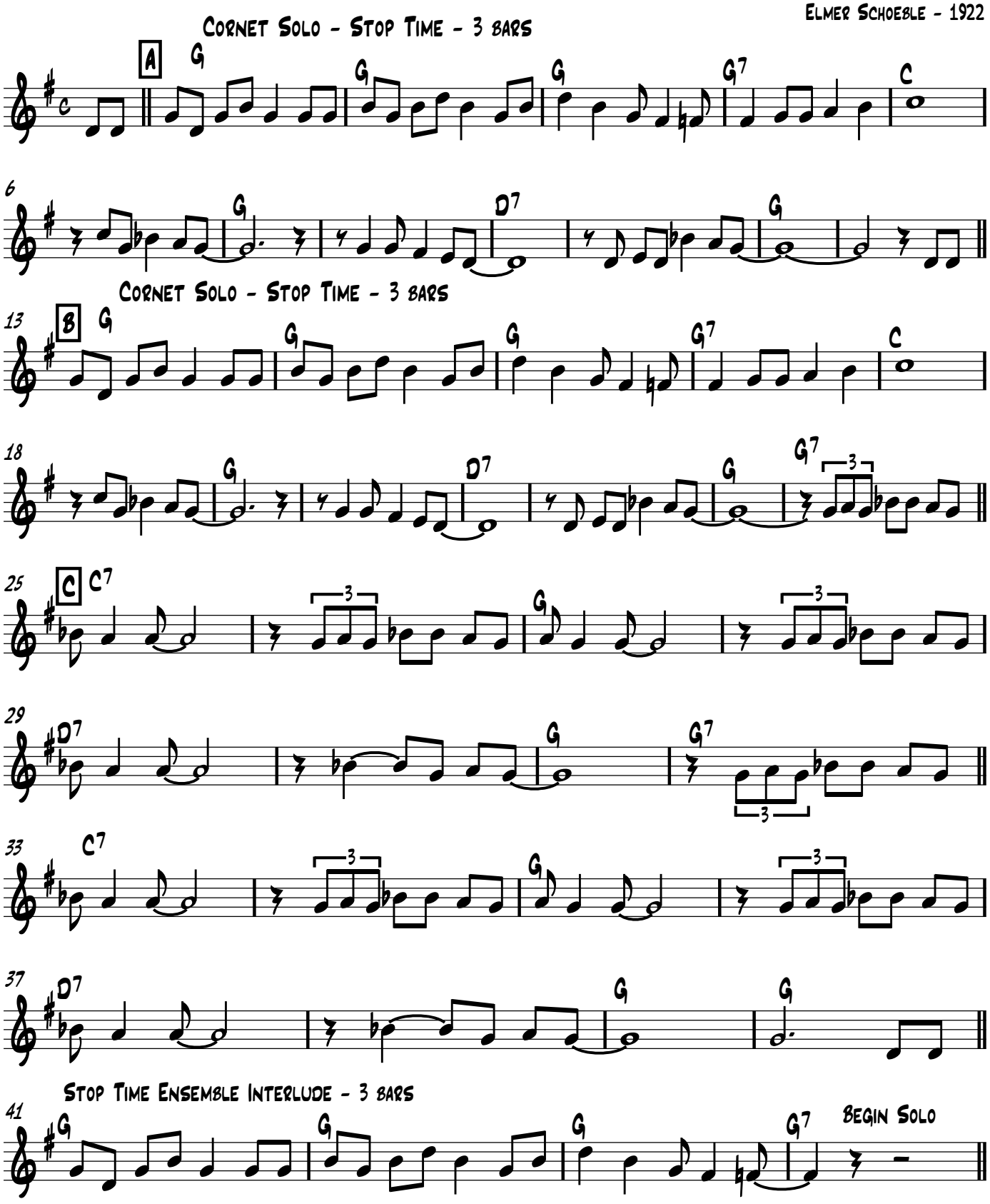
LATIN

♩ = 138


Bm Em F#+7 Bm G7 F#+7 Bm Dm
5 Gm7 A7 Dm Bb7 A+7 Dm Bb Gm
10 Dm7 E7 A C#7 F# Bm Em F#+7 Bm 1. F#7 2. F#m6 B7
CHORUS SWING
17 E B7 E7 A Am E B7 E C#m E7
23 A A7 E B7 E B7 E7 A Am E B7 B#o C#m C#o
29 E F#7 B7 1. E E#o F#7 B7 2. E E#o B7 E7
35 A7 REFRAIN D Bm E7 A E7 A F#m
41 Bm E G#7 C#7 F# D#m G#7
46 C# F#m E7 A7 D Bm7 E7 A

Bugle Call Rag

Jack Pettis, Billy Meyers,
Elmer Schoeble - 1922




45
D
C7
G
E7
49
A7
D7
G
G7
Stop time ensemble interlude - 3 bars
53
G
G
G
Drum Break 2 bars
ff
mp
57
E
G
G7
C
G
D7
G
E7
mp
-f
63
A7
D7
G
G7
C
B7
69
C
C#o
G
E7
A7
D7
G
Tag
Stop time Ensemble Interlude - 2 bars
73
G
G
D7
G

Blue and Broken Hearted


1922
77 A G A D7 G D7 G
I used to think I could live with - out you, But I ad -
82 A D7 G G7 Bm Em6 F#7
mit that I changed my mind. I go to sleep and I dream a -
87 Bm B7 E7 D Em7 A7 D7 D+7
bout you, And thru the day you can al-ways find me,
93 B G F#7 B7
Blue be-cause we're part - ed, Blue and bro - ken
99 E+7 E7 Am Cm D7
heart - ed. There was a time I was jol - ly,
105 G Em7 A7 D7 D+
You know the rea - son I'm mel - an - chol - y,
109 C G F#7 B7 E+7 E7
Blue, and oh so lone - ly, True, I want you on - ly.
117 Am C Cm G
We made a blun - der and lots of time I
120 Em Am7 D7 G Cm G D7
won - der if you're blue too.